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THE LETTERS OF  
WILLIAM AND DOROTHY  
WORDSWORTH

*The Later Years*

1821-1850



THE LETTERS OF  
WILLIAM AND DOROTHY  
WORDSWORTH  
The Later Years

Arranged and Edited by  
ERNEST DE SELINCOURT

VOLUME I  
1821-30

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## PREFACE

THESE volumes, which comprise the letters written by William and Dorothy Wordsworth during their later years, bring my edition of their correspondence to a conclusion. Letters addressed to Crabb Robinson and to Henry Reed I have not included, for they have already been admirably edited by Professor Edith Morley<sup>1</sup> and by Professor Leslie N. Broughton,<sup>2</sup> whose books may be regarded as companions to mine; but otherwise my collection is as complete as I could make it; and I have added, as before, a few letters by Mary Wordsworth which have a particular interest. In the Appendix will be found letters which came to my notice too late for insertion in their correct chronological place in these or earlier volumes.

Of the 1,044 letters here printed more than half are published for the first time, and of the remainder more than a quarter have appeared previously only in truncated versions, often incorrectly dated. The new material throws fuller light upon the activities of the poet, his opinions and character, in his later years, which, despite much available evidence from those who knew him, ably summarized and interpreted in Miss Edith Batho's book *The Later Wordsworth*, it is still the fashion to misrepresent. His interest in his contemporaries and in contemporary literature is seen to have been both wider and more benevolent than has commonly been supposed; the more intimate letters reveal a restless, passionate devotion to those he loved, and a feverish anxiety for their health and welfare, quite incompatible with self-centred egoism, whilst in those addressed to Miss Fenwick, the dearest friend of his old age, he appears as no moral dictator whose conduct and utterances must not be questioned, but as a man fully conscious of his shortcomings, and accepting criticism of them with a touching humility of spirit.

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondence of Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle*, 2 vols., Clarendon Press, 1927.

<sup>2</sup> *Wordsworth and Henry Reed, the poet's correspondence with his American editor*. Cornell University Press; London: Humphrey Milford, 1933.

## PREFACE

The correction of previous errors in the transcription and dating of letters 817, 1296, and 1308, and the publication for the first time of others, supported by reference to still unpublished correspondence of Mary and Dora Wordsworth, Miss Fenwick, and Edward Quillinan, put a new complexion on the poet's attitude to his daughter's marriage.<sup>1</sup> The story is current that from his selfishness and ungovernable jealousy he opposed Dora's marriage to Quillinan for many years—at the least from 1828 onwards. It is now clear that though Dora and Quillinan had long been in love, neither of them suspected the other of more than friendship until the autumn of 1836, that her parents only learnt it in the early months of 1838, and that though her father strongly opposed their engagement at first, some six months later he gave reluctant consent to it; whilst the further delay of two and a half years was due to Quillinan's confessed inability to support a wife in reasonable comfort. To what extent Wordsworth's dislike of the match was strengthened by a selfish desire to keep his daughter to himself no one can determine, for all human motives are mixed; but in the precarious state of her health and Quillinan's serious financial embarrassments he had reasons which, even if mistaken, would seem adequate to many an exemplary parent. Among the letters in the Appendix, special attention may be called to 48a, the earliest record of Wordsworth's acquaintance with Coleridge and Southey; to 161b, which proves that the mutual dislike of Wordsworth and Hazlitt was of later date than has generally been believed, and was not due to Hazlitt's escapade in the Lake country in 1804; and to 1075a, with its gracious appreciation of the work and character of a brother poet.

Following my practice in previous volumes, I have retained such vagaries in the use of capitals and in spelling as are characteristic of their authors, and are not due to obvious slips of the pen. Proper names often presented a difficulty to both of them. Thus, like his friend Scott, Wordsworth could never be certain whether to give Sir Robert Peel a final e, and either from in-

<sup>1</sup> For a fully documented treatment of the subject *v. my article 'Wordsworth and his daughter's marriage' in Studies in honour of Professor George McLean Harper*, Princeton University Press, 1938.

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advertence or studied contempt he seldom got right the name of his piratical publisher in Paris. More remarkable is the fact that several of his letters to Sir William Gomm, with whom he was on terms of some intimacy, are addressed to 'Gordon' instead of 'Gomm'. His notorious illegibility is nowhere more baffling than in his travel letters, in which the place-names can often only be identified by a rough knowledge of the route, combined with a study of the map. Often, indeed, and this does not apply merely to proper nouns, the significance of a scrawl in which no letter is clearly formed can only be read by happy inspiration, so that a literal transcription of its spelling would, in fact, be impossible. Wordsworth, as we know, disapproved of the publication of private correspondence, and he has certainly placed serious obstacles in the path of those who hold a different view.

My grateful acknowledgements are due to the trustees and librarians of many public libraries, as well as to many private owners, for their kindness in allowing me access to their Wordsworth manuscripts, or in providing me with photostats, or accurate transcriptions of them. The majority of the letters written by Wordsworth to members of his family, to Quillinan, and to Miss Fenwick, formerly in the possession of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, were bequeathed by him to the Wordsworth Museum at Grasmere; the letters to Gladstone and all but two or three of those to Mrs. Clarkson are in the British Museum. The Victoria and Albert Museum has the letters to Landor and to Dyce, the Bodleian most of those written to Henry Taylor, as well as a few to Montagu and two to E. H. Barker; the National Library of Scotland the letters to Lockhart, several to Sir Walter Scott, and also 1340, 1467, and 1631; St. John's College, Cambridge, those to Pickersgill and Mrs. Gaskell, 779a and 1006; the Ashcombe Library 1518, the John Rylands Library 1045, the Museum at Keswick 864, 1543a, 1604, 1635; the Preussischer Bibliothek, Berlin, 768, 1258, 1280.

American Libraries are even richer in Wordsworth letters. To Harvard University I owe 662, 764, 783, 787, 800, 806, 808, 824, 827, 833, 837, 842, 843, 855, 863, 910, 944, 955, 967, 996, 1001, 1028, 1032, 1044, 1048, 1078, 1082, 1087, 1089, 1094, 1101, 1115,

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1121, 1128, 1130, 1135, 1147, 1161, 1174, 1179, 1183, 1199, 1255, 1258, 1266, 1272, 1287, 1358, 1375, 1383, 1398, 1401, 1429, 1442, 1447, 1454, 1456, 1555, 1556, 1557, 1566, 1591, 1596, 1598, 1646, 1667; to the Henry Huntington Library the majority of the letters to Moxon, Wrangham, and Gomm, and also 835, 902, 903, 1026, 1049, 1111, 1112, 1251, 1278, 1343, 1349, 1350, 1451, 1453, 1650; to the Historical Library of Pennsylvania 728, 884, 1032, 1159, 1205, 1239, 1242, 1531; to Amherst College 788, 860, 1166, 1259, 1324, 1437; to Haverford College 779, 1294; to Wellesley College 1110; to the Pierpont Morgan Library 752, 814, 1004, 1011, 1252, 1314, 1655; to the University of Texas 824, 832, 835, 896, 1001, 1008; to the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia 939; to the Poe Shrine, Virginia (through Mrs. Ford), 1155; to the Rush Rees Library (through Mr. R. F. Metzdorf) 1399.

But much of the Wordsworth correspondence has not found its way into public collections, and I am deeply indebted to many persons, both in England and in America, for the ready courtesy with which they have placed at my disposal manuscripts in their possession—Mr. J. Barnett 1022, Captain W. J. W. Barrow 1218, Mr. D. H. Bishop 1472, Miss Blackman 1293, Mr. J. G. Brookes 979, 968, Messrs. Bumpus 1666, Mr. M. Buxton Forman the letters to Haydon and 1611, Miss Christabel Cadbury 1629, the Rev. Gerald Coleridge letters to Mrs. S. T. Coleridge, 938 and 961, Messrs. Dobell 766, 773, 1503, Messrs. Dulau 1634, Mrs. Duncan 958, Mr. R. Wynne Eaton 758, Mr. J. E. Edmonds 965, Mr. Francis Edwards 1245, Sir Lionel Fletcher the letters to Jacob Fletcher, Miss A. Gibson 1163, 1175, Dr. A. R. Glover 1129a, 1172a, 1305a, Mr. Philip Graves letters to Mrs. Hemans, Mr. F. H. Harrop 815, 881, Mr. John Haswell 1127, Mrs. Heelis 922, the Hon. Mrs. Eustace Hills letters to Sharp and to Miss Kinnaird, Miss Holt 161b, the late Mr. C. T. Holdsworth 1201, Lady Horwood 1502, Mr. W. T. H. Howe 48b, Mrs. Howland 929, Mr. J. K. Hudson 1470, 1532, Miss Emma Hutchinson letters to the Monkhouses and to Elizabeth and Thomas Hutchinson, Mr. R. Jebb 1037, Mr. G. H. Last 1010, Mr. W. J. Lee 795, Mr. J. S. Marriott 1322, 1342, 1365, 1389, 1452, Miss Catherine Marshall letters to Jane and John Marshall and Miss Pollard, Miss Helen Marshall letters to John

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E. de S.

GRASMERE

*December 1938.*



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## ABBREVIATIONS, ETC., USED IN THIS VOLUME

- W. W., D. W., Dora W., M. W., C. W., R. W., John W.: William, Dorothy, Dora, Mary, Christopher, Richard, and John Wordsworth; W. W. (Junr.) son of W. W., C. W. (Junr.) son of C. W.
- C.: *Memorials of Coleorton*, ed. by William Knight, 2 vols., 1887.
- Cornhill*: ‘Some unpublished Letters of W. W.’, an anonymous article in the *Cornhill Magazine* for March 1893.
- Cottle*: *Early Recollections, chiefly relating to the Life of S. T. Coleridge*, by Joseph Cottle, 2 vols., 1837.
- C. R.: *Correspondence of Crabb Robinson with the Wordsworth Circle*, ed. by Edith J. Morley, 2 vols., 1927.
- E. L.: *The Early Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth*, ed. by E. de Selincourt, 1935.
- G.: *The Prose Works of William Wordsworth*, ed. by Alex. B. Grosart, 3 vols., 1876.
- Gillett: *Maria Jane Jewsbury: Occasional Papers, selected with a Memoir*, by Eric Gillett, 1932.
- Hamilton: *Life of Sir Wm. Rowan Hamilton*, by R. P. Graves, 3 vols., 1880—1885.
- H. C. R.: Henry Crabb Robinson.
- Haydon: *Correspondence and Table Talk of Benjamin Robert Haydon*, ed. by his Son, F. W. Haydon, 1876.
- Hutchins: ‘Letters from William Wordsworth to John Kenyon’, contributed by Mr. Frederick Hutchins to the *Transactions of the Wordsworth Society*, vol. vi, 1884.
- K.: *Letters of the Wordsworth Family*, ed. by William Knight, 3 vols., 1907. (K(—) indicates that in K the letter is incomplete.)
- M.: *Memoirs of William Wordsworth*, by Christopher Wordsworth, 2 vols., 1851.
- M. Y.: *The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth, The Middle Years (1806–1820)*, ed. by E. de Selincourt, 2 vols., 1937.
- Oxf. W.: The one-volume edition of W. W.’s Poems, ed. by T. Hutchinson, Oxford University Press.
- Pearson: *Papers, Letters, and Journals of William Pearson*, ed. by his widow. Printed for private circulation, 1863.
- R.: *Rogers and his Contemporaries*, ed. by P. W. Clayden, 2 vols., 1889.

## ABBREVIATIONS, ETC., USED IN THIS VOLUME

*Reed: Wordsworth and Reed, The Poet's Correspondence with his American Editor: 1836–1850*, ed. by L. N. Broughton, 1933.  
[?]: A word or words illegible in the manuscript.

*Any editorial addition to the text is enclosed in square brackets: if doubtful the addition is preceded by a ?. Empty brackets denote a word or words lost through a defect in the condition of the manuscript.*

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An Asterisk indicates that the letter is here printed for the first time, a dagger  
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MS. 653. D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse  
(incomplete)

[Early Jan., 1821]

Have you seen Charles and Mary Lamb this Christmas? and how are they? Mrs Clarkson was reading the Morning Chronicle to us yesterday—a paper which much oftener brings vexation than<sup>1</sup> pleasure—and after many other things she came to a Farewell to the old Year—which at once riveted the attention of her hearers. We recognised Charles Lamb immediately; and listened with pleasing sympathy. It appears that this Essay has been taken from the Magazine.<sup>2</sup>—You will perceive from Mary's letter that my Brother's eyes have been worse again. God grant that his labours at home, which no doubt he will resume as soon as he is settled there, may not make them worse again.

Have you heard from Wales? I wrote to your sister about a week ago and am not without hopes of an answer from her before I leave Playford. I fear she can send no better tidings about the Farm. When your Wife writes to Miss Horrocks I beg her to remember my love to her. God bless you both, my dear Friends, believe me ever yours affectionately and grateful for all your kindness.

Dorothy Wordsworth.

Have you seen Mr Johnson? Mrs Hoare? Mr Kenyon? Do you know how the Poems and the Excursion sell? Two large fires have been seen from this house within the last ten days. The first it is believed was caused by some wicked Incendiary, and the second, (which only happened last night) we are afraid will be found to have had the same origin. A sad way of mending bad times.

Mrs Clarkson desires I will give you her kind remembrances to you. She will be very happy to become acquainted with your wife. She is now in her usual state of health; but the excessive

<sup>1</sup> than: *written* and.

<sup>2</sup> Lamb's 'New Year's Eve' was first published in the *London Magazine* for Jan. 1821.

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cold confines her to the house. Now pray do write immediately ; for I really long to hear from you.

I have begun to copy my journal but have got poorly on. This is a very quiet place and we have no interruption of visitors—but I find it not easy to sit steadily to writing by the hour together.

*MS.  
K(—)*

*654. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Wednesday evening [Early Jan. 1821]

My dearest Friend,

I reached Cambridge at about  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 o'clock last night ; found my Brother's Servant waiting for me, and met your dear little Boy<sup>1</sup> in the Hall, who joyfully embraced and led me upstairs ; all were glad to see me and looking blithe and healthy ; but it was a great mortification to me to be told that Charles was gone to School and had only departed in the morning. Then, for the first time, I felt a pang of regret that I had not left you a day sooner. The first time indeed it was, for though my reasons for wishing to be a little while with the Boys were very strong, my regrets were still stronger.—I was with you all the day—in your own bed-room first ; then by the parlour fire ; and often did I fancy you looking out of the window with melancholy eyes at the fog and rain,—which disturbed *me* much less, I have no doubt, than you. Mrs Kitchener and Elliot were at the door to receive me when the coach stopped ; and in about a  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour your kind Sister came in ; but without her little Boy on account of the rain.—She took her dinner with us, and accompanied me to the coach at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2. Mr and Mrs Robinson called—your sister got into the Coach with me and sate till all was ready. I have had letters from Miss Horrocks and Charles Lamb, with good accounts of Mrs Monkhouse. She had got into the drawing-room and all fear for the present is over. They have a goose-pie from Mrs Anthony Harrison ; and Charles and Mary Lamb are to meet Talford, and several other of their friends at the cutting of it on Friday evening. Nothing could exceed Mrs K's kindness ;

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Willy W. who had spent his holidays with the Clarksons during his parents' absence abroad. *v. M.Y., p. 888.*

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and she was not troublesome either with reproaches or regrets that I could not stay longer. Willy was much pleased at the sight of Elizabeth's Gingerbread and returns his best thanks for it. He desires his 'love duty and compliments and everything that is good to you all'—these are his words (he is beside me) and he 'hopes you will soon be quite well'.—I think I shall certainly leave Cambridge on Tuesday morning for I see no possible reason for my Brother's desiring my longer stay—the Boys are thoroughly busy at their studies—and as Charles is not here *they* are much less likely to grieve at my departure or wish my stay. I have not, however, yet named the day of going; but I must have more talk with my Brother about Coaches, and write home to-morrow or the next day.—Willy does not like the notion of my going before *him*, therefore, at his request I shall certainly stay till Tuesday.

One o'clock—Willy and I have been to see Derwent. He inquired very much after you and I am happy to tell you he looks well and as if he was doing his duty. He is in the first class; but the *arrangement* of the first class does not take place till Midsummer. He says he has not time to write for the Medal which he had ambition enough to think of doing; and my opinion is that he is wise to give it up as surely he could not have much chance against all the university, and if he fags in the more regular course I trust he may distinguish himself. Tillbrooke, I believe, is not returned. Mr Townsend has been very kind to Willy and given him a book—Willy travelled with one of the Masters of Charter House from Bury. My dear brother is quite well and so cheerful with the boys, it is delightful to see him. I played a game at Speculation with the Lads last night; but I found it very dull compared with our Playford pools at Commerce. My dear Friend, I think of you continually and strangely sad do I feel at the thought of going so far away from you, though it be to my much-loved home and relations and to see the dear young ones and Sara from whom I have been so long parted—yet the thought of you is now so much with me, that I hardly seem to dwell upon what will no doubt enliven my journey and cast out all *sorrowful* remembrances,—but as it is I cannot find in my heart to write home till I get your letter

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(which I hope will be on Sunday morning). A haunting comes upon me that you may be ill again, and that you may wish for me by your fire side; and if so, feeling that I should be a real comfort to you and as we say in the North help 'to save your life'; no consideration except a pressing duty at home should induce me to pursue my journey northward—spite of poverty and all other evils.

So far I wrote and was summoned by Willy to walk again. His cousins' lessons were over at one o'clock and we sallied forth together to Doughton's shop where I was to buy something for the Boys as a memorial in lieu of what was to have come from the Continent. They chose a Book being busy in collecting a Library for their own study, a nice little place. Willy pulled down a beautiful Edition of Thomson's Seasons brought home these holidays by Christopher a prize from Winchester School. Christ<sup>r</sup> is an extraordinary Boy. If God grant him health and life, he will be an honour to his family I feel assured. We have had a nice walk together; but I constantly regret Charles's absence, to break the shyness of his brothers, especially of John. He is a very thoughtful, intelligent boy, and I doubt not an excellent scholar, but his shyness is painful to him I think; and he struck me as so exceedingly like Charles Lloyd, when I first met him last night, that I felt uneasy at the resemblance. Probably he would remind you of his mother. I do not however see the particular likeness of her. When Christopher asked me how long I should stay he seemed disappointed when I mentioned Tuesday—I still think however that my Brother can have no desire to keep me. His own engagements I am sure, make him feel as if the Lodge were a dull place for others. My dear Friend pray write to me if but to say how you are, I hope you have ridden on horse-back this beautiful day. I talked of writing to you again before my leaving Cambridge, but I think it is a pity to make you pay for another letter; so if you do not hear you may conclude I depart on Tuesday and may expect a letter from Rydal. I hope to see Henry Robinson to-morrow or Friday—a great pleasure.—6 o'clock—just risen from dinner-table we have been very merry. Christ<sup>r</sup> is to make tea for us. The Doctor is gone to chapel and upon other business which will

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keep him till 9 o'clock, so perhaps we may have another game at cards—but I should prefer chat without cards unless you were here for a game at Commerce or Whist.—I hope you have had a letter from Tom; pray tell me its contents.—Give my kindest love to Mr Clarkson and a thousand thanks for all his goodness to me and my little nephew. God bless you my dear Friend.—You have now just finished tea—I fancy I see you both at the Tea table. Believe me ever your affectionate and grateful Friend

D. Wordsworth.

I had company and the smell of Rum all the way in the Coach. Charles had not *time* to write.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich.

C.           *655. W. W. to Sir George Beaumont*  
K.

6<sup>th</sup> January, 1821.

My dear Sir George,

Yesterday I performed a great feat—wrote no less than seven letters, reserving yours for to-day, that I might have more leisure, and you consequently less trouble in reading. I have been a good deal tossed about since our arrival here. Mrs W. and I were first called away by the sudden death of my kinsman, Mr Myers.<sup>1</sup> We went to College together, and were inseparables for many years. I saw him buried in Millom Church, by the side of his wife. The churchyard is romantically situated—Duddon Sands on one side, and a rocky hill scattered over with ancient trees on the other. Close by are the remains of the old castle of the Huddlestones, part of which are converted into farm-houses, and the whole embowered in tall trees that tower up from the sides and bottom of the circular moat. The churchyard is in like manner girt round with trees. The church is of striking architecture, and apparently of remote antiquity. We entered with the funeral train, the day being too far advanced to allow the clergyman to see to read the Service, and no light had been provided, so we sat some time, in solemn silence. At last one candle

<sup>1</sup> v. *E.L.*, p. 109.

was brought, which served both for minister and clerk, casting a wan light on their faces. On my right hand were two stone figures in a recumbent position (like those of the monument in Coleorton church)—Huddlestones of other years, and the voice of the minister was accompanied, and almost interrupted, by the slender sobbing of a young person, an Indian by half blood, and by the father's side a niece of the deceased wife of the person whom we were interring. She hung over the coffin and continued this Oriental lamentation till the service was over, everybody else, except one faithful servant, being apparently indifferent. Mrs W., I find, has mentioned our return by Duddonside, and how much we were pleased with the winter appearance of my favourite river.

Since that expedition I have been called to Appleby, and detained there upon business. In returning, I was obliged to make a circuit which showed me for the [first] time several miles of the course of that beautiful stream, the Eden, from the bridge near Temple Sowerby down to Kirkoswald. Part of this tract of country I had indeed seen before, but not from the same points of view. It is a charming region, particularly at the spot where the Eden and Emont join. The rivers appeared exquisitely brilliant, gliding under rocks and through green meadows, with woods and sloping cultivated grounds, and pensive russet moors interspersed, and along the circuit of the horizon, lofty hills and mountains clothed, rather than concealed, in fleecy clouds and resplendent vapours.

My road brought me suddenly and unexpectedly upon that ancient monument called by the country people Long Meg and her Daughters. Everybody has heard of it, and so had I from very early childhood, but had never seen it before. Next to Stonehenge, it is beyond dispute the most noble relic of the kind that this or probably any other country contains. Long Meg is a single block of unhewn stone, eighteen feet high, at a small distance from a vast circle of other stones, some of them of huge size, though curtailed of their stature by their own incessant pressure upon it.

Did you ever see that part of the Eden? If not, you must contrive it. I was brought to Kirkoswald, but had not time to

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visit Nunnery, which I purpose to do next summer. Indeed, we have a thought of taking the whole course of the Eden from Carlisle upwards, which will bring us near the source of the Lune, so that we may track that river to Lancaster, and so return home by Flookborough and Cartmel.

It is now high time to say a word about Coleorton. I often have the image before me of your pleasant labours, and see the landscape growing under your patient hand. The large picture you were about must be finished long since. How are you satisfied with it? I am not a little proud that our scenery employs your pencil so sedulously after a visit to the Alps. It has lost little in my estimation by the comparison. At first I thought the coppice woods—and, alas! we have little else—very shabby substitutes for the unshorn majesty of what I had lately seen. The rocks and crags also seem to want breadth and repose, their surfaces appearing too often crumbled and frittered. But, on the other hand, the comparison is often to our advantage. The lakes and streams not only are so much more pure and crystalline, but the surfaces of the one, and the courses of the other, present a far more attractive variety—a superiority which deserves to be set off at length, but which will strike your practised mind immediately. It happened that Southey, who was so good as to come over to see us, mentioned to me Nichols' book<sup>1</sup> with great commendation.

Ever yours,  
W. W.

MS. 656. D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse

Wednesday evening [17<sup>th</sup> Jan. 1821]

My dear Friend,

Soon after I parted with William yesterday morning I consented to stay a week longer at Cambridge. The Boys are not to return to Winchester till the 10th<sup>2</sup> and poor things! they wished me so much to stay, and talked so feelingly of their loneliness for the rest of the holidays that I could not find in my

<sup>1</sup> John Nichols (1745–1826), printer and antiquarian. His ‘most durable monument’ was the *History and Antiquities of the Town and County of Leicester*, first published in 1795, and completed in 1815.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. of February.

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heart to leave them so soon.—I shall most probably depart next week; but though I have to them fixed next Tuesday, I do not wish to speak of it to you as a thing absolutely fixed. After my change of purpose I was very sorry that I had not sooner resolved, as you would thereby have been prevented from having the trouble of writing to me in such haste yesterday, and I should have had the hope of a longer letter tomorrow. I was very much concerned to hear that your Wife was not so well as when Miss Horrocks wrote but I hope with you that in the end all will be well. Accept my best thanks for your chearful compliance with a request of mine which no doubt appeared to you foolish and unreasonable, but you must forgive me. It is impossible not to be anxious respecting a Child subject to such severe attacks of illness, and you must remember also that all his illnesses come on with headaches. I was truly thankful to hear that he was well. I am sorry to trouble you again with another letter so soon, especially as I have no amusement to send along with it; but I have a particular reason for asking a question of you which I need not explain till I have your answer. Did William tell you what money he had when he left Cambridge? and if so, what did he say? I have some reason to suspect that he dealt disingenuously with me about it, and am anxious to have the matter cleared up; and if nothing passed between you on the subject, pray be so good as to ask him when you next see him; but without giving him cause to think you suspect any thing amiss, and above all, pray take care not to alarm him by the manner of questioning him—for if he has told one falsehood I should be very much afraid of tempting him into another.

I am truly sorry to give you so much trouble, and if you have had no talk with him, there is no need that you should write to me here, only be so good as not to fail to satisfy my inquiries when you write to Rydal.

I drank tea with Derwent Coleridge yesterday. Tillbrooke is [not] in College, nor have I seen Mr Robinson. My Brother is quite well—I had a letter from Mrs Hoare this morning.—She is at Bath with Mr H, who has been very nervous and poorly but is better.

This is a delightful day. I have had a long walk with Derwent

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Coleridge—Give my kind love to your Wife and Miss Horrocks—  
and believe me ever your grateful and affect<sup>e</sup> Friend

D. Wordsworth.

My Brothers & the Boys send their best remembrances. God  
grant that the next news I have of your dear Jane may be good!

Poor William, is now, I guess, about leaving you to go to  
s[chool].

*MS.*        657. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

[Jan. (about the 20<sup>th</sup>) 1821]

My dearest Friend,

Ever since I changed my determination respecting leaving Cambridge this week, I have daily intended writing to you, but have been prevented by one cause or another. William departed on Tuesday morning. As I had good accounts of Mrs Monkhouse I thought it better that he should spend one day with his kind Friends, and I was only thankful on Monday night when we had played a merry game of cards together, to think that he had passed the whole of the holidays without a moment's sickness; but in the morning he looked very pale and complained of headache. Though I was willing to hope that the headache ought to be only such as would have been unnoticed at another time, and that the paleness of his countenance proceeded from suppressed feeling, I could not help being uneasy and therefore sent a note by him to request Mr Monkhouse to write that evening to tell me how he was on his arrival. Mr M had just time to say that he was quite well and to add a little good-humoured sneer at my 'unnecessary fears', and a word or two about his poor Wife who I am sorry to tell you had had a relapse, and though not so ill as before, I fear she will not get through her pregnancy without a miscarriage. I was not so uneasy about Willy that I could not have waited another Post, but I then thought I should have been gone on Thursday morning: the Boys however were so desirous of my longer stay, talked so feelingly of their solitude during the rest of the holidays, and complained—(especially John) so too of the missing of Willy that I could not help saying I would stay a week longer. The

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Father looked well pleased when he heard it and said he was lost in this huge house by himself. The fact is, that my Brother had never said a word about my longer stay from his delicacy of feeling.—Any other female but a wife resident in his house would be an encumbrance at least during his Vice-Chancellorship, and he is troubled by the notion that his visitors must be dull. He says nothing of this to me; but I know that it is so.—I never see him from breakfast till dinner except when he comes in between his different avocations. After dinner he goes to Chapel, then often come visitors upon Business, who go when this happens into his study. After tea he again retires to the study, where he has occupation in which no-one can assist him, generally till prayer time (ten o'clock). After that, the Boys go to bed and my Brother and I sit together till about eleven.—The Boys' time is always occupied at their Books till one or half-past from breakfast time. Their Tutor comes at 11—after his departure we walk together or they play, or talk to me, or read a little till 4, and after dinner one or other of them is generally with me till tea—after tea they generally go to their own study till 9. So you see even while the Boys are here I am much alone, but solitude is never irksome and I would willingly stay the rest of the Boys' holidays (they do not go to school till the 10<sup>th</sup>) if I thought I were of much use either to them or their Father. This I certainly am not; for as they are sometimes visiting Mr Townsend and other friends of theirs, and often engaged at play by themselves in their hours of relaxation, it is not very often that they would feel the want of me—however if again they should express a very strong desire, seconded by their Father for my longer stay I could not help consenting to another week, though my wishes to see home once again, and my dear Friends there are much stronger than when I was with you. At that time indeed they never troubled me: and even now if an opportunity offered of going to Ipswich free of expense I should gladly seize it, but that is the most unlikely thing in the world; and I would not feel myself justified in going back again in the regular way, travelling so many miles and spending more money—especially when I have counter longings and wishes to be at home which would prevent a long stay—and your letter was on the whole

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chearing. You were going to Woodbridge and are likely now to have intercourse with other Clarksons, and to be able to ride on horseback ; for the weather is delightful. Spring is coming on of itself—at least into the gardens—and in May you talk of going to London—and the summer after next I trust if God grant us life and health we may meet again in the North—and further, I feel as if there were many reasons why I should not be so long again in visiting the South.—All these thoughts have passed through my mind ; and the result is, that I generally give up all idea of seeing you again at this time—unless indeed some extraordinary opportunity should offer which indeed is so far out of the circle of possibilities that I think not of it. Mr Clarkson's regrets at my departure are very flattering to me ; and whenever I think of his kindness it moves me—a thousand thanks to him and to you my dear Friend! I trust we may all live to meet again in your quiet home at Playford, whence I hope no evil times will ever expel you.—I have read of the arrival of letters from the West Indies, which no doubt will bring to Mr Clarkson full accounts of what has happened and what is likely to happen. I long very much to know what you have heard, and if you do not write to me again here, I shall hope for a letter very soon after my arrival at home.—Pray remember me to Mr and Mrs Biddle. I am much obliged to him for the kind interest he takes about me. Tillbrooke is not yet returned—a great loss to me—nor have I seen Henry Robinson which was a real disappointment.—I drank tea with Derwent Coleridge one afternoon ; and we had a large party of Ladies and Gentlemen to dinner on Friday. The Master was very lively and agreeable, and the evening went off exceedingly well—No other Company.—I have had a letter from Mrs Fisher. Her Mother (Mrs Cookson) is at Weymouth and is benefited by the air. Her disorder is an enlargement of the liver ; and they hope for recovery to a certain degree ; but Mrs F says that her progress might have been quicker if her frame would have borne rougher remedies.—I have also had a letter from Mrs Hoare. They are at Bath and see little or no company, Mr H being still very nervous, though better since he went to Bath.—I have heard from Sara H—she was again left alone. William and Mary had been summoned to Po House on

the sudden death of its owner, poor John Myers, who had been found dead on the floor of his bedroom with all his cloathes on his back, at the house of a cousin where he was going to sleep. Alas! we expected such an end. I think it will shake his poor old Father grievously. Myers has died without a will, which may be a great misfortune to his Daughter. I never saw him without urging him to make a will. I do not know whether G. Airey is returned to college or not. I mentioned the declamation to my Brother who told me the story exactly as we had heard it from George. Derwent tells me that the young men who coughed him down were very much pleased with the manner of the Master's reproof—It was 'so gentlemanly so firm, and in all respects so proper', therefore no doubt it was useful and my Brother told me that the Plaudits were almost as unreasonable afterwards on the Feast-day (I suppose when the Prizes were given). This probably proceeded from amiable feelings of compunction. This is the last day in the Senate House and I shall go to-morrow to see more of the degrees granted. My Brother keeps quite well though one engagement succeeds another the day through. Poor little Willy! I was not sorry when his holidays were over, though sorry enough to part with him. He behaved always well, so that it was impossible to say he was not a good Boy; but he was so much excited by his Cousins' company and by the notice of undergraduates, that he was restless and never once looked at a Book for pleasure; and therefore his company was not so engaging to me as at Playford, and for his own good I often wished that the holidays were shorter. Happy as he was at Cambridge there is no place he likes so well as Playford. He talks of it with much pleasure, and thankful am I that he was with us here during that fortnight. I hope before next Christmas he will have acquired some taste for Books. What do you think? He laid out 3/6 in a '*gold pin*' for his shirt, which the next day he broke. Mr Townsend found this out; and a young man with T. asked him if he would like another. You may guess Willy's answer, and the young man took him to a shop and bought him one for ten shillings!—I have now got the pin in my case. Remember me kindly to Elizabeth—I think of you more than you can possibly imagine, and of all the goings on of the day. I shall

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not expect to hear from you again ; but should of course be glad if I do. I shall go on Wednesday at the latest if I go next week—but I should prefer Tuesday as giving me more time to get home before Sunday. If, however, you should have anything particular to say—Oh no ! I cannot receive it—as the coach goes at 6 o'clock. My Brother's kind regards. Look about in all corners of this letter for scraps—In spite of your skill, I fear you will find it hard to decipher.

6 o'clock. I have just learnt from the Boys that they are going into [ ? Epsom] to see Mr Walton, C's Godfather. This shortens the time at Cambridge so I think I shall surely go on Tuesday, but if you have any thing very particular to say to me you might write by the Coach as you did to Mrs Kitchener ; should I stay another week I will write again in time for an answer from you.

Friday Morning.

I intend to go to Sedbergh to see John—God bless you ever yours

D. W.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich.

658. C. W. (Jun.) and D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse  
MS.

Trinity Lodge, Jan<sup>y</sup> 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1821.<sup>1</sup>

Dear Sir,

I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in troubling you with a few lines. My Brother and myself will be in London on Friday the 9<sup>th</sup> of next month, and if it would be perfectly agreeable and convenient to Mrs Monkhouse and yourself, my father will be greatly obliged to you, if you will permit us to make your house our *dormitory* (N.B. Aunt desires me make use of that word) in our way to *much loved* Winchester and its *scientific bowers*. Hoping also that you will be kind enough to have places taken for us by the Winchester Coach, which sets off in Piccadilly.

I remain

Tuus Amiculus

Christopher Wordsworth

My Father sends his kind regards to yourself and Mrs Monkhouse.

<sup>1</sup> 1821 written 1820.

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My dear Friends,

I assure you 'Aunt' is not answerable for any part of her Nephew's letter. He dashed it off in a few seconds and looked both merry and cunning all the while.—I hope it will be convenient to you to receive them on Friday night (the 9<sup>th</sup>). That is, I hope Mrs Monkhouse will be well enough; as I do not think any thing else is likely to stand in their way. I shall not be here when your answer arrives, as I am actually going at six o'clock on Wednesday morning. I shall sleep at Leicester and at Manchester. The Boys are to spend a week in Essex, therefore their time at Cambridge will soon be over.—I have the satisfaction of seeing my dear Brother in good health and spirits; though I have but little of his company as he is busy from morning till night—I am told he makes an admirable Vice-chancellor and have no doubt that he is equally well liked as Master of Trinity.—I trust we shall hear of you soon after I reach home. Do not omit to tell me if any thing passed between William and you respecting his money. Hoping for good accounts of you, and with kind love to Miss Horrocks I remain truly yours

D. Wordsworth.

It is necessary to take places for Winchester long beforehand as the Boys are flocking thither at that time.

I hope William continues well.

*Address:* Thomas Monkhouse Esq., 34 Gloucester Place, Portman Square, London.

*Hutchins*            659. W. W. to John Kenyon

K(—)

Rydal Mount, 5<sup>th</sup> Feby, 1821.<sup>1</sup>

My dear Friend,

Many thanks for your valuable present of the Shades, which reached me two days ago by the hands of my sister.

I have tried them, and they answer their purpose perfectly; Mrs W. says they have no fault but being over fine for the person they are intended for. I, on the other hand, am pleased to see Ornament engrafted upon infirmity, and promise that I will take care neither to sully nor spoil such elegant productions.

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., Jan. 23, 1821, v. C.R., p. 96.

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We have had a charming season since we reached West<sup>d</sup>, winter disarmed of all his terrors, and proving that it is not necessary always to run away from old England for the sake of fine weather.

Southey was so good as to come over and see us; he is well, but always looks rather pale and thin in winter, which seems to add a few years to his age. He is as busy as ever, and about to publish a political Poem which will satisfy no party.<sup>1</sup> George the Third is represented as entering the true Jerusalem with the deceased worthies of his reign, and neither Charles Fox, Wm Pitt, nor Dr Johnson are of the Party!!!

Cambridge is a 'pleasant place',<sup>2</sup> and so is Rydal Mount. Come, and make it pleasanter; or, if that is not to be, let us hear at least of your movements.

My sister seems to think, and yet not to think, that she ought to have answered your last letter; she stumbled out an apology to be transmitted by me.

I did not like the frame of it, and said that you will readily forgive her, if she makes up for that neglect by additional application to her journal,<sup>3</sup> which I am sorry to find is little advanced, talking being, as you know, a much more easy, and—to one party at least—a more pleasant thing than writing.

[*cetera desunt*]

*Address:* John Kenyon Esq<sup>re</sup>, Montague Square, London.

*MS.*        660. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Feb<sup>ry</sup> 15<sup>th</sup> [1821] Thursday

My dearest Friend,

A few days after writing to you from Kendal I came home and found your welcome letter. Long silences often follow after the crossing of letters on the road, and this I am determined shall not happen in the present case; but besides I have been so long near you and used to you that I feel an irresistible longing to renew and keep up our intercourse. Your narration from Hayti<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *A Vision of Judgement.*

<sup>2</sup> v. *Anecdote for Fathers*, ll. 19–20 (1798).

<sup>3</sup> of their late continental tour.

<sup>4</sup> v. note to Letter 651.

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interested us all exceedingly, and I long for further accounts of your Friends though with little hope of better than the last. The Newspapers have long been silent on the subject ; but this is probably because no ships have arrived. The earnest expression of hatred against Roger which I read as a part of Clarke's letter, supposing it to be so, produced a most animating effect on my Brother and we all join in the feeling. The sentiment was yours I now discover, but I wish it had been Clarke's, for I should have taken him into my especial favour for evermore.— I found my dear Friends well and happy—our meeting was a joyful one though till afternoon there was none to share our joy. Dorothy then came and stayed till Sunday evening (I arrived on the Saturday). How I long for you to see her! She is indeed a sweet girl—I never saw a greater improvement in the time. She is grown thoughtful, steady and womanly ; but is much more lively than ever she has been used to be since her first going to school. She is as lively as when she was ten years old ; and has nothing left of her boisterousness or want of gracefulness either in manner or deportment. We are infinitely indebted to Miss Dowling<sup>1</sup>, to whom D. is very strongly attached. Miss D. now treats her as a Friend I can perceive by their conversation ; and she told me that she had long been perfectly satisfied with D, that she had not had the smallest fault to find with her for many months. At the last holidays she brought away another elegant prize of Books. John is a thoroughly good lad and I have no doubt of his doing well though not grandly at Cambridge. My dear Friend, what shall I say at having left you ? I must say something because I feel it—for the ease of my own mind—but I hope you will stifle regrets by a little resentment at my folly. I might just as well have stayed at Cambridge till the end of the Boys' holidays, have stayed with you till May, and brought Willy down with me, or not, as might have been hereafter judged best. The expense (which was a perfect bugbear to me when I was so far from home feeling I had spent so much) would have been a mere trifle and we should have been most happy together—you and I and your dear Husband this pleasant spring-time.

<sup>1</sup> Miss Dowling opened a school at Ambleside in 1818, and D. was among her first pupils (*v. M.Y.*, pp. 812, 816, 826, &c.).

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Such the time even *here*; for the sun shines as warm as in the summer, and I am able to write in the window of my own Room without a fire.—This is a digression—I was going to say that I am truly sorry I did not adopt the plan I have mentioned—the difference between three hundred miles and seventy miles being so great. My wishes were very strong; but on the other hand came in my longings after home; and still more than these my longings to see John, Dorothy and Sara. Sara is gone and I have not seen her, and there being now so little occupation at home (however delightful home is) I feel as if I could have done more good elsewhere, and I need not tell now how happily I could have spent my time. It is now over, therefore it is folly to regret it. Rather let me be thankful for the happiness we have had together, and for my own especial comfort every night and morning in lying down and rising up with the thought that whatever happened to dear little William I was within a day's call. Before I dismiss the subject I will say one thing. If at any time you have a particular wish to see me—as for instance to spend two or three months of the winter with you when you are not likely to have other inmates and then I would stay on to see the green leaves, only tell me so—send me an invitation and I will come. By frugality in the North I can never be so poor as not to afford such a journey—when unconfined by active duties, or by the sickness of Friends; it will be no effort to me to move at any time, for you know I am one of the best travellers of my Sex. If you should be poorly—should feel as if a Friend by the fire-side would do you good—do not scruple to tell me so—happy again shall I be to take my place there with you. The days have been mild and sunny, though with a frosty air, ever since I came home, and I have been enchanted with the beauty of the country. We have walked daily; and had some most delicious walks by moonlight. On Tuesday we drank tea with Mr. Barber<sup>1</sup> at his cottage (formerly the Gills) and returned home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 11 o'clock. These moonlight nights bring your garden and house and moat vividly to my recollection; and often and every day many times do I think of you. Next summer but one

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Barber, an eccentric bachelor who lived at Silver Howe, Grasmere.

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we trust you will be able to come Northwards—Do not let Mr Clarkson give up the idea. We have talked about it much together and with infinite satisfaction—and who knows but I may return southward with you? But never forget that *at any time*—even before then—if you should have strong or particular wishes to see me I will come—God willing! Too much of this—I am vexed with my folly and cannot help thinking of it—nor to *you* help talking of it, as you see. But from this time forth no more of it. We have heard from Mr Johnson that Willy was well last Saturday. Mr J had found him with a black eye (No doubt he had been *worsted* in fight for he did not like to talk of it) and so ragged in his attire that he desired him never more to wear the old black jacket and ordered him a new suit of superfine cloth. Poor Lad! how he delights in Playford and I hope that Mr C will venture to have him again at some time or other. The Crumps have left Grasmere entirely, yet their house is unsold. Mr Barber is the gayest Bachelor you ever saw—he calls at our door every day with the Morning Chronicle which for the sake of dear Playford I read with more pleasure than ever I did in my life before. We also have the Courier, therefore we stand a chance of coming to something like impartial judgement between the two. As to the Queen<sup>1</sup> I think both Friends and Foes seem equally tired of her. I look in vain for symptoms of something being done for the Agricultural distresses, but it seems as if all gave up the point in despair. What do you think of our Patriot Mr Curwen who at a meeting of his Farmers made them a fine speech urging them, as the only means, to address Parliament—to make their own addresses not have them got up by others. As to lowering of rents that was impossible—the Land-holders would sink also—They must reduce their expenses as he had done. His good Farmers went away disgusted with his fine speech and immediately resigned their Farms. He was left without Tenants and obliged to take them on again at a very large reduction of rent. We have had no letters from Hindwell since my return; but I find George Hutchinson thinks of going either to Canada or Van Dieman's Land. There seems to be little or no distress in this country—Wages are 2/- and 2/6—and

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Queen Caroline, v. M. Y., p. 903.

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will probably be 3/- as the spring advances ; and at Kendal the manufacturers are going on at a fair rate, while in Lancashire the cotton mills exhibit their dismal illuminations at night and early morning. How shall I send Mr Barton 'The White Doe'? It was foolish in me not to arrange it with him. Will it not be best for me to desire Longmans to send it in one of his parcels to Woodbridge? We expect Mrs R<sup>d</sup> Wordsworth and her little Boy to stay a month with us. The poor child is very delicate and her lameness continues. William and Mary had a melancholy duty to perform at Powhouse. Poor Myers, it appears, would have wasted his property fast away had he lived much longer. As it is there will be a very sufficient fortune for the child who no doubt will remain with Miss Dowling. Her Uncle, Thomas Myers, is to be her Guardian, and William has offered his assistance in managing the Grasmere property and attending to the little girl. Notwithstanding Myers' hard conduct to his Brother (who no doubt behaved *foolishly* enough, to say the least, to him) I think he will be a judicious and faithful Guardian of his Niece. There is no motive to the contrary—and he is a sensible Man, and very clever in business. Myers's death was a great shock to the old Man. He knew nothing before of his habits of drinking, nor did they come on, as we now find, till after his Wife's death.

My dear Friend, if by any accident you should ever hear of my Brother Christopher's being ill, pray let me know without delay. I am sure he will not do it himself from his constant habit of patience, and of bearing all his own sufferings himself—and when once he is ill I know well how slow he is in recovering, and should be miserable at the thought of not being near him to give every comfort in my power. He can do better alone than anybody I know; but it is a dismal thing even for him to be ill and not have one female friend near to whom he can speak. I desired Sophy to write to me in case of illness; but even upon *her* I cannot depend. People are always afraid of making me uneasy. George Airey is likely to mention my Brother when he writes to Mr Biddle, and through Mr B. you might desire him when he writes to mention him and the state of his health. I find my Brother thinks very highly of George—I shall be greatly dis-

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appointed if he is not Senior Wrangler, with more than Senior Wrangler's honours. My pride is a little come down before the end of my letter—I can now hardly drag the pen with my cold stiff fingers—and you, I fear, spite of your adroitness can scarcely read. I have not yet touched my journal—So much have I had to look at—so many old neighbours to see—so many letters to write. Miss Dowling and Dorothy are to drink tea with us this afternoon—What a delight do I feel in seeing that dear girl! I have very often seen her since my return. On Saturday she is to meet us at the Gees' to lunch, a Friend's Birthday.—This is a dull letter, I am sure; but I trust it will receive a speedy answer. I long to hear of your restoration to former strength—of rides on horseback—of pleasures in the garden—and of my dear Friend Mr Clarkson's thoughts and pursuits—and how he came on with the [? Bankers]—and all about your poor neighbours.—Regards to the Biddles—kind love to Tom and a thousand blessings on you all—Yours ever more

D. Wordsworth.

Remember me to Elizabeth especially and to the other maids. I hope I shall see them all again some time—for I hate changes. I cannot read over what I have written.

*Address: Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk.*

*MS.*

*661. D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse*

Thursday 15<sup>th</sup> Feby [1821]

My dear Friend,

We begin to be anxious to hear from you especially as Mary thought you would think it necessary to acknowledge the receipt of the Bills which she sent on the 3<sup>rd</sup>. I do not mean that we are anxious on account of their safety; but are fearful that a return of your dear Wife's malady, may have been the cause of your silence and we very much wish to hear how you all are. From Mr Johnson we have heard that William was quite well though he seemed to have been worsted in fight, having got a black eye, which he did not much like to talk about, therefore

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Mr J concluded that he had been beaten. He was so ragged and shabby in his old black clothes that Mr Johnson desired him never to put them on again, and he ordered him a new suit of superfine cloth—I wish the Tailor may be successful in the cut. I observed that little Clarkson who called on William at Cambridge wore a round jacket without skirts and we think that a much prettier way of making little Boys' clothes; but William used to plead that it was not the fashion of the school, and most likely this plea will have served in the present instance, to induce Mr J. to order it as before. It is rather a pity that you did not happen to be the person to see William in his rags, as it would have been better to have employed your and his Father's tailor. I long to hear of John and Chris's visit to you, but if poor Jane was ill there would be no pleasure in it for any party. I left Cambridge with great regret, turning thus away from all my kind Friends in the South, but hope that future opportunities may send me back again sometimes to see you all. If travelling were not so very expensive how pleasant it would be, at least once in two years, to have the rouzing up of a journey Southward! As to crossing the seas it is a thing nevermore to be thought of, though I agree with you that it would be an infinite delight to revisit those noble mountains which we have seen.

Your last letter addressed to me came while I was at Kendal, and Mary supposed it was for her, and answering it as such, must have deceived you in her reply to one part of it. I am sorry to say that William did indeed tell me a falsehood, and a similar one to you. I have related the circumstance to Mr Johnson and we have requested him to give the Child such counsel and reproof as he judges best. We thought that anything coming from Mr Johnson, who once on a former occasion detected him in a falsehood, was likely to make a proper impression. During the whole of the time I was with William in the holidays I had not the slightest cause to suspect him of swerving from the truth. On the contrary his manners were particularly frank and ingenuous and his cousins tell me they have never found him guilty of lying. The case was this. Just before our parting I asked William if his uncle had given him any money and he

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replied 'Yes, he has given me *three* shillings' I then said to him 'I will give you half a crown'. This I did, and a shilling for the coachman. Now he must have said one shilling to you in order to conceal his having spent the additional 1/6, and three shillings to me that I might give him the more. This kind of Lying comes out of a great school where we all know that there are certain points in which it is accounted no disgrace—and probably that of money is one, so much importance being attached to the possession of it. You will speak to Willy as you think best when you see him, and I hope, as he is not habitually given to falsehood, he will not be guilty of the like again, seeing how easily it is detected, and of how little *use* it is, and how painful are the consequences—distrust and want of confidence on the part of Friends.—In addition to this I know you will in your kindness and tenderness for the dear Boy represent to him the great sin of lying.—Ever since my arrival at home the weather has been enchanting—hot sunshine, clear frost, and now heavenly moonlight nights. I can hardly tell you how much I enjoy the country and the [ ]<sup>1</sup> of old Friends and neighbours who have [ ] fully greeted me. William's eyes [are] much better. He reads several [? hours in] the day; but has not yet begun [ ]. His first job will be preparing [ ] of the Lakes for the Tourists in [ ]. Do you hear anything of the Sale of the] Poems and Excursion. John and [Dorothy are] greatly improved. D. is a lovely [ ] most engaging in her manners [ ] yet more lively than she has [ ] been since she went to school [ ] is very satisfactory. You and you[r dear Wife will] I am sure be delighted with her. [John is] as tall as his Father and much stouter. [ ] is admirable and I believe his [ ] very good. God bless you my dear [Friend]. Ever your affect<sup>e</sup> D Wordsworth.

My Brother begs you will call at the Booksellers Charing Cross to inquire if the Books are sent off. If not, desire they may be sent immediately and if all are not ready the package must not wait longer.

<sup>1</sup> MS. torn away.

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MS. 662. W. W. to [? William Myers]<sup>1</sup>

Kendal Wednesday, March 7<sup>th</sup> 1821

My dear Cousin,

I shall be ready to attend you to the Sale. We are all glad that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you here, and hope you will come the night before, and that Mr Hutton<sup>2</sup> will accompany you; we can lodge you both.

I have received a Letter round by Ulverston from an Agent of Mr John [Myers of] Manchester, addressed to the Ex<sup>rs</sup> of the late John Myers of Po House and demanding of them upon the receipt thereof to forward to the address given six Pictures, belonging to Mr J. Myers of Manchester and which were in the possession of the deceased. There is no description given of the Pictures alluded to.

I remain with best regards to your Grandfather and self

Sincerely yours

Wm Wordsworth.

I dont know what to do in respect to the Pianoforte; not knowing any body at Kendal who could take it in if carried to them; and besides not thinking Kendal a good place for the Sale of Musical Instruments; there is no teacher of music in that Town.—We must determine when we meet what is to be done with it.

MS. 663. D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse

Saturday 16<sup>th</sup> March [1821]<sup>3</sup>

My dear Friend,

Though I have nothing new to tell you I am glad to slip a few lines into a frank which my Brother is sending, thinking that the sight of a Friend's hand—writing with tidings that all is well will never be thought a dear purchase at twopence of *your* money. I had a letter from Miss Horrocks a few days ago, which gave me much pleasure. She reported favourably of your Wife's health and strength, and that was most satisfactory, though

<sup>1</sup> Probably addressed to William Myers, cousin of the deceased John Myers, and the inheritor of Po House.

<sup>2</sup> A Penrith solicitor, *v. M. Y. Letters* 564, 565, &c.

<sup>3</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., March 13, 1821, *v. C.R.*, p. 98.

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from what she says we judge that your expectations are not such as when you last wrote to Mary. I hope you will come Northward as soon as you can after the leaves are on the trees, both for the pleasure we shall have in seeing you and your Wife, and for the benefit which she will be likely to receive from country air and the joy of being amongst her old Friends. We have had only about ten days of bad weather since my return; but unfortunately I have been confined for the last three weeks with a sprained ankle, which troubled me a little at my first coming home; but I took no care of it till I found that I must give it entire rest. I have begun to walk a little in the garden; but am not suffered to go down the hill, and indeed all around us is now so cheerful and beautiful that I have nothing to regret. It seems a long time since we heard of Willy—Yours was the last news of him, indeed it came about the same [time] with a letter from Mr Robinson, who had seen him in high health and spirits ‘just what a schoolboy ought to be’ only his hands were dreadfully chapped; but I hope the present warm weather will remove that annoyance. Pray when you see him give him my kindest love. Tell us when you write on what day his holidays are to begin. His uncle wished him to go to Cambridge if Charles’ holidays should suit with his; but I rather think that Harrow School breaks up before the Charter House. Dorothy has had one of her dreadful colds. She came to see us yesterday, but she looked extremely ill, and was very languid and weak. She is wonderfully improved, as I think you will say when you see her. She is as lively as ever yet all her turbulence is tamed down—I long for the time when she will have the privilege of being acquainted with your dear Wife.

We expect John at Easter—Would that William could be here also!

You kindly sent us two Numbers of John Bull<sup>1</sup> but as that light of the Nation visits Mr Gee’s Cottage you need not trouble yourself to send it down to us again. Poor John Scott! You can hardly imagine how much grief and anxiety we had for him while

<sup>1</sup> A paper started in 1820 to counteract, by its scurrilous humour, the sentimental enthusiasm for Queen Caroline; its editor was Theodore Hook (1788–1841).

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he lay on his death bed. I think Patmore<sup>1</sup> can never again have a quiet mind, as it seems his rashness, indiscretion and ignorance were the cause of Scott's death.

Mr Gee begs you will be so good as to send his Bill for Books to Rydal instead of sending it to Mr Prince.

My kind love to your Wife—I very often think of you both, and of other kind Friends in London, and shall not be unwilling to repeat my visit when time opportunity and money serve. Remember me to Mr Robinson and to Lamb and his sister and believe me

ever your faithful and affectionate Friend  
Dorothy Wordsworth

Excuse scrawling; William waits to take the letter to Ambleside.

Wm is just returned from the Sale of Mr Myers's furniture, cattle &c. The Sale was a good one:—, a proof that this part of the North of England is in no desperate state of poverty.

MS.  
K(—)

*664. D. W. to Mrs. Clarkson*

March 27<sup>th</sup> [1821]

In the case of the King versus Penn and Mead, the Recorder of London being dissatisfied with the Verdict, fined the Jury as mentioned in Mr Clarkson's book,<sup>2</sup> but he adds that no notice was taken of the illegality of the Act. This is not correct, for Bushel one of the Jurors, sued out a Habeas Corpus, and the point was arranged in Common Pleas, and decided in favour of the Juryman, see Vaughan's Reports Bushel's case.

My dearest Friend,

The Above has been transcribed some time in preparation for a letter to you.—April 6<sup>th</sup>. So far I wrote eight days ago and the

<sup>1</sup> v. Letter 513. P. Patmore (1786–1855), friend of Hazlitt and Lamb, and father of Coventry Patmore: he acted as Scott's second in his duel with Christie. He was tried for murder, but acquitted.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs of the Private and Public Life of William Penn*, 2 vols., 1813. Penn and Mead (a Quaker linen-draper) were tried at the Old Bailey in August 1670 for addressing a congregation in the open air, and acquitted; but they were fined for not taking off their hats in court, and committed to prison. The case was important, as it established the right of free worship.

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short transcript at the top had been made long before that. I cannot express to you my dear Friend, how deeply I feel your kindness in writing me such long and interesting letters, nor how vexed I am with myself for repaying you so ill, and for being so foolishly uneasy at not hearing from you so soon as my strong desires led me to expect. The foolish little note I sent through the Horrocks crossed your valuable letter on the road (that which contained the sketch of Toussaint's character). I did not suppose that, having written, you would think yourself bound to write again after my note, and to say the truth a scruple of delicacy prevented me from replying to that letter immediately. I thought as I had nothing like an equivalent to send you, having been engaged in no such interesting speculations as you had, and our goings on being so very uniform it was unfair to put you again at once into the situation of my debtor. But no more of this—I hope I shall be wiser when I do not hear from you again (if that should ever happen) so soon as I expect, only remember that the oftener you write the better—though I would not tax you with the thought that writing to me at this time or that is a duty—except you should be ill or in distress, and then I hope you would consider it so. You will be puzzled by the statement at the top of the page if you have read it. My Brother took it from Mr Raincock's mouth for Mr Clarkson to enable him to correct a mis-statement in his life of Penn. How much more the troubles of our own particular Friends disturb one than any detail of public distress! I read your account of the sad prospects of Farmers with indifference comparatively as they did seem but slightly to touch you; while I was rejoiced far more than I can express to read the clearing reports which Mr Clarkson brought you of Tom's well-doing. What a blessing for you after so much anxiety to see him taking the right course! I cannot now entertain the least doubt of his distinguishing himself in his profession, for having taken the resolution and with liking, his studies will be persevering. It is his nature; and there can be no doubt of his talents in the mind of any one who knows him. I can just fancy how quietly Mr Clarkson would open out his budget of comfort when he got back again to you after his last short absence, and how you rejoiced together by

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that dear fire-side. I always fancy your sitting in the small parlour which, perhaps because it was the first room I entered at Playford, I shall always like better than the other. You mention the threatening of a law-suit against Mr Corsbie in your first letter, but as in your last you do not speak of it I hope it is over, especially as you write chearfully about your sister. I almost wonder how she *could* remove the lilacs, yet most likely it was wiser than to have left them to strangers, who probably would have mercilessly cut them down and injudiciously remodelled the garden, indeed one may be sure that no new Tenant would keep things in the state they were in when you so fondly looked at them at the awful time of your dear Father's death. I am sorry for your sake that your Brother William has left the house, yet no doubt he was right as it was far too large and expensive for his needs. Do not think that I disregard the troubles of Farmers because the chearfulness of your letters made me think little of them at that time. They come but too closely to *us*. Poor Tom Hutchinson who is a man of few words and still less of a complainer writes to his Brother at Stockton that if times do not mend there will be nothing left for him but emigration at the end of his lease, and his wife looks to it without repining. Their Friends you may be sure cannot endure the thought—and Van Dieman's land is the spot they look to. Better, say I, live on oat-bread, milk and porridge by a fire-side like Peggy Ashburner's, than go to such a banishment, and at a time of life, too, when there can be no hope of return; with a family too young to be of use for many years, and such a gem of a Woman. But I need not vex myself with this scheme—It will never be executed. It is melancholy enough to think of such a property as his sinking by little and little, without any misconduct of his own; and to see them chained down at least for four or five years to the spot. They have had, in addition to the common losses from low prices, great destruction among their cattle. Twenty three cows had slipped their calves when Mrs H wrote to us. This obliges them to change their stock. They have had the rot, too, among their sheep; but that is got under. Joanna has been at Stockton with Sara and had intended to come and see us; but she says she could not be easy while Mary has the whole burthen

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of anxiety upon her shoulders to be away longer from her, and is returning to Wales immediately. We do not expect Sara till June. She has a visit to pay near Ripon, intends visiting Studley and Harkfall, and is to meet her Cousins Mr and Mrs Hutchinson, at Harrowgate, and return by York to Stockton. She is now perfectly well. Henry has been spending the winter in that neighbourhood. He brought us last week very pleasant accounts both of Sara and Joanna. Joanna's health is renovated and she can now walk about like other people. The rheumatism had her quite an old woman when we last saw her. I cannot give you Sara's address for a longer period than three weeks; but if you write before the end of that time you must direct at John Hutchinson's esquire Stockton-on-Tees—Miss *Sarah Hutchinson*, as there are so many Miss H's at Stockton. William is quite well, and very busy, though he has not looked at *The Recluse* or the poem on his own life; and this disturbs us. After fifty years of age there is no time to spare, and unfinished works should not, if it be possible, be left behind. This he feels, but the will never governs *his* labours. How different from Southey, who can go as regularly as clockwork, from history to poetry, from poetry to criticism, and so on to biography, or anything else. If their minds could each spare a little to the other, how much better for both! William is at present composing a series of Sonnets on a subject which I am sure you would never divine,—the Church of England,—but you will perceive that in the hands of a poet it is one that will furnish ample store of poetic materials. In some of the sonnets he has, I think, been most successful. Mary is on the whole very well and looks so, except when certain troublesome fits of heat and head-ache come upon her, which I hope will be of no consequence, taking proper care to use purgative medicines—more important than anything else I am sure, from my own experience, where the body will bear them. The vines have not yet budded at Playford I suppose—I often image to myself the old house covered with green; and now I am glad to think of you among your spring flowers surrounded by those pretty green sloping fields. We have as yet but small appearance of spring except in the gardens. The gooseberry trees of course are in leaf but no

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blossoms yet on the [? larches] or [ ? ]. The winter has been the pleasantest ever known ; and the spring hitherto very agreeable. Sunshine has caused us many warm days ; but in general the air has been rather keen, which is better liked in this country than a soft air in March, for our early springs are always blighted.—Times are certainly better in the North than anywhere else ; we hear complaints of markets ; the small farmers in general have con[cern] for their families, therefore to them cheapness is a benefit ; and [seal] the main dependence of both larger and smaller—Stockton [seal] I should say, the county of Durham or that part of it where Stockton lies is in no very bad way. In short we only hear dismal stories from the Newspapers and Friends at a distance. My Brother wishes very much to see Mr Clarkson's letter to Lord C. and we were a little vexed when you mentioned that it was in the Suffolk paper, and that you thought we might not like to see Mr C in such bad company—a curious fancy ! Mr Clarkson as a *party* man ! such a thought would never enter the head of anyone who knows him as we do ! or that he could receive taint from any party. I cannot think you will have destroyed the paper, so pray send it to us immediately. William makes this request, so I am sure you will have no further scruples in gratifying us. All that you say of St Domingo is very interesting, and especially your account of Toussaint. I cannot express how grateful I am for your kindness in taking so much pains to please me by writing whatever you think will interest me. You do not in your last mention your translation—I hope it is going on and that we shall soon have it. Mr Clarkson's zeal in acquiring the French language is surprising, having so many other greater cares and more important employments, but something is always *wanted* to fill up vacant spaces and what a blessing when the mind retains zeal and vigour to seek after that something. Of course if Mr C goes into France this summer you will accompany him. I know few things I should like better than to be with you there. It is only when such pleasant schemes cross my fancy that I ever regret that we are not richer. I hope you will not take the direct route from Calais but travel through Normandy. I should like to see that country, but how many countries are there I should like to see ! La Vendée, Dauphiny

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and not stop there again—Switzerland and over the Alps to Rome and Naples! however I should be satisfied enough with another visit to Paris. We were there too late in the season to see it in its full splendour of out-of-door gaieties.—I think if Mr Clarkson had passed very near the Charterhouse and had had a few minutes to spare he would have called to see his favourite Willy Boy! Whenever he goes to London pray tell him to bear in mind that it would be a comfort to us to know that he had seen him, and pray ask Tom to call upon him, if he can find leisure, though but once or twice in the half-year—The best time is between one and three o'clock. Poor Fellow! he writes that he is quite well and was delighted at the sight of Mr Cowper, an Ambleside Tradesman ‘The first Westmorland face he had seen for a long time’. I am afraid he does not get on so well as one would wish in the school; but his Father will judge when he comes home. We very seldom hear of Willy now! Mr M you know has not so much time to ‘manage him’, nor for letter writing; and I doubt not he thinks we are over anxious. His wife is now quite well. She actually *had* miscarried. Henry Robinson gave us a very pleasant account of Willy. You can hardly conceive how grateful we are whenever any one sends us news of him. H. R gives us hopes of seeing him this summer on his way to Scotland and we shall be greatly disappointed if he changes his plans. He is one of the kindest and most friendly creatures that ever lived, and certainly the best and most useful of companions in travelling. I have a very great regard for him, and remember his kindness to myself in particular with grateful feelings. Tillbrooke has written us a pleasant letter. He says the Vice-chancellor fills his office with great éclat, and he thinks his year will be distinguished by several useful and important regulations. Do not fail to write, if you can (but I am afraid of being hard upon you) when you have seen George Airey. This I suppose will be at Easter. Thank God we hear only good accounts of my Brother’s health—I have had a nice letter from his son Christopher. Have you seen Southey’s *Vision of Judgment*? I like both the metre, and most part of the Poem, very much. It is composed with great animation, and some passages are very beautiful; but the intermixture of familiar names

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pushes you down a frightful descent at times, and I wish he had avoided the very words of Scripture. The king has sent him a message that he had read the poem twice over, and thanks him for the Dedication. How the Queen has passed away like a dream!—My dearest Friend never think that your letters are dull or not worth sending—a single page from you is always twice worth the postage—I wish I had any worthy return for you—This is a sad dull letter; but I hope you may have the reading of it when no other pleasure is in the way. Mary has nearly finished her journal—I get on with mine; but not so fast, and I think hers will be more interesting, being more brief—Mine is utterly unsatisfactory to myself as a description of Switzerland; a land where height, depth, bulk, nay immensity—profusion—silence—solitude make up the grandest of our feelings, where it is utterly impossible to describe the objects except by their effects on the mind of those [*seal*] must be *felt* by the Reader, or he can have no notion of Switzerland.

My kindest love to Mr Clarkson and to Tom when you write. God bless you ever yours most affectionately D. Wordsworth.

I open my letter to tell you that the Scarlet Fever (though in a mild form) is in the Charterhouse School. I did not like to tell you before that we had been very anxious since last Monday when we heard of it. 84 boys were then on the sick list or absent. We wrote immediately to desire if the report were true that he might be removed. Mr Johnson fetched him on Thursday. He is to remain till it be ascertained that he is clear of infection and then sent home to remain till after the May holidays.

Willy writes himself in high Spirits. He had been put up to another form—has begun with Ovid and likes it very much. We shall continue anxious as you may believe till the time of trial is over. God grant that he may have escaped infection.

Concluded on the 7<sup>th</sup> of April. William's Birthday. He is 51 years old.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk.

K.              665. W. W. to Viscount Lowther

March 28, 1821.

... I am truly sorry for what you say about the probable fate of the Catholic question, and feel grateful to you as an Englishman

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for your persevering exertions. Canning's speech, as given in the *Morning Chronicle* and *Courier*, is a tissue of glittering declamation and slender sophistry. He does not appear to look at the effect of this measure upon the dissenters at all; and as to the inference that the catholics will be quiet when possessed of their object, because they have been patient under their long privation, first, we may deny the premises—has not every concession been employed as a vantage-ground for another attack? and, had it been otherwise, is it true that they have been patient? What says history as to the long enduring quiet of men who have an object in view? The grandees of the Puritans, says Heylyn in his life of archbishop Laud,<sup>1</sup> after the first heats were over in Queen Elizabeth's time, carried their work for *thirty* years together, like moles under the ground, not casting up any earth before them, till they had made so strong a party in the House of Commons as was able to hold the thing to their own conditions. Mr Canning finds the Catholic peers supporters of episcopacy in Charles the First's time, and concludes, therefore, that they were friends to the Church of England, because bishops make a part of its constitution. Would it not have been more consonant to history to ascribe this care of reformed bishoprics to the love of an institution favourable to that exaltation of religion by which abuses were produced that wrought the overthrow of papacy in England, and to some lurking expectations that if the sees could be preserved, they might not improbably be filled at no distant time by catholic prelates. . . .

K.                666. W. W. to Viscount Lowther

[No date, but evidently 1821.]

. . . I have read with the utmost attention the debates on the Catholic question. The opinion I share with you remains unaltered. We have heard much of candour and forbearance, etc., but these qualities appear to be all on one side, viz. on that of the advocates of existing laws. Among the innovators there is a haughtiness, an air of insolent superiority to light and knowledge, which no strength of argument could justify, much less

<sup>1</sup> The title of Heylyn's book is *Cyprianus Anglicus*.

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the sophisms and assumptions which they advance. I am aware that if the Catholics are to get into Parliament, ambition and worldly interest will have keen sway over them as over other men; and it need not be dreaded, therefore, that they will all be, upon every occasion, upon one side. But still the *esprit de corps* cannot but be stronger with them than other bodies for obvious reasons; and looking at the constitution of the House, how nicely balanced parties have often been, and what small majorities have repeatedly decided most momentous questions, I cannot but tremble at the prospect of introducing men who *may* turn, and (if they act consistently with the spirit of their religion, and even with its open professions) *must* turn their mutual fidelity against our Protestant establishment, till, in co-operation with other dissenters and infidels, they have accomplished its overthrow. . . .

. . . The Catholic claims are to be referred to a committee! God grant that these people may be baffled! How Mr Canning and other enemies to reform in Parliament can, without gross inconsistency, be favourers of their cause, I am unable to conceive. Mr Canning objects to reform because it would be the means of sending into the House of Commons members whose station, opinions, and sentiments differ from those of the persons who are now elected, and who would prove less friendly to the constitution in Church and State. Good heavens! and won't this be the case to a most formidable extent if you admit Catholics, a measure to be followed up, as it inevitably will, sooner or later, with the abolition of the Test and Corporation acts, and a proportional increase of the political power of the dissenters, who are to a man hostile to the Church. . . .

MS.  
K(—)

667. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

[31 May 1821]

My dearest Friend

On the receipt of your last letter I felt an impulse to write immediately and pictured to myself your pleasant looks by the well-known fire-side of my bedroom, when Elizabeth should give you a letter (no doubt she knows whence they come as well as

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Susan used to do) from Miss Wordsworth—to interpose a little variety during your watchings by the poor stranger's bed-side. Such were my first thoughts; but recollecting that Sara Hutchinson would soon be at Rydal Mount and that I had no novelties to communicate I awaited her arrival. She had not been two hours in the house before she said she must write to you. I then put your letter into her hands; and thinking she would have much more interesting matter than I had, and that two letters were useless I trusted to her—but you know the way of putting off, and though I believe she will soon write, my conscience can be no longer at rest. Poor Mr Clarkson! I think I felt more for his condition than yours or that of the unfortunate young man when he was brought back to the house in a helpless state. His (Mr C's) sufferings must have been dreadful however he might wish to conceal them from you. To estimate them in some small degree I need only look back to the feeling manner in which he sometimes spoke of poor little William's illness and his own anxiety. I cannot express my thankfulness on reading how you supported yourself under the first alarm; and in the whole of the circumstances of this melancholy accident how much cause is there for thankfulness! That you were so near to the Surgeon's house was indeed a blessing, and though it is certainly not ordinarily considered as such, to be confined to the anxieties and cares of nursing for six weeks, I am sure *you* are a hundred times thankful that if such an accident *was* to happen to this young man so far from home they fell to your lot. For me much as I rejoice to find that your strength is equal to great trials I cannot help a little grieving that they should so often come to you out of their natural course. It is but nine months since you watched over our dear William. Your letter is concluded on the 11<sup>th</sup> of May—It is now the 31<sup>st</sup>—therefore I trust that as your Patient's state was so hopeful and his condition of mind so happy you will have him in your pleasant dining-room in the course of a fortnight after you receive this. Sunday afternoon June 3<sup>rd</sup>.—It is a few days since I began the letter. The country was then pining under the blight of frosty nights, snow-showers and north east winds, which had prevailed more or less for the last three weeks, having checked the ash-trees in their budding,

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arrested those of the oak in their first stage of bursting into yellow leaf, and destroyed most of the blossoms of the fruit trees. The air changed on Friday: and the difference in the hue of the woods is astonishing; but they will never have their proper share of leaves; and as rain is not come with the warmth, the fields are not yet cheared. We have all been at Church and though M and S were a little oppressed by the heat, they do not seem to be tired. As for me the hotter the better if the air be dry—especially along the foot path under the crags where one can rest at pleasure upon sloping turf. How you will be charmed with that walk upon which we enter from our own terrace! Not as a path *for you to church*—the distance would be too much—but as a retired walk, of which every step is pleasant and which may be made as long or short as you like. You will judge that we are all strong and well, indeed I never saw Sara look better in my life, or appear to suffer less from walking, and this is very lucky for her, as she is now deprived of the use of her pony.—I told you she was going to Harrowgate. There she spent more than a fortnight, much to her satisfaction, and to the benefit of her health. She rode daily on her pony with Mrs Hutchinson, whom she accompanied to H, and when they were about to send these ponies home and follow themselves in a day or two, Sara, ten minutes after she had seen them led past the window to water, was informed that both were struck dead by lightning, but the boy uninjured who was on the back of Mrs H's. This was such a providential escape that the loss was at first little thought of. Mrs H's pony was actually dead, but S's revived, and hopes were given of its recovery, and that she might even ride it this summer. The expense and trouble you may guess were great, and she was obliged to leave it at H—, but last week it was removed to Stockton, where it must remain in her cousin's fields for a summer's run. This is really a serious misfortune, as of late Sara has never continued long in perfect health without her exercise.—Mary has not quite got rid of those burstings-out of heat but nearly so, and she is much better than when I last wrote to you, though she is very thin—and you will be sorry to hear that my fatness has now entirely disappeared. I was never leaner in my life except at the beginning

of our travels last summer before I got to wandering among the Alps, and I am sure I do not eat one fifth of what I then did ; but these things are of little consequence as I can walk with as little fatigue as when I was twenty. Not long ago my Brother and I spent a whole day on the mountains, went by a circuitous road to the top of Fairfield, walking certainly not *less* than 14 miles ; and I was not the *least tired*. My brother is still hard at work with his sonnets. I hope he will have done before Mr Till-brooke, Henry Robinson, or the Monkhouses arrive—all of whom we expect to see ; but exactly when I do not know. John is expected with one of his schoolfellows for a few days at Whit-suntide—His great holidays will be in July. My Brother is well satisfied with his progress at school, and with his Master's mode of proceeding. This often makes in me a lingering wish that William were at Sedburgh also, London being at such a frightful distance in case of sudden illness, and the expense of coming down rendering it impossible (except in the case of friends chancing to come just at the time of his holidays, who could find room in their carriage) that he should meet his Family at home oftener than once a year. Poor Fellow ! he is now on his road from Preston to London. He left us on Wednesday, stayed Thursday at Kendal, and on Friday proceeded to Preston, whence he was to depart to-day with two of his schoolfellows. He had a slight indisposition the second week after his arrival at home ; but has since been perfectly well, and full of life and spirits. The parting was painful enough as you may judge. He had striven with his feelings all day, and when forced to yield to his anguish was piteous ; but even when sitting on top of the Coach as he went down Ambleside Street, I could see that he was ready to be a little comforted by the kind notice of a Gentleman sitting beside him ; and Mrs Cookson tells us that after the first evening (when he appeared a little low-spirited) he was in joyous spirits while he remained at Kendal. Dorothy will be home in a fortnight. She was to have left school entirely this Midsummer ; but Miss Dowling has kindly invited her to stay with her another half-year, and Dorothy is delighted with the privilege. She is deeply attached to Miss Dowling ; who is now perfectly satisfied with her in all respects, and treats her

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with the tenderness of an affectionate relative. We spent yesterday very pleasantly. After Breakfast all went to Mr Barber's cottage at Grasmere, and Dorothy and Miss D and one of her sisters joined us there in the afternoon and we came home together in their Cart. I thought much of you when I was sitting under the shade of one of the old Pollard oaks before his house, which I daresay you remember. The cottage is much enlarged since you saw it, and Mr Barber has purchased some adjoining fields, which will be a public benefit, as the trees will be preserved. Sad work has been made at Grasmere by larch plantations; but even yet, I thought last night it was the sweetest of all our Vales. You must not give over thinking and talking of coming to see us next summer—Do not let Mr Clarkson lose sight of the scheme after having looked at it with pleasure as he did when I was with you. Yet how can I hope it if times do not mend? My Brother desires me especially to return his sincere thanks for the letter contained in the Suffolk Chronicle. He was exceedingly pleased with it, and thinks the Arguments unanswerable. Yet things go on as they were, and I fear are likely to do so, till hundreds more are reduced from the comfortable state of middle life to begging or to seek their fortunes elsewhere—and no place for settlement except Van Dieman's land seems now to offer much temptation. The accounts brought to Liverpool from the Cape are as bad as can be, and it is, at best, a cheerless thing to go to the cold climate of Canada. George Hutchinson I suppose will go thither—Van Dieman's land requires too much money; and emigrate he must—there is nothing else for him. It will be a great weight removed from his Friends at Hindwell when he is gone. Joanna writes that Mrs Hutchinson is but in very delicate health. She had a miscarriage during Joanna's absence.—I have not yet finished my journal, though at times I have worked very hard from ten o'clock in the morning till dinner time, at four; and when it is done, I fear it will prove very tedious reading even to *Friends*, who have not themselves visited the places where we were. Had not my Brother so very much wished me to do my best, I am sure I should never have had the resolution to go further than just re-copy what I did by snatches, and very irregularly, at the time; but to please

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him I have amplified and arranged; and a long affair will come out of it, which I cannot think any person can possibly have the patience to read through; but which, through sympathy and a desire to revive dormant recollections, may in patches be interesting to a few others. For my own sake, however, the time is not thrown away; and when we are dead and gone, any memorial of us will be satisfactory to the children, especially Dorothy. Her mother's journal is already transcribed, and not being so lengthy as mine, it cannot but be interesting, and very amusing. She has read it to Mrs Gee and Miss Lockier and they were delighted. Her course was much wiser than mine. She wrote regularly and straightforward, and has done little more than re-copy, whereas all that I did would have been almost worthless, dealt with in that way. There is some excuse for me in my illness which threw me back. I have not read a single word of Mary's, being determined to finish my own first, and then make comparisons for correction, and insertion of what I may have omitted. What a weary way I have been leading you with this dull subject! Let me now ask what news from St Domingo! and what is to become of the gentleman who went from Ipswich. You do not mention your translation in your last letter. If you go on with it and publish it you must let us have a copy through Longman who sends parcels to Southey, and if Mr Clarkson writes again on Agriculture or any other subject do not fail to remember us.—Pray write as soon as you can; as we shall be anxious to hear of the recovery of your patient. How happy for you and Mr Clarkson that he is so interesting a companion! I expect to hear that you can chatter French as fast as English, and that with the Frenchman's help you will furnish Mr Clarkson with as much pleasant matter for good-humoured jesting as you and I used to do when he sate beside us.—Give my love to Tom. I am delighted with your account of him.—Remember me to Elizabeth—I cannot tell you how often I think of you all—and even while looking round in this beautiful garden of our own surrounded by mountains, and now full of blossoming shrubs, I picture to myself the beauties of Playford in its own green hollow—the old walls covered with vine leaves—the garden full of flowers.—Tell Mrs [ ? ] that Sara H enquired much after her

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and we both send our regards to her. When you write tell me all you are doing and think of doing. Everything interests me coming from you. This is a dull letter—a poor [seal] return for yours—but it is better to have nothing new to tell, than to have to talk of misfortunes or sorrows—and thank God in our own Family we have kept clear of these so long that we ought to be grateful. If you see Mr Tillbrooke tell him I would have written but so many letters were sent from Mr Gee etc that I thought mine would not be worth postage, and tell him that we hope he will stay with us much longer than he talks of. God bless you my dearest Friend ever yours D. Wordsworth

When I began this letter in the cold Sara desired me to say she would write to you when it was warm weather. Remember me to Mr and Mrs Biddle and do not forget my kind regards to your Friends at Woodbridge. I am glad the girls are recovered—Poor things. They are sweet good creatures.

My very best love to Mr Clarkson—

*Address: Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk.*

Hutchins.<sup>1</sup>  
K(—)

668. W. W. to John Kenyon

Rydal Mount, July 28<sup>rd</sup>, 1821.

My dear Sir,

My eyes have lately become so irritable that I am again forced to employ an amanuensis.

I learned with much concern from Monkhouse and Tillbrooke that you had been unwell for some time, and am truly grieved not to find in your last an assurance that your health is restored.

I hear from Miss Hutchinson such striking accounts of the benefit which invalids derive from Harrowgate waters, and of their general salutary effect (in which she speaks from experience, having been there lately with a sick Friend), that I more than hope you will have reason also to speak highly in their praise for their effect upon yourself.

We are disappointed at not seeing you before you go into

<sup>1</sup> Hutchins and K. misdate this letter 1820.

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Scotland, myself more particularly so, because I have held out expectations to an Irish Gentleman<sup>1</sup> who has lately taken lodgings in this neighbourhood that I might accompany him on a Tour through a considerable part of his country, including the two extremities, Killarney and the Giant's Causeway, which he says might easily be accomplished in five weeks by our shipping at Whitehaven for Dublin. If this plan should be adopted, I fear I must purchase the pleasure at the cost of not seeing you unless you could be tempted to prolong your stay in the neighbourhood till towards the end of September. If I do go (which certainly I should not have thought of this summer, were it not for the disordered state of my eyes), I shall make all possible speed back for the sake of seeing you and your Brother,<sup>2</sup> to whom I have a strong wish to be made known. Happy should I be, could what I have thrown out tempt you to make Ireland your object instead of Scotland. I have myself made three tours in Scotland, but cannot point out anything worthy of notice that is not generally known. Of particular sights and spots those which pleased me most were (to begin with the northernmost) the course of the river Bewley up to the Sawmills, about twenty miles beyond Inverness,—the fall of Foyers upon Loch Ness, (a truly noble thing, if one is fortunate as to the quantity of water), and Glen Coe. These lie beyond the limit of your route—and within your route I was not much struck with anything but what everybody knows. I cannot hasten my departure for Ireland so [as] to suit your arrangement on account of the expected confinement of the Gentleman's wife whom I am to accompany.

I am glad you have seen Bolton Priory. You probably know that Gordale, Malham Cove, and Wethercote Cove, which lie north of Bolton, are interesting objects, though dependent—two of them—upon water, and we have had such a drought as was never before known.

Mrs Wordsworth, Miss Hutchinson, and my Sister, who writes for me, join me in kindest remembrance and sincere wishes

<sup>1</sup> Edward Quillinan (1791–1851), W.'s future son-in-law. He had just retired from the army and settled with his wife, the daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, and daughter at Rydal.

<sup>2</sup> They came to Ambleside a month later, *v. letter, p. 45.*

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for the recovery of your health. We are all well, and shall be most happy to see you.

Ever sincerely yours,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

If you have not an Introduction to Sir Walter Scott, and should wish for one, pray let me know and I will write to him.

*Address:* John Kenyon, Esq<sup>re</sup>, at the Granby Hotel, Harrowgate.

*MS.*            669. *W. W. to B. R. Haydon*

Lowther Castle West<sup>nd</sup> August 18<sup>th</sup> [1821]

My dear Sir,

Having an opportunity of procuring a Frank, I write this short note to express a hope that you are well, happy, and flourishing.

A female Friend of mine has seen your resurrection of Lazarus, and was highly delighted with it.

For many reasons with which I need not trouble you, I could not subscribe to Scott:<sup>1</sup> I was much shocked at his melancholy end, which I am afraid will not have produced the Reformation of those who occasioned it. Shall we see you again at Rydal Mount; I hope so—it would give us great pleasure.

I left all well at Home, a week ago. I return to morrow.

Believe me my dear Sir,  
with high respect  
your sincere friend  
Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* B. R. Haydon Esq, Lisson Grove North, London

*MS.*            670. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Rydal Mount 25<sup>th</sup> August [1821]<sup>2</sup>

My dearest Friend,

Why did you mortify me in the first sentence of your letter by telling me that you had before you three sides of a sheet of paper which had been newly filled a long time before? Your

<sup>1</sup> i.e. John Scott. He was killed in a duel in the previous May, *v. M.Y.*, p. 668.

<sup>2</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., Aug. 23, 1821, *v. C.R.*, p. 103.

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letters never become flat or uninteresting however long they lie on hand, and you ought instead of taking a new sheet to have filled up the old one and crossed as much as you liked, for *you* have a right to cross your letters which I must say some of the young ones, so fond of that practice, have not, but whatever you were to do with yours they would not be rendered illegible. Poor Mr Clarkson! I am sorry indeed to hear that his good habit of falling asleep as soon as his head is laid upon the pillow has been broken by his late cares and disappointments; yet I hope that when his present labours are concluded it may return, being a part of his natural constitution, which has been little changed since I knew him. There seemed when I was at Playford little or no difference except that he might not have been able to walk from Poolley to Penrith and back without fatigue, and that he was somewhat less active in his motions. Whatever grief he may yet have to endure for the sake of the poor Africans, and whatever labour though without apparent results, he will still have the satisfaction that good must come out of it in the end, though probably none of us will live to see the day when the atrocities now practiced shall be wholly prevented. What a blessing for La Roche that he was under your roof at the time of his confinement and suffering, and that you can still keep him till he is fit to travel with comfort. I often think that in future years he will look back to this period as the happiest of his life. As for you you must have a wonderful strength somewhere or you could never have gone through the labour of writing, explaining construing &c—and it gives me so much pleasure to perceive this that I can hardly regret that you were forced to this trial of yourself; though if you had not been straitened for time it would have been only an agreeable employment, and that does at first seem to be what one *should* regret. I hope we shall see the fruit of your joint labours. Through Longman a parcel can at any time be sent to us, as he has frequent communications with Southey. I am sure I need not tell you how much we all rejoice in the hopeful prospects which Tom's good conduct and steady industry set before you. There cannot now be any doubt of his well doing if it please God to preserve his health—and then in a few years your private worldly cares will be over.—Public

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cares Mr Clarkson will have as long as he lives—but I try to see the day when the casting up of the year's accounts and the price of grain shall be a matter of little consequence, and you can come and go among your friends wherever your kind hearts would lead you. Then my dear Friend, if we are alive, and our hitherto allotted share of quiet good fortune does not desert us, I trust we may see something more of each other—and even as it is I sometimes venture to hope that you will come next year—though Sara Hutchinson (probably wiser than I from past experience) checks me with saying—‘nay, nay, it will be put off again till another year!’ With respect to myself whenever I think of taking a journey (and when I think of going Southward Playford is one of my first objects) the expense seems to be now the main impediment. Formerly there were more cares to bind me to home, yet on the other hand when more of life was before us, there seemed to be more time to spare. One could then afford to be separated for half a year from best friends, and the thought how few years or half years must we inevitably have to spend together did not interpose in the same spirit of nice calculation. However, costly as was our last year's rambling, and heavy as are the expenses of schools and colleges, I trust it will be far from as long a time between my seeing you again at your own home as it was in the former case, nine years between the happy weeks I spent with you at Bury and Playford!—It is fit I should endeavour to tell you something of our goings-on at Rydal; but as nothing very important has happened, and for another strange reason, as it is so long since I wrote to you I seem to have little to say. Had letters passed between us once a month I should have had a hundred things to write about, now forgotten or not worth the telling. The most important matter is the state of my poor Brother's eyes. During the winter he daily read several hours, and could use them freely without the slightest inconvenience, except by candle-light, and we flattered ourselves that the weakness was overcome; but in the spring he worked hard and incessantly and under great mental excitement, and the consequence was, that often, having the first threatenings of slight inflammation for a few days he was obliged to lay aside all employment, and if he had not been

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exceedingly careful in all respects he might probably have been as bad as ever again; but happily the inflammation never became violent, and it is now almost entirely gone; though still he cannot read more than a quarter of an hour without heat and prickings in the eye, and if he were to exercise his mind in composition all would be to be begun again. Undoubtedly the malady proceeds from the stomach, and it is attended with heat and flushings in the face. I still hope as he is now going on perfectly well, that before winter he may be able to take to his studies. He has now two works unfinished (the Recluse and the Sonnets) and you may believe that it often disturbs him that he is forced to spend so much of his time in idleness. It is, however, a great consolation to us that he enjoys air, exercise, company and all the pleasures this delightful country spreads before us, and these are the best means of cure—and as I said I hope he will be cured before winter. The inflammation is solely in the eye-lids. We have had Mrs Richard Wordsworth for five weeks and her son, a nice little Boy—very like Willy, a pretty genteel looking child—but when he speaks the revolution is astonishing! he has the very worst and most barbarous of all the dialects of Cumberland. He goes to school at Hunsanby near Lazonby. His mother lives there beside her Father; but about a year hence she will probably remove to Sedburgh with him. She is very lame—walks with two sticks or crutches, and I fear will never be much better. She is a very worthy, sensible and discreet woman, of an excellent temper; and exceedingly well-behaved. I believe she is attached to us all and would in all things respecting her son be governed by my Brother's advice. You will be surprised perhaps to hear that your dear little friend William is at home. Various circumstances combined to induce us to incur the expense and risk of this long journey so soon after the former; but in future we shall only look for the indulgence once a year. He is in high health—looks strong and his spirits are inexhaustible—too soon will arrive the dismal day of departure. Yesterday we were all over at Grasmere and dined on the Island with Mrs Robinson<sup>1</sup>, one of her

<sup>1</sup> Mary R. (1765–1852) d. of Rev. Thos. Myers and widow of Admiral Hugh R.

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Daughters and a fine young man her Son who have been staying with us. It really seemed they had hardly ever in all their lives spent so happy a day. Mr Kenyon and his Brother were of the party—the Brother as pleasant as he is himself. They have lodgings at Ambleside and will stay a little while, then go to Lymington—thence to London, thence to Rome. They live in all places, are at home every where and are most entertaining companions. You recollect I had a letter from Mr K when at Playford. The Monkhouses are not coming—a great disappointment. Mrs M is again in a situation which makes quiet necessary, and unfortunately she has taken a journey to Hindwell and not being able to consent (except in case of absolute necessity) to stay there till her confinement, there will be great anxiety in the management of her journey. What a misfortune that she should be so delicate! Poor Mrs Robinson has had great sorrow in the lamentable end of her Brother John, and the dissensions between the two Brothers. She entered into all the particulars of the dispute; and as I know I probably contributed to strengthen your dislike of Tom Myers I must say that I see that many points of his conduct towards his Brother when explained were not unjustifiable. Others proceeded from irritation, certainly only to be excused from the weakness of human nature; but I really believe if he had not himself been ill-used by Mr Robinson, and disappointed by the folly and misconduct of his Brother, he would have behaved in all respects kindly and honourably to him. He is a man of haughty spirit, but has not a hard heart. Mrs Robinson loved both her Brothers and their dissentions were a clinging sorrow to her. Her eldest daughter has been with her Uncle more than a year and he cannot part with her. Last year they had a frightful visitation—the Daughter and Niece in bed in the same room lay panic-struck during a storm of thunder, lightning and hail. They lay till the window frames were driven in and the lightning danced along the Bell wires—[?] quitted their rooms and found all the house in the same state and the next morning a heap of hail stones as large as a marble and four feet deep was found lodged in one of the sitting-rooms. What is wonderful neither man nor beast was hurt though all fruit, corn and young Buds were destroyed, and the

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lightning more than once entered the house following the bell-wires. This only daughter of his was stung by a Viper and her life despaired of two years ago. These are awful visitations, and with the death of his Brother I think must have softened him. He seems very tenderly disposed towards Julia Myers and I doubt not will do his duty as her Guardian and protector. Mrs Robinson is delighted with Miss Dowling's school and Julia is to remain there. She and Dorothy spent their holidays here very happily and as happily are now enjoying the quiet and regularity of school. Dorothy is a sweet girl and I trust will be a constant comfort when she comes home, which will be next Christmas. She improves in music; she likes it; but will never be a fine player, it is however enough for us if she can amuse herself and her Friends. I think she will draw well with practice. She has a great wish to sketch from Nature and begins very prettily. John has gone back to school—His industry is unexampled.—I have had very nice letters from my Nephews at Cambridge. My Brother C is quite well and determined (God willing!) to bring the Boys into the North next summer. We have had a few weeks of rainy weather, now succeeded by summer heat—most delightful. Hills and vales are as green as Emeralds—the country is much more woody than it used to be, as I am sure you will say when you come. We were in Windermere the day before yesterday—with the Robinsons, and splendid as was the Lake, we all preferred the green vale of Grasmere and its tiny lake. Tillbrooke only stayed 5 days with us—He was in good spirits in spite of family distresses, and intends to take his house into his own hands the year after next. So long the Gees will remain beside us, and we have now other pleasant neighbours very near; but they will not long abide, a Mr Quillinan married to a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges. They are very amiable. He is a clever man and a scholar—an officer on half-pay. They keep a gig and horses and are very glad to make them useful to us. We sit much out of doors as heretofore, read to William in the shade—chat a little—saunter a little—and so on—and Sara plants and tends her flowers. She is copying Mary's journal a second time which you will be glad to see. It is much shorter than mine, and therefore I think you will (and everybody else)

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find it more entertaining.—Mine is written now, but not yet fit to be read by others I write so carelessly ; but when the *Season* is over and we are quietly by ourselves again I shall rewrite it in a *plain hand*. This you will hardly perhaps believe with the present specimen before your eyes, yet you must remember that I *can* do this when I am fairly resolved upon it. How often do I think of you and your garden and your moats<sup>1</sup> and the old hall and the covering of vines. Well should I like to pluck a Bunch of Grapes this Autumn! Give my kindest love to Mr Clarkson—to Tom when you write and as I am sure our names are familiar to Mons<sup>r</sup> La Roche, pray present my regards and best wishes to him. My love to your Sister and a kiss to her sweet Boy—and God Bless you dearest Friend—I cannot read over this dull letter—so excuse blunders and write as soon as ever you can to your

faithful and affectionate

D Wordsworth.

*MS.*      671. *W. W. to Walter Savage Landor*  
*K(—)*

Rydal Mount, near Ambleside,  
September 3<sup>d</sup>, 1821.

My dear Sir,

After waiting several months in the hope that an irritation in my eyes which has disabled me both from reading and writing would abate, I am at last obliged to address you by means of the pen of Mrs Wordsworth, which however I should not have had courage to do, had not an opportunity occurred of forwarding my letter by a private hand, that of my esteemed Friend Mr Kenyon who is not unknown to you. I felt myself much honoured by the present of your book of Latin Poems,<sup>2</sup> and it arrived at a time when I had the use of my eyes for reading ; and with great pleasure did I employ them in the perusal of the dissertation annexed to your Poems, which I read several times—but the Poems themselves I have not been able to look into,

<sup>1</sup> *Written motes.*

<sup>2</sup> *Idyllia Heroica Decem*, 1820.

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for I was seized with a fit of composition at that time, and deferred the pleasure to which your Poems invited me, till I could give them an undivided attention ; but alas the complaint in my eyes, to which I have been occasionally subject for several years past, suddenly returned and I have since suffered from it as already mentioned. I have also to thank you for a letter containing several miscellaneous observations in which I had the satisfaction of concurring. We live here somewhat singularly circumstanced—in solitude during nearly nine months of the year, and for the rest in a round of engagements. I have nobody near me who reads Latin, so that I can only speak of your Essay from recollection. You will not perhaps be surprized when I state that I differ from you in opinion as to the propriety of the Latin language being employed by Moderns for works of taste and imagination. Miserable would have been the lot of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch, if they had preferred the Latin to their Mother tongue (there is, by-the-by, a Latin translation of Dante which you do not seem to know), and what could Milton, who was surely no mean master of the Latin tongue, have made of his *Paradise Lost*, had that vehicle been employed instead of the language of the Thames and Severn ! Should we even admit that all modern dialects are comparatively changeable, and therefore limited in their efficacy, may not the sentiment which Milton so pleasingly expresses when he says he is content to be read in his Native Isle only, be extended to durability, and is it not more desirable to be read with affection and pride, and familiarly for five hundred years, by all orders of minds, and all ranks of people, in your native tongue, than only by a few scattered Scholars for the space of three thousand ? My own special infirmity moreover gives me an especial right to urge this argument—had your Idylliums been in English I should long ere this have been as well acquainted with them as with your *Gebir*, and with your other Poems—and now I know not how long they may remain to me a sealed book.

I met with a hundred things in your Dissertation that fell in with my own sentiments and judgments ; but there are many opinions which I should like to talk over with you. The ordon-nance of your Essay might, I think, be improved, and several

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of the separate remarks, upon Virgil in particular, though perfectly just, would perhaps have been better placed in notes or an appendix; they are details that obstruct the view of the whole. Vincent Bourne surely is not so great a favourite with you as he ought to be, though I acknowledge there is ground for your objection upon the score of ultra *concinnity* (a queer word for a female pen, Mrs W. has boggled at it) yet this applies only to a certain portion of his longs and shorts. Are you not also penurious in your praise of Gray? The fragment at the commencement of his fourth book, in which he laments the death of West, in cadence and sentiment, touches me in a manner for which I am grateful. The first book also of the same Poem appears to me as well executed as anything of that kind is likely to be. Is there not a speech of Solon to which the concluding couplet of Gray's sonnet bears a more pointed resemblance than to any of the passages you have quoted? He was told, not to grieve for the loss of his son, as tears would be of no avail; 'and for that very reason,' replied he, 'do I weep.'<sup>1</sup> It is high time I should thank you for the honourable mention you have made of me. It could not but be grateful to me to be praised by a Poet who has written verses of which I would rather have been the Author than of any produced in our time. What I now write to you, I have frequently said to many. Were I able to recur to your book I should trespass further upon your time, which, however, might prove little to your advantage. I saw Mr Southey yesterday at his own house—he has not had his usual portion of relaxation this summer, and looked, I thought, a little pale in consequence—his little Boy<sup>2</sup> is a stout and healthy Child and his other Children have in general good health, tho' at present a little relaxed by the few days of extreme heat. With best wishes for your health and happiness,

I remain, my dear sir, sincerely yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> In his reply Landor suggested that Solon's speech was doubtless the original of Gray's sonnet: the actual debt was more probably to verse rather than to prose, and that he was copying the Italian 'Mi piango più perchè piango indarno'.

<sup>2</sup> Cuthbert, born Feb. 1819.

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672. W. W. and M. W. to John Kenyon

Hutchins  
K.

Rydal Mount, Sept. 22<sup>d</sup>, 1821.

My dear Sir,

My eyes are better than when you were here, but an amanuensis is still expedient, and Mrs W. therefore writes for me to the whistling of as melancholy a wind as ever blew, coming as it does after a long series of broken weather, which has been injurious to the harvest, and when we were calculating upon a change for the better. The season with us has been much less unfavourable, I fear, than in many other parts,—though our exercise has never been altogether prevented, and we have had some beautiful days. Two schemes of ‘particular pleasure’ have been frustrated thus far, a 2<sup>nd</sup> trip to Borrowdale—including the summit of Seawfell—and, for my daughter and her school-companions, an excursion to Furness Abbey. Anxiously have they looked in vain for steadily bright weather—thinking, poor things, little about the spoiling of the crops by the damp days, rains, and winds.

Since your departure we have seen no Persons of note except Dr Holland,<sup>1</sup> the Albanian Traveller, and otherwise less agreeably distinguished. We have two additional neighbours (not to speak of the new-born Rotha, for that name the infant is to bear in honour of the stream upon whose banks she was born) under Mr Quillinan’s roof, in the persons of Colonel Holmes and his lady, sister to Mrs Q. The Col is a good-natured old soldier, who has risen without purchase to his present rank, and stood the brunt of war in the Peninsula and in America. At Ambleside there was a *gay* ball; for such it appeared to many contributors to its splendour, but not so to the paradoxical lady of Calgarth:<sup>2</sup> she thought nothing of it, because there was no gentleman there,

<sup>1</sup> Sir Henry Holland, 1788–1873, a physician, related through his mother to the Wedgwood family. In 1815 he published *Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, Macedonia, etc., during 1812 and 1813* (2nd ed. 1819). His less agreeable distinction was that he had been physician to the Princess of Wales (Queen Caroline), and in 1820 testified before the Parliamentary Committee that, so far as he had seen, her conduct with Bergami had been free from impropriety.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. the widow of the Bishop of Llandaff, who lived at Calgarth Hall.

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as she said, ‘above five feet 8 inches,’—though there were present two handsome officers, one a Waterloo Medalist, and both of good stature. This Lady’s ideal of a partner, and such she hoped to meet—is a ‘tall slender person with black hair and a bald front’—what a pity that you, or your Brother, could not have been put into a stretching Machine, and conveyed to Ambleside by steam, through the air, or under the Earth. Fashion and fancy, I can assure you, run high in this neighbourhood as to these matters.

At Keswick resides a Miss Stanger, her Father a Cheapside Trader who has built a house near the Vicarage: this Lady, celebrated for beauty, enviable for fortune, would not allow that a Ball could be mustered at Keswick by all the Collegians there —‘send for a parcel of officers from Carlisle,’ said she, ‘and then something may be done.’ What a slight upon the gown, and from a Blue-stocking Lady too, who is an *Elève* of Mrs Grant<sup>1</sup> of the Mountains! ‘Come, come,’ said she to a young Oxonian, ‘let us walk out this evening that I may catch a cold, and have an excuse for not going to the thing!’<sup>2</sup>

Dear Mr Kenyon,

Writing in my own name, I thank you, while William is taking a turn, after dictating the above flourish, for your agreeable and acceptable present which was duly received. The Chart shall be forwarded to the address, as soon as we can procure any that we know to be excellent. I shall anxiously expect your *next commission*, which I hope will be to look out for a house—by-the-bye Mr. Gee has taken one at Keswick so it will be well to know what Mr Tillbrook means to do with the Ivy Cot, which will be vacant next Whitsuntide. But I must not consume more space, as W. is not done. Very sincerely yours,

Willy leaves us to-morrow.

M. W.

I was going to say something about your tour, but Mrs W. tells me that what I meant to speak of was mentioned when you were here, so nothing remains but good wishes in which all my

<sup>1</sup> v. Letter of Oct. 4, 1813.

<sup>2</sup> ‘Not true. She said “the ball”. S. H.’—Note, added to letter.

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family join, both to yourself and to your brother, who stands in particular need of them if he meditates Marriage.

Very affectionately yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*Address:* John Kenyon Esq<sup>re</sup>, Leamington.

*MS.*            673. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*  
*K(—)*

Rydal Mount Wednesday Oct 24<sup>th</sup> 1821.<sup>1</sup>

My dearest Friend,

Shamefully indeed have I delayed from day to day to thank you for your great kindness in sending me the old letter with the interesting account of poor La Roche's sorrow for the death of his Mother. It was indeed an affecting sight for you to see him struggle with mental agony, when you had cause to think his body could so ill bear it—I trust you have had happy tidings from him since he left you, and hope you may meet again in England before his departure from this country. How Sorrow and Friendship must have endeared the soil to him!—Your last letter was indeed a treasure; such a long one! and every bit of it interesting! but that is nothing new—Your letters are always so. What a splendid figure does 'Playford Hall the seat of Thomas Clarkson Esq<sup>re</sup>' make in every London, in every provincial newspaper! If you could see the lively picture I shaped to myself of the sable Queen<sup>2</sup> sitting with her sable daughters beside you on the sofa in my dear little Parlour at Playford you would thank the newspapers for being so communicative respecting your visitors! I placed them in the *little* parlour because it is always first in my thoughts when I turn them thither; but Sara says 'No, they will sit in the great room.' I was forced to accede and now my Fancy espies them through the window of the court upon the larger Sofa—them and you—and your dear Husband talking French to them with his old loving-kindness. I hope they are good and grateful—and know the value of such a Friend.—If so they have won their way into your heart, and

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to Francis Chantrey, Oct. 1821, v. C.R., p. 104.

<sup>2</sup> v. M.Y., p. 912.

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you will have comfort and pleasure while they are with you. All this I want to know, and how you spend your time—what they think of England, and rural life;—the splendours of Royalty and presentations and Balls left so far behind. You will also tell us what you gather of Christophe's character and private conduct, and whether there was a great change in him in that respect after he had the full and free exercise of regal power. A paragraph in the newspaper stating that Madame Christophe was to swear to her property (under £9,000) gave us great satisfaction. If she has no *more* property (but I hope she has more) this will at least support her and her Daughters; and it will save Mr Clarkson from a trouble and anxiety which we much feared would fall upon him. How busy you have been kept ever since I left you! and what a number of things you have furnished me to think about. When we sate so quietly by the fire-side (no visitor for a week together, but by chance Mr Biddel or Mr Walford) we little thought that Playford Hall would soon be graced by the presence of a Queen! Does it not seem strange to you after all your thoughts and cares for this poor Family during their splendours and after their downfall you should see them seated in humble quiet, and happy comfort beside you! At the end of my letter I *must* copy a parody (which I hope will make you laugh) that William and Sara threw off last Sunday afternoon. They had been talking of Mr Clarkson's perseverance in the *African* cause—especially of his kindness to every human being and of this last act of kindness to the distressed Negro Widow and her Family. Withal tender thoughts of merriment came with the image of the sable princess by your fire-side. The first stanza of Ben Johnson's poem slipped from W's lips in a parody—and together they finished it with much loving fun—Oh! how they laughed. I heard them into my Room upstairs, and wondered what they were about—and when it was finished I claimed the privilege of sending it to you. Sara and I are alone. William and Mary left us this morning to spend a week at Keswick, and I am glad of this as he has had three weeks of labour in poetry, and I should fear that his eyes may suffer without a little pause. They are very much amended, and I do not think he has been at all the worse for his labour. He

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cannot bear the full light of a candle; nor can he read at all by candle-light. Sara will write I think, very soon, because she often reproaches herself for her idleness; but she is not a person who makes promises either to me or to anyone else, therefore I cannot answer for her. It seems not probable that she will go Southward this winter, as Mrs Monkhouse is to have one of her sisters with her previous to and during her confinement and they will not have room for her—At least so we think, though the last time Mr M wrote he said they hoped to see her. They have left Wales—Mrs Hutchinson writes in better spirits. She is now so used to losses and disasters that she has learned to bear them chearfully. Mr Lewes has refused to lower their Rent and to permit them to leave the Farm, so they must make the best of it. Though he has refused to lower their Rent, there seems reason to hope that he will not persist. Henry Robinson left us far too quickly. We very much enjoyed his company, and had many a pleasant retracing of his travels. He read Mary's journal of that part of the journey, after he came, with comments; and was greatly delighted with its minuteness and faithfullness; and liveliness of observation.—Of mine he read all that I had recopied—and though he had not been our companion in that part of the Tour, he was much interested. I am hard at work with it, and if you can summon half the patience I have had and must yet have, when we meet you shall travel along with us—but you will be frightened when you see so many pages—all written about the outside of things hastily viewed! Nothing could surely be more tiresome if it were not for personal regards. Dorothy will be at home in two short months. She is a sweet creature—no beauty now but interesting to look upon, though her health is by no means *established*. She looks puffy and heavy, and is indeed far from being right in all respects, though she makes no complaints. Willy writes that he is quite well. How I wish you may see him! We are anxious and uneasy, he is so very idle at his Books—No improvement last year. Sara Coleridge's translation<sup>1</sup> is out but not yet come to us. A won-

<sup>1</sup> Of Martin Dobritzhofer's *Latin History of the Abipones*. 'God love her,' wrote Lamb, 'to think that she should have had to toil thro' five octavos of that cursed Abbeyponey History, and then to abridge them to three,

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derful work of perseverance. My kindest love to Mr C and the same to Tom when you write. I hope he will come to see the Queen of Hayti at Playford. God Bless you my dearest Friend. Pray write and tell us all particulars. Yours ever D. W.

Ben Johnson's poem begins 'Queen and Huntress chaste and fair', you *must* know it.

Queen and Negress chaste and fair!  
Christophe now is laid to sleep  
Seated in a British Chair  
State in humbler manner keep  
Shine for Clarkson's pure delight  
Negro Princess, Ebon-Bright!

Let not \*'Wilby's' holy shade  
Interpose at Envy's call  
Hayti's shining Queen was made  
To illumine Playford Hall  
Bless it then with constant light  
Negress excellently bright!

3rd Stanza.

Lay thy diadem apart  
Pomp has been a sad deceiver  
Through thy champion's faithful heart  
Joy be poured, and thou the Giver  
Thou that makest a day of night  
Sable Princess, Ebon-Bright!

\* Mrs Wilberforce calls her Husband by that pretty diminutive 'Wilby'—you must have heard her.

You say that Mr C willingly thinks of coming to see us—and next Summer! Keep him to it I pray you my dear Friend. I shall long for a letter from you so you *must* find time to write.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk.

and all for £113. At her years, to be doing stupid Jesuits' Latin in English, when she should be reading or writing Romances.'

DECEMBER 1821

MS.  
M. G. K(—)

674. W. W. to James Losh<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, Dec<sup>r</sup> 4<sup>th</sup><sup>2</sup> 1821.

My dear L,

Your letter enclosing the Prescription ought to have been much earlier acknowledged, and would have been so, had I not been sure you would ascribe my silence to its true cause, viz. procrastination, and not to indifference to your kind attention. There was another feeling which both urged and indisposed me to write to you,—I mean the allusion which in so friendly a manner you make to a supposed change in my Political opinions. To the Scribblers in Pamphlets and Periodical publications who have heaped so much obloquy upon myself and my friends Coleridge and Southey, I have not condescended to reply, nor ever shall; but to you, my candid and enlightened Friend, I will say a few words on this Subject, which, if we have the good fortune to meet again, as I hope we may, will probably be further dwelt upon.

I should think that I had lived to little purpose if my notions on the subject of Government had undergone no modification —my youth must, in that case, have been without enthusiasm, and my manhood endued with small capability of profiting by reflexion. If I were addressing those who have dealt so liberally with the words Renegado Apostate, etc., I should retort the charge upon them, and say, *you* have been deluded by *Places* and *Persons*, while I have stuck to *Principles*—I abandoned France, and her Rulers, when *they* abandoned the struggle for Liberty, gave themselves up to Tyranny, and endeavoured to

<sup>1</sup> K. gives the addressee of this letter as Lord Lonsdale. James Losh (1763–1833) of Carlisle, a barrister and man of letters. On a breakdown in health he settled at Bath, and travelling much in the West country visited W. W. at both Racedown and Alfoxden, and in June 1798 W. W. and D. W. stayed with him at Shirehampton. W.'s friends the Speddings (*v. E.L.*, pp. 112–14) were also friends of Losh, whom they visited in 1798. Losh records later meetings with W. in 1801, 1810, 1814, 1820, and 1833. This letter did not convince Losh, who entered in his diary for Dec. 7, 'I received a long letter from my friend W. W. containing a laboured but in my opinion very unsuccessful apology for his political apostasy. Towards me, however, he expressed himself in the most friendly terms. I mean to reply in a mild but decided manner.'

<sup>2</sup> For D. W. to H. C. R., Nov. 24 and Dec. 3, 1821, *v. C.R.*, pp. 105 and 109.

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enslave the world. I disapproved of the war against France at its commencement, thinking, which was perhaps an error, that it might have been avoided—but after Buonaparte had violated the Independence of Switzerland, my heart turned against him, and against the Nation that could submit to be the Instrument of such an outrage. Here it was that I parted, in feeling, from the Whigs, and to a certain degree united with their Adversaries, who were free from the delusion (such I must ever regard it) of Mr Fox and his Party, that a safe and honourable Peace was practicable with the French Nation, and that an ambitious Conqueror like Buonaparte could be softened down into a commercial Rival.

In a determination, therefore, to aim at the overthrow of that inordinate Ambition by War, I sided with the Ministry, not from general approbation of their Conduct, but as men who thought right on this essential point. How deeply this question interested me will be plain to any one who will take the trouble of reading my political Sonnets, and the Tract occasioned by the ‘Convention of Cintra’, in which are sufficient evidences of my dissatisfaction with the mode of conducting the war, and a prophetic display of the course which it would take if carried on upon the principles of Justice, and with due respect for the feelings of the oppressed nations.

This is enough for foreign politics, as influencing my attachments. There are three great domestic questions, viz. the liberty of the press, Parliamentary reform, and Roman Catholic concession, which, if I briefly advert to, no more need be said at present.

A free discussion of public measures through the Press I deem the *only* safeguard of liberty; without it I have neither confidence in Kings, Parliaments, Judges, or Divines—they have all in their turn betrayed their country. But the Press, so potent for good, is scarcely less so for evil; and unfortunately they who are misled and abused by its means are the Persons whom it can least benefit—it is the fatal characteristic of their disease to reject all remedies coming from the quarter that has caused or aggravated the malady. I am *therefore* for vigorous restrictions—but there is scarcely any abuse that I would not endure, rather than sacrifice, or even endanger this freedom.

When I was young, giving myself credit for qualities which I did not possess, and measuring mankind by that standard, I thought it derogatory to human nature to set up Property in preference to Person, as a title for legislative power. That notion has vanished. I now perceive many advantages in our present complex system of Representation, which formerly eluded my observation; this has tempered my ardour for Reform; but if any plan could be contrived for throwing the Representation fairly into the hands of the Property of the Country, and not leaving it so much in the hands of the large Proprietors as it now is, it should have my best support—tho', even in that event, there would be a sacrifice of Personal rights, independent of property, that are now frequently exercised for the benefit of the community.

Be not startled when I say that I am averse to further concessions to the R. Catholics. My reasons are, that such concessions will not produce harmony among the R. Catholics themselves—that they, among them who are most clamorous for the measure, care little about it but as a step, first, to the overthrow of the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, as introductory to a separation of the two Countries—their ultimate aim. That I cannot consent to take the character of a Religion from the declaration of powerful Professors of it disclaiming Doctrines imputed to that religion; that, taking its character from what it *actually teaches to the great mass*, I believe the R Catholic religion to be unchanged in its doctrines and unsoftened in its spirit,—how can it be otherwise unless the doctrine of Infallibility be given up? That such concessions would set all other Dissenters in motion—an issue which has never fairly been met by the Friends to concession; and deeming the Church Establishment not only a fundamental part of our Constitution, but one of the greatest Upholders and Propagators of civilization in our own Country, and, lastly, the most effectual and main support of religious toleration, I cannot but look with jealousy upon Measures which must reduce her relative Influence, unless they be accompanied with arrangements more adequate than any yet adopted for the preservation and increase of that influence, to keep pace with the other Powers in the Community.

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I do not apologise for this long letter, the substance of which you may report to any one worthy of a reply who, in your hearing, may animadvert upon my Political conduct. I ought to have added, perhaps, a word on *local politics*, but I have not space; but what I should have said may in a great measure be deduced from the above.

(*Unsigned*)

Hutchins.  
K(—)

675. M. W. to John Kenyon

Rydal Mount, Dec. 28<sup>th</sup> [1821]

My dear Sir,

I have been waiting for your address for some time to tell you that Fleming's house at the bottom of the hill is vacated, and that I have a promise of the refusal, and therefore want your directions about it—under existing circumstances I suspect that I am not to have the pleasure of taking it for you—but I must hear this from yourself before I give up my claim.

Tillbrook some time ago mentioned your *wise intentions* to us, which we had before half suspected—indeed Sarah bids me tell you that she was always sure 'you were *in love*', and that it was you, and not your Brother (as you cunningly hinted), that was to become a married Man. May your happiness go *beyond* your anticipations is the sincere wish of all your friends under Nab Scar, who by the bye want no packages from Twining's to remind them of you, and your Br, and of the days of *particular pleasure* that you passed among them—that *season* has been long gone by, and Rydal Mount is now as *notorious* for its industry as at that time it was for its idleness.

The *Poet* has been busily engaged upon subjects connected with our Continental journey, and if you have leisure and inclination to call upon Mr Monkhouse, 34 Gloster Place, you have permission to ask for a perusal of certain Poems in his possession—he was charged not to give copies, and for obvious reasons you would not wish for an exception in your case. You will also see another *late production*<sup>1</sup> in Gloster Place, which will be shown, I doubt not, with no little pride. Miss W. is going on

<sup>1</sup> i.e. M.'s recently born daughter Mary.

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with her journal, which will be ready to *go to press* interspersed with her brother's poems, I hope before you return. I do not say this *seriously*, but we sometimes jestingly talk of raising a fund by such means for a second and a further trip into Italy!

Lady Beaumont writes from Rome that she has rec'd the letter which was entrusted to your care but not by your hands: they will remain in Rome 2 months longer, and will be glad if you will call upon them.

In addition to our home employments we have lately been much occupied by our sick neighbours. Old Mr Jackson<sup>1</sup> is dead—Mrs Quillinan had had a melancholy confinement since the birth of her second little girl (who is called Rotha after the brook upon whose banks she was born)—the Mother is doing well however at present, under medical care at Lancaster, where the family mean to spend the winter months, and return in the spring. Mr Q. and the children are yet here, but depart next week.

Poor Barber has had a hair-breadth's escape from the grave, and is still confined to his bed—his disease, an inflammation on the chest, this is subdued—but he now suffers dreadfully from spasms to which he has for many years been subject.

Now pray do not go on without writing to us—if we could be sure of this, we should be spared much trouble in examining the list of marriages, which we have regularly done for many weeks past. With affect<sup>e</sup> regards to your Br and yourself from all under this roof,

Ever yrs

M. Wordsworth.

We had a most elegant Ball at Miss Dowling's last Wed'y evening, on the occasion of Miss Wordsworth and Miss Harden<sup>2</sup> leaving school. 48 persons (not children) present—all the Beauty and Fashion of the neighbourhood—the Ball was led off by Miss

<sup>1</sup> Rector of Grasmere since 1806.

<sup>2</sup> The Hardens lived at Brathay Hall and were intimate with the W.s. The boys went to Mr. Dawes's school at Ambleside, where Hartley C. was a master. W. W. referred to their father as 'that good old man with the sunny face'.

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W. the younger and Mr Harden, who were followed by Mr W. and Miss H.—the Company (and Dancing) lingered till after 4 o'clock! ! !

W. wrote to you at Leamington.

*Address:* John Kenyon Esq<sup>re</sup>, Fladong's Hotel, London.

MS.  
K(—)

676. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

16<sup>th</sup> Jan. [1822]

My dearest Friend,

On the faith of the old proverb I am willing to believe that if any evil had befallen you we should have heard of it; yet I cannot be easy under your long silence.—I did indeed anxiously expect a letter for a long time, till at last at the opening of the leather bag I have said, or thought—‘there will be no letter from Mrs Clarkson!’ and am now completely settled in my mind that I shall hear no more from you till you are roused by a letter from me.—Sometimes (but I instantly rejected that thought) I have fancied that our joke on poor fallen royalty had in connection with us been displeasing to you—that you had felt in reading the foolish rhymes, as if we had played too lightly with sacred feelings, and *therefore* (wanting sympathy with us) had felt no inclination to write.—Yet still I am sorry that I ever committed them to paper; thinking that, at all events, while those innocent Beings were at your side, who had suffered so much from the Death of Christophe (and perhaps still more from his ungovernable passions) you were little likely to cast off serious thoughts and feelings at once and transport yourself to our fire-side partaking of its half-hour's mirth. I am afraid you have not seen Henry Robinson since he was at Rydal, as, when he wrote to us some weeks after the time was passed at which you talked of going to London, and you had not been there, nor had he heard you were expected. I wish you may tell us that, instead of a journey to London, you are meditating a journey to the North next summer. You said in your last that your Husband seemed to look with favour on the scheme; and the recollection of that gives me some hope that it will be executed—even in spite of the low price of corn, and all other grievances.

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—I had just left you this time last year. My dear Friend I marked the anniversary of the day of our meeting—have thought of you every day since, more than usual, and especially upon those two when we always look back, and forward—Christmas day and New Year's day. I suppose your little scholars were assembled again in the decorated kitchen to their plum pudding and Beef—Poor things! what a cold day it was last year! and how they enjoyed your good fire! This year we have had no frosts of the same kind as that short but severe one which bound up the moats round Playford Hall. There has been with us one week of delightful sunshine and frost—and now we have weather as mild as the best in spring-time. But what a stormy season for the four months preceding! Yet this country never suffers from floods—and as to winds, we, at Rydal Mount are so sheltered that we only hear their music among the trees—or their driving through the valley below us, or over the mountains above our heads. This is indeed a great blessing. We have not so much as had a slate blown off while some of our neighbours have been so terrified as not to be able to lie in their beds. William and I have walked daily through all the stormy Season—but poor Mary has a stiffness in one of her toes, which though in itself a trifle, prevents her from walking with her accustomed freedom. In other respects she is quite well. William has written some beautiful poems in remembrance of our late Tour. If you should go to London Mr Monkhouse will show them to you, he having a copy. I think of their kind he never wrote anything that was more delightful. He began (as in connection with my ‘Recollections of a Tour in Scotland’) with saying ‘I will write some Poems for your journal’, and I thankfully received two or three of them as a tribute to the journal, which I was making from notes, memoranda taken in our last summer's journey on the Continent; but his work has grown to such importance (and has continued growing) that I have long ceased to consider it in connection with my own narrative of events unimportant, and lengthy descriptions, which can only interest friends, or a few persons, who enjoying mountain scenery especially, may wish for minute details of what they can never hope to view with their own eyes

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—or perhaps a few others who have themselves visited the countries which we visited.—The poems are as good as a descriptive tour—without describing. I was going to say more about them; but I will leave you to judge for yourself. The Ecclesiastical Sonnets, meanwhile, are at rest. Dorothy has left school; and you may be sure we are happy to have her at home. She is not yet in *confirmed* good health, though not so subject to take cold as formerly, and, as she has no apparent weakness we trust that fresh air and regular exercise (she cannot now bear long walks) will in the course of a few months restore her to that state in which it is so pleasant to see young people—equable looks and fearless activity. John leaves us next Monday. He is wonderfully improved in appearance during the last half-year, has cast off a portion of his rusticity, and his limbs are knitting together—they do not look so large and clumsy as last year. When I returned last year I thought him a perfect Langdale Rustic in appearance.—But these things are trifling. He has a manly generous mind—gentle dispositions and a serious love of study. Indeed he is a thoroughly excellent Youth. And will, I am confident, in time, be more than a respectable scholar. It is greatly to be lamented that he was not earlier sent from home. As to dear little William—he has been sent away soon enough; but he has not profited by the advantage. His attainments were worse than nothing in Latin the last holidays, and his Uncle gives no better report at present; therefore his Father intends in three months to take him from the Charter House. You will perceive that without reasonable grounds for believing that his improvement was in some degree proportionate to the expense, it would be very unwise in my Brother to let him remain there. It is not yet decided to what school he is to go. Probably it will be Sedbergh, yet the objections to that, and any *Northern School* are very great; while on the other hand, if he were sent to a school in the South, it would be making a second experiment, when there is no time to be lost—and the distance from home was always an object of the utmost importance. Have you seen George Airey<sup>1</sup> this Christmas? I hear from

<sup>1</sup> George Biddell Airy (1801–92). Fellow of Trinity Coll., Cambridge, 1824, Professor of Mathematics 1826, Plumian Professor of Astronomy, 1828;

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all the Cambridge men that he, decidedly, is to be the Senior Wrangler of his year.—I wish you may have had both your Son and your Brothers to enliven your Christmas. How is your Sister? and how goes on the little Boy? and how the Farm?—and are you at Playford making greater gains or rather smaller losses than last year? They are doing no better in Wales—I trust Tom is flourishing though not rapidly—for that is not to be expected—pray tell us how the business advances. If he keeps his health I have no doubts about him for what he likes he will do and do well. Remember me kindly to Mr and Mrs Biddle—and to Elizabeth, and give my very best love to Mr Clarkson. All join in wishing you both many happy years  
believe me ever, my dearest Friend your

affectionate Dorothy Wordsworth.

Willy does not yet know he is to leave the Charter House and perhaps may not be told immediately.

I hope you have good tidings from your Friend La Roche.—How is the family at Woodbridge?

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk.

*MS.*                    677. *W. W. to Richard Sharp*

*K(—)*

My dear Sir,

Rydal Mount, April 16<sup>th</sup> [1822]<sup>1</sup>

I took the liberty of sending you the *Memorials*, for everything of this sort is a liberty (inasmuch as, to use Gibbon's phrase, it levies a tax of civility upon the receiving Party), as a small acknowledgement of the great advantage I and my Fellow-Travellers had derived from your directions; which, as you might observe by the order in which the Poems are placed, and the limits of our Tour, we almost literally followed. The *Ecclesiastical Sketches* were offered to your notice merely as a contemporary Publication. It gratifies me that you think well of these Poems; but, I own, I am a little disappointed that considering these obligations to you, and your familiar acquaintance with all the spots noticed in the *Memorials*, they should F.R.S. 1836, Pres. R.S. 1872-3; Astronomer Royal 1835-81. He spent much of his youth at Playford. In 1825 he took a reading party to Keswick, and saw a good deal of the W.s.

<sup>1</sup> For D. W. to H. C. R., March 3, 1822, v. C.R., p. 112.

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have afforded you less pleasure than a single Piece, which, from the very nature of it, as allegorical, and even imperfectly so, would horrify a German Critic; and, whatever may be thought of the Germans as Poets, there is no doubt of their being the best Critics in Europe. But I think I have hit upon the secret. You, like myself, are, as Smollet says in his translation of the French phrase, ‘d’un certain age’, no longer a chicken; and your heart beat in recollection of your late glorious performance, which has ranked you as a demigod among Tourists—

Mounting from glorious deed to deed,  
As thou from clime to clime didst lead.<sup>1</sup>

You recollect that Gray, in one of his letters (a book by the bye I value more as I owe it to your kindness), affirms that description, (he means of natural scenery and the operations of Nature) though an admirable ornament, ought *never* to be the subject of poetry. How many exclusive dogmas have been laid down, which genius from age to age has triumphantly refuted! and grossly should I be deceived if, speaking freely to you as an old Friend, these local poems do not contain many proofs that Gray was as much in the wrong in this interdict, as any critical Brother who may have framed his canons without a spark of inspiration or poetry to guide him. I particularly recommend to your second perusal the *Eclipse*,<sup>2</sup> to be valued I think as a specimen of description in which beauty majesty and novelty, nature and art, earth and heaven are brought together with a degree of lyrical spirit and movement which professed Odes have, in our language at least, rarely attained. I am sure you cannot have overlooked this piece. But, fearing that it may have failed to interest you as much as I could wish, I have thus adverted to it, being sure that your taste leads you to rate a perfect idyllicism or exquisite epigram higher than a moderate epic—perfection you will agree with me, in humble kinds, is preferable to moderate execution in the highest.

The *Ecc. Sketches* labour under one obvious disadvantage, that they can only present themselves as a whole to the reader, who is pretty well acquainted with the history of this country; and, as separate pieces, several of them suffer as poetry from the

<sup>1</sup> To *Enterprise*, 45-6 (Oxf. W., p. 215).

<sup>2</sup> Oxf. W., p. 343.

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matter of fact, there being unavoidably in all history, except as it is a mere suggestion, something that enslaves the Fancy. But there are in those Poems several continuous strains, not in the least degree liable to this objection. I will only mention two: the sonnets on the Dissolution of the Monasteries,<sup>1</sup> and almost the whole of the last part, from the picture of England after the Revolution, scattered over with Protestant churches, till the conclusion. Pray read again from 'Open your Gates, ye everlasting Piles'<sup>2</sup> to the end, and then turn to *your Enterprise*. Has the Continent driven the North out of your estimation? I hope not, and that we may see you here again, when it would be a great treat to us all to have the particulars of your exploits from your own mouth. What time had you in Venice? I think you must have been obliged to quit the Venetian School with regret. How did you travel etc etc? I have a 100 questions to ask. Pray when is Rogers expected home? I wish to know for a literary reason. Would you be so kind as to give me this information, or to request, if he should arrive unexpectedly, that he would apprise me of his return. I remain with best regards from all this Family, who are all well, very faithfully yours

W Wordsworth

I have in the press a little book on the Lakes, containing some illustrative remarks on Swiss scenery. If I have fallen into any errors, I know no one better able to correct them than yourself, and should the book (which I must mention is chiefly a re-publication) meet your eye, pray point out to me the mistakes. The part relating to Switzerland is new. One favour leads often to the asking of another. May I beg of you a sketch for a tour in North Wales? It is thirty years since I was in that country, and new ways must have been opened up since that time.

*Address:* Richard Sharp Esq<sup>re</sup>, Mansion House Sqre, London

*MS.*            678. *W. W. to Viscount Lowther*

*K(—)*

My dear Lord Lowther,

Rydal Mount, 19<sup>th</sup> April, 1822.

It is a long time since any communication passed between us. Nothing has occurred in this neighbourhood which was likely

<sup>1</sup> Oxf. W., p. 433.

<sup>2</sup> Oxf. W., p. 451.

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to interest you. The ‘hardness of the times’—a phrase with which you must be pretty well tired—urges me to mention to you a case in which I am not a little interested, and Mrs Words-worth still more so, as the party is her brother. To come at once to the point. In the wide circle of your acquaintance, does any one want a land agent of mature experience in agriculture, and who can be recommended as a thoroughly conscientious and honourable man, of excellent temper and mild manners. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson—the person in question—was brought up to farming, under his uncle Mr Hutchinson of Sockburn, in Durham,—a person of much note as being a principal teacher of the improvements in breeding cattle, for which Durham and the adjoining part of Yorkshire have become so famous. About 1808, knowing that Wales was backward in agriculture, he took a farm, under Mr Frankland Lewes in Radnorshire, and since that period has been a leading agriculturist in that quarter, to its great improvement; but I am sorry to say that he has suffered from the change of times, to such a degree that his private fortune of not less than £14,000 has been so reduced as to determine him to retire from farming, if he can find a situation such as I have named.

During the first years of his lease, which was fourteen years, he sunk large sums in improvements; and when he looked for his return, the ‘times changed’; and notwithstanding his judgment, his prudence, and his care, he must have gone to ruin, if it had not been for his private resources. Mr Lewes, who I remember said in Parliament, in speaking against the Corn-Bill, that *he* was prepared to reduce his rents, has constantly refused to do so in this case; or to relinquish the lease till now, when it is nearly expired. He had a fat tenant, and has kept him by force, till he is becoming lean as a church-mouse. Mr Lewes conditionally remitted the landlord the amount of income tax, when the property tax was abolished.

I must add, that I have known Mr Hutchinson from his childhood, and therefore can speak confidently to his moral merits, his daily habits, and the soundness of his principles as a good subject; and am certain that he is not reduced to this situation by any fault of his own. He is forty-seven years of age,

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prudently did not marry early in life. His eldest child is about eight years of age; he has still enough left for his own needs, but he is naturally anxious for the sake of his children.

You will excuse this long story; but, if you should have an opportunity of serving this excellent man in the way in which he wishes to be, he would prove an invaluable servant. . . .

*MS.*      679. *W. W. to Walter Savage Landor*  
*K(—)*

Rydal Mount Ap. 20<sup>th</sup> [1822]

My dear Sir,

Could I have assured you that my eyes were decisively better I should have written instantly on the receipt of your last most friendly letter, but in fact they were rather worse at that time, and I thought you would infer from my silence that there was no improvement. I am truly sensible of the interest you take in this infirmity of mine, which makes me so dependent on others, abridges my enjoyments by cutting me off from the power of reading, and causes me to lose a great deal of time: and the worst of it is, that from the long standing of the complaint, I cannot encourage a hope of getting rid of it. The first attack was 18 years ago<sup>1</sup> when I had an inflammation in my eyelids, which by frequent returns has weakened them so much that they enflame upon slight occasions, and are scarcely ever both well at the same time: this affects the eyes by sympathy, and latterly the eyes themselves have been much annoyed by heat, and suffusions, proceeding from a weakness in the stomach, mainly caused by feelings stronger than my frame can bear and ill regulated application.

I am happy to hear of any intended Publication of yours and shall be proud to receive any public testimony of your esteem. Mr Southey left me a few hours before I received your last, he had been so kind as to come over for two or three days; he was very well, and making regular progress in many works—his history of the Peninsular War, a Book on the Church in England,

<sup>1</sup> i.e. on New Year's Day, 1805, *v. I.F.* note to 'A little lend onward thy guiding hand', and *E.L.*, p. 435.

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two Poems, with regular communications in the Quar<sup>ly</sup> Review into the bargain. Have you heard of the attacks of Byron upon him and his answer? his L<sup>dsp</sup> has lost as much by this affair as S. has gained, whose letter was circulated in almost every newspaper in England. S. means to send you a parcel of books, and I have requested him to include in it two things which I have lately published, the one, Ecclesiastical Sketches, a sort of Poem in the sonnet stanza, or measure, and the other, Memories of a Tour on the Continent in the year 1820—the tour brought me to Como a place that, with the scenery of its Lake, had existed in my most lively recollection for upwards of 30 years. What an addition would it have been to my pleasure if I had found you there! Time did not allow me to get further into Italy than Milan, where I was much pleased with the Cathedral especially, as you will collect if you ever see these Poems, from one of them entitled 'The eclipse of the Sun'. I am surprized, and rather sorry, when I hear you say you read little, because you are removed from the pressure of the trash which hourly issuing from the Press in England, tends to make the very name of writing and books disgusting. I am so situated as to see little of it, but one cannot stop one's ears, and I sometimes envy you that distance which separates you altogether from this intrusion. It is reported here that Byron, Shelley, Moore, Leigh Hunt (I do not know if you have heard of all these names) are to lay their heads together in some Town of Italy, for the purpose of conducting a Journal<sup>1</sup> to be directed against everything in religion, in morals and probably in government and literature, which our Forefathers have been accustomed to reverence,—the notion seems very extravagant but perhaps the more likely to be realized on that account.

Mr Kenyon left us in Sept<sup>r</sup> with the intention of proceeding directly to Italy, but omitted to forward my letter when he changed his purpose and took a wife instead—he talks of starting for the continent, with his Lady, but only for the summer, so I am afraid you will not see him. We have as a near neighbour another amiable Person, an old Acquaintance of yours, Mr

<sup>1</sup> *The Liberal, Verse and Prose from the South*, London, 1822, printed by and for John Hunt. It opened with Byron's *Vision of Judgment*.

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Quillinan,<sup>1</sup> who knew you at Bath. He was lately of the Third Dragoon Guards, but has retired on  $\frac{1}{2}$  pay. He married a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, and they live, with two nice children, at the foot of our hill. He begs to be kindly remembered to you.

In respect to Latin Poetry, I ought to tell you that I am no judge, except upon general principles. I never practised Latin verse, not having been educated at one of the Public Schools. My acquaintance with Virgil, Horace, Lucretius, and Catullus is intimate; but as I never read them with a critical view to composition, great faults in language might be committed which would escape my notice; any opinion of mine, therefore, on points of classical nicety would be of no value, should I be so inconsiderate as to offer it. A few days ago, being something better in my sight, I read your *Sponsalia*;<sup>2</sup> it is full of spirit and animation, and is probably of that style of versification which suits the subject; yet, if you thought proper, you could produce, I think, a richer harmony; and I met some serious inaccuracies in the punctuation which, from the state of my eyes encreasing the difficulty of catching the sense, took something from the pleasure of the perusal. The first book whic[h] I read unless it be one in large type, shall be these Poems. I must express a wish, however, that you would gratify us by writing in English—there are noble and stirring things in all that you have written in your native tongue, and that is enough for me. In your *Simonidea*,<sup>3</sup> which I saw some years ago at Mr Southey's, I was pleased to find rather an out-of-the-way image, in which the present hour is compared to the shade on the dial. It is a singular coincidence, that in the year 1793, when I first became an author, I illustrated the sentiment precisely in the same manner.<sup>4</sup> In the same work you commend the fine conclusion of Russel's sonnet upon *Philoctetes*,<sup>5</sup> and deprecate that form of composition. I

<sup>1</sup> Edward Quillinan (1791–1851), who married Dora W. in 1841.

<sup>2</sup> *Sponsalia Polyxenae*, translated by Landor and published in *Hellenics*, 1847, as *The Espousals of P.*

<sup>3</sup> MS. *Simoneida*.

<sup>4</sup> *Evening Walk*, 37–42 (Oxf. W., p. 592).

<sup>5</sup> Thomas Russell (1762–88); his *Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems* were published in 1789. In Southey's *Vision of Judgment* he is coupled with Chatterton; Landor says of the *Philoctetes* sonnet that it 'would authorize him to join the shades of Sophocles and Euripides', and Wordsworth

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do not wonder at this; I used to think it egregiously absurd, though the greatest poets since the revival of literature have written in it. Many years ago my sister happened to read to me the sonnets of Milton, which I could at that time repeat; but somehow or other I was singularly struck with the style of harmony, and the gravity, and republican austerity of those compositions. In the course of the same afternoon I produced 3 sonnets, and soon after many others; and since that time, and from want of resolution to take up anything of length, I have filled up many a moment in writing Sonnets, which, if I had never fallen into the practice, might easily have been better employed. The Excursion is proud of your approbation. *The Recluse* has had a long sleep, save in my thoughts; my MSS. are so ill-penned and blurred that they are useless to all but myself; and at present I cannot face them. But if my stomach can be preserved in tolerable order, I hope you will hear of me again in the character chosen for the title of that Poem. I am glad that you are a Father and wish for a peep at your boys, with yourself to complete the trio. Southey's Son continues to thrive and promises well, and his family is flourishing.

I expect your book with impatience and shall at all times be glad to hear from you. I remain faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

680. W. W. to *Lady Fleming*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount May 3 [1822]

Knowing your Ladyship to be indisposed, I am sorry to trouble you with this letter, but as *your tenant* I should not feel myself justified on the present occasion were I to omit stating to your Ladyship the nature of the repairs necessary at Rydal Mount, which have been from time to time delayed, and, as we are now informed, are not to be done at all.

introduces the last four lines of his tenth sonnet into his sonnet on Iona (Oxf. W., p. 474).

<sup>1</sup> Printed in *Historical MSS. Commission, Twelfth Report, Appendix, Part VII*, pp. 363-4. It is there dated 1830-49, but the Rev. Thomas Jackson, who acted as Lady le Fleming's agent, died in Dec. 1821. His son, Thomas Jackson, also acted as Lady le Fleming's agent, but as he survived Wordsworth the reference cannot be to him.

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The back apartments of the house ever since we entered upon it, have not been habitable in winter on account of the damp, and in wet seasons not even in summer. Lord Suffolk's agent some years ago, from the state of the timber gave an opinion that a new roof was necessary, and estimated the expense at 10£. Since that time temporary repairs have been made, which were to have been completed at the first convenient season. Those repairs never made the house watertight; and to give your Ladyship an idea of its present state, I need only say, that, during the last heavy rains, an empty trunk standing in the best of the three rooms, was half filled with water.

Last summer, the late Mr Jackson and the workmen examined with me the premises, and it was our joint opinion that when the rooms were unroofed, if the walls were raised, it would be an advantage to the house very far beyond the additional expense, and one which we had little doubt would be approved by your Ladyship. Lord Suffolk's agent was consulted; and as I understood, the plan was not, in the end, opposed by your Ladyship. On my part I was to pay interest upon the sum laid out, and on this supposition my family prepared for the workmen. To my surprize it was *afterwards* required that I should relinquish the barn, or part of the barn, and other out buildings or the work in the dwelling was not to be done. This, not only on account of the comfort and convenience to myself and family, but from respect to your Ladyship's property, I could not consent to, the character of the place would be entirely changed and vulgarized, were these premises turned into a common farmer's yard. This we have proved by experience, for upon our first coming to R. M., as a temporary accommodation, the farmer had the use of some of the buildings, and the annoyance of cattle hanging about the gates causing filth and intercepting the way upon the public road to the house may easily be conceived. To palliate this (and various other inconveniences) Mr J. proposed that the yard should be divided by a wall, and a gate broken out below, but this, without removing the evil from us, would only have thrown it nearer to the gates of the Hall, and probably have occasioned the felling of trees, and exposed the fold yard to the road. Besides, a part of the barn we could not possibly do

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without, and an apprehension of that very evil—fire—which has already taken place in our neighbour's premises—from the ingress and egress of a large family, many of them children, over whom I should have no control, was of itself sufficient to prevent my acceding to such an arrangement.

I have nothing to add to this long, but necessary statement, except to remind your Ladyship, that the rooms under consideration only in one part allow a person to stand upright, and that it remains to be considered whether it may not be better to raise the walls according to the plan proposed, or merely to make them water-tight, which can only be done by means of a new roof. For notwithstanding what I have heard, I cannot conceive that it is your Ladyship's intention that it should remain in its present state, especially after the long inconvenience we have suffered.

MS.            681. D. W. to Edward Quillinan

[May 18, 1822]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Friend,

I sit by your dear Wife's bed-side.<sup>2</sup> She *was* to dictate for me; but I must put it into my own words—'Tell him, she says, I am doing as well as can possibly be expected.'—I stop again—and ask her a question 'Have you no message to send?' 'Oh yes, about the Children. Say they are both uncommonly well.' That is the truth and they give their Mother as little disturbance, and as much comfort as possible—Sunday night was a good one—Monday morning no worse; but in the afternoon there was an accession of fever—and we had a *bad* night. Last night was very good—Today she has been perfectly composed—and now (at 7 o'clock) is cool and without fever. So far very good—I feel little or no doubt of her now going on with the most perfect regularity. But having told you how we stand at present I must revert to the past—Monday night was indeed a very bad one—not that I was alarmed, but the fever ran so high that I thought it right to send for Mr Carr; which we did at 12 o'clock. He

<sup>1</sup> For D. W. to H. C. R., April 21, 1822, v. C.R., p. 117.

<sup>2</sup> For the circumstances in which this letter was written v. Letter 684.

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stayed with us till past 3—the fever, then was almost gone—she took her draught and in the morning was very composed and had no fever or very little—and at about 2 being quite cool, we gave her the Bark—but, the heat returning, we only gave it once. This morning at 6 she took it again, has continued to do so every three hours—and is at this moment a great deal cooler than I am—in short has no fever whatsoever—has taken by Mr C.'s orders  $\frac{1}{2}$  a glass of port wine, and it really now seems that we have nothing to do but strengthen her—to enable her to bear the pain which is yet for her to endure.—The sores give her less pain—and are going on perfectly as they ought to do.

I think you will be quite satisfied, if not already so, when I add to this good account of Mrs Q. that she has been without her two head nurses today from nine o'clock in the morning till 6 tonight. A trifling accident befel my Brother on his way to Haweswater—God be praised it was but a trifling one, though it might have been very bad.—He had got from the Back of his pony to go into a Cottage when within two miles of Bampton, where they intended to halt for the night. In mounting again, fumbling between his portmanteau and umbrella the horse was frightened and threw him against a stone wall and the Back of his head was cut. Of these particulars I knew nothing this morning—only that he had had a fall—and being at the house of Dr Satterthwaite, wanted female attendance, therefore Mr Monkhouse wrote to desire my sister to set off immediately. The messenger arrived at a little after 11 o'clock she being just parted from Mrs Q. and me—The letter said nothing of the nature of the wound—nothing but that it was in the head—that the Dr had dressed it and that my dear Brother was very composed. My sister durst not send down to me for fear of our poor sick Friend's alarm—D and she set off—and this morning Miss Horrocks sent for me—attempted to break the force of the tidings by preparations—more frightful than the letter itself—and from the letter I could gather no hope but what was chased away by a frightful fear. All day I lay on a bed at Mrs Monkhouse's and till 4 o'clock past when the happy news arrived—two letters—one from D one from her mother. Nothing in this world ever made me so happy as D's letter. Before she finished

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she talked of being at *home* at Lowther and delighted with Dr Satterthwaite's kindness and hospitality! She said her Father was in good spirits had no fever and even *wished* to come home in the chaise; but quiet was necessary. I shall urge them to stay till he is quite well.—I will not attempt to describe my own wretched state—all this day.—My only comfort that I could rest upon was the thought that D was gone with her Mother. Mrs Monkhouse and Mr Carr explained away my long absence (which grieved your wife) by saying that I was unwell with the heat, my Sister's by saying that she had been called away from home by the sickness of a Friend. My first business, as it was my first duty, when sufficiently composed after the inrush of thankfulness and joy—was to come and see your wife—who received me joyfully, but was anxious for an explanation. I gave it cheerfully. She saw I was happy in my own feelings and is now as cheerful as I am; and was never thrown into agitation—Rotha has just been giving her Mother the evening kiss before undressing. God bless you, my dear Friend! and bring you back safe again to Ivy Cottage. We shall be anxious to hear from you. I will write daily—and I trust you will find a great change for the better at your return.

Yours truly                   Dorothy Wordsworth.

You will not wonder at my penmanship,—nor even if my letter is not perfectly coherent. The past is like a horrible dream to me.

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup>, No. 17 Fludyer St., Westminster, London.

MS.                   682. *D. W. to Edward Quillinan*

[p.m. May 27, 1822] Wednesday Evening.

My Dear Mr Quillinan,

I think you will look long for a letter before next Monday, therefore I write to tell you merely that we have gone on very well to-day. It is 7 o'clock—and no return of fever—and the port wine and bark have been taken as before with broth and a little animal food.

After I closed my letter of yesterday the fever came on, but not very strong, and she had some pain in the bowels—which

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with constant affliction of the back and arm it was hard enough to bear—but before I went to bed she had taken her draught (between 3 and 4 o'clock) and was quiet and settled. Yet her sleeps were but by snatches. It is now near 8 and no fever, indeed I think I may say that *to-day* she seems as if she were *gaining ground*, which before I could never absolutely be satisfied that she was, for many hours together.

I am writing in her room—and (asking her what I must say) she answers—'I think you may say I am a good deal better', and this neither in a weak or a disturbed voice.

Mr Carr spoke well of the arm *to-day*, and seemed to think the sores were going on well.

I sent Wilson Morris to Lowther *to-day*—and he has returned with the most satisfactory accounts of my dear Brother. He has no fever—has nothing to complain of but being fed on slops, and the only difficulty in managing him is to keep him from talking.

Mr Gee will return to-morrow—Mr Monkhouse on Thursday—so that we shall have the speediest tidings possible.

My poor sister and Dora had a dismal journey in their way over Kirkstone, but their suspense was in some degree relieved at Pooley Bridge, where they were told there was no danger, but this you may be sure could not satisfy *them*. *My* suspense was of longer duration. Never in my whole life did I pass so wretched a day. The short lived hope—a perplexing shadow of good, was chased away instantly by the most dreadful of all fears, and thus I struggled from before 8 till 5 or after.

To-day I have been very anxious but I kept it from your Wife—anxious I could not help being in the fear of fever, but now I am quite satisfied. Excuse this, I must write to the Boys, God bless you. Your dear wife says you must not make yourself uneasy about her that she now feels herself doing well—longs to hear from you—and sends her best love.

Do not expect to hear from us again till Tuesday—I will write again on Sunday and not before—unless something unlooked for occurs.

[*Unsigned.*]

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq., 17 Fludyer St<sup>r</sup>, Westminster, London.

JUNE 1822

K. 683. W. W. to Allan Cunningham<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, June 12<sup>th</sup>, 1822.

Dear Sir,

. . . Mrs W. begs you to be so kind as to mention to Mr C. that the more she is familiar with the bust the more she likes it, which is the case with all my family. As to my own opinion, it can be of little value as to the likeness, but as a work of fine art, I may be excused if I say that it seems to me fully entitled to that praise which is universally given to Mr Chantrey's labours.

The state of my eyes for a long time has only allowed me to read books of large print. . . . I have not yet been able to make myself acquainted with more than a few of the first scenes of your drama,<sup>1</sup> one of your ballads, and the songs. I am therefore prevented from accompanying my thanks with those notices which to an intelligent author give such an acknowledgment its principal value. The songs appear to me full as good as those of Burns, with the exception of a *very* few of his best; and *The Mermaid* is wild, tender, and full of spirit. The little I have seen of the play I liked, especially the speeches of the spirits, and that of Macgee, page 7. I hope, in a little time, to be acquainted with the rest of the volume. . . .

I remain, dear sir, very sincerely yours,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

MS. 684. D. W. to Jane Marshall

K(—)

13<sup>th</sup> June, 1822.

My dear Friend,

Your kind letter reached me yesterday; but I was then so hurried that it was impossible to find a quarter of an hour for writing, and I am now too late to catch you before your

<sup>1</sup> Allan Cunningham (1784–1842) was Chantrey's Secretary and Superintendent of Works from 1814 to 1841: in 1829 and 1830 he edited an Annual entitled *The Anniversary*, from 1829 to 1833 wrote his *Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, and in 1834 published an edition of Burns. He was also a minor poet, and had published some songs and ballads in 1809. His drama, *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, appeared in 1822.

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departure from London. Truly glad was I to find that Cordelia and John had so much benefited by the Leamington waters; and that you were all enjoying yourselves so much in London; a pleasant preparation for the quiet of the country, which, by contrast, will appear the more delightful. As you do not mention that the original disorder was the hooping-cough, I conclude it was not; and that you will have no fears of bringing infection to Hallsteads when you have stayed your time at Leamington.

I hope that ere this you have heard of my Brother's perfect recovery—yet bad news flying generally with more speed than good, though the bad reached you soon enough, the good may have lingered on the road. The accident *might* have been terrible indeed! Had the horse been one inch nearer the wall his Death would have been inevitable—the sharp stone which gave a grazing side-cut to the skull would have penetrated into the head. Indeed we can never be sufficiently thankful to Providence for the many favourable circumstances attending this accident. It happened, not at Hawes-water; but about 2 miles on this side of Bampton. My Brother had kind and judicious Friends at hand. He was removed to Dr Satterthwaite's and very soon after he reached that quiet comfortable house Dr Harrison arrived. At first, he could not exactly ascertain the degree of injury, nor was it known when a messenger was despatched to Rydal. He arrived at 12 o'clock at night, when my Sister was undressing to go to bed to her Daughter, after having left me with poor Mrs Quillinan then in a very feverish state, as she always was from the ev<sup>ng</sup> till a certain time in the morning. They set off over Kirkstone immediately, not daring to inform me of the letter, for fear of injury to our suffering Friend. The next morning (and you may judge of my Terror and distress when I tell you that the intelligence, though with due caution respecting Mrs Q., was communicated to me in the most alarming way possible) I was informed what had happened. My wretchedness and anxiety were extreme till 4 o'clock when I heard from my Sister that all was likely to go on well—only that absolute quiet would be needful for a long time. He was in the very place that if we had had the whole world to chuse

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from, we should have selected—both for quietness and kindness—therefore I returned to my sick Friend with cheerful composure.

I have spoken of Mrs Quillinan as if you knew all the dismal particulars of her case; but perhaps you have not heard a word of them and know no more than that she was the Wife of Mr Q., a Lieutenant in the 3rd Dragoon Guards, that they lodged a while at Penrith, afterwards came to live here, and that she was afflicted with mental derangement after the Birth of her last child. She recovered from this affliction and was settled entirely to her satisfaction and her Husband's in Mr Tillbrook's house, the Ivy Cottage, but what a change have 5 weeks brought about! Her clothes accidentally took fire—she was grievously burnt—put to bed, and never rose after but to have her bed made. The Burn spread over a great part of her Body, but the abdomen was spared—in consequence of her having on a flannel petticoat and that being the case, as the Burns (except under one arm) were not very deep, and the *fire* (as we express it) was soon got out, every one hoped for her speedy recovery: but, when the wounds ought to have begun to heal—they grew worse—and at the end of a fortnight, from languor of constitution she expired. It was my lot to attend her death-bed. Her Husband had been obliged to go to London on especial Business the Saturday preceding her Death. (I was to stay with her during his absence, and how little did he, or any of us, foresee what was to happen!) (She died on the morning of the following Saturday.) My Sister, as you will have gathered, was at Lowther; Miss Hutchinson was at Harrowgate—thus I was quite alone, and thankful I am that it *was* so; for the dear Creature wanted no other help except that of the Servant who attended upon her. My Sister, in the beginning had been called upon to perform a trying part, the assisting to dress the wounds; her absence was not missed, and it was well she was spared the last awful scene.

You will be glad to hear that I, though, as you may suppose, much harassed and exhausted when all was over, soon recovered myself; and it was a great satisfaction to me to find how well able I had been to go through the trial, and I pray that I may never in sickness and sorrow for[get the] example of patience

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and sweetness of dispository the sufferer exhibited throughout [ ]. Not a word of complaint even. [Mr Quillinan] has left the Cottage. He departed y[ester]day evening. [My sis]ter is gone with him as far as Matlock, on his way to the neighbourhood of Canterbury. She and my Brother and Dorothy did not come home till the day after the Funeral. Since that time we have had every kind of arrangement to make in the melancholy house. Mr Q. and two of his Wife's Brothers did not arrive till 6 days after Mrs Q.'s death.

They attended the funeral three days after their arrival. Mr Gee was my kind support and helper, in all preparatory arrangements, and he and I had the melancholy satisfaction of following the body to the Grave. It was a most fortunate circumstance that Mr Gee happened to be at Ambleside at the time. He remained in Mr Q.'s house till the arrival of the afflicted Husband and Brothers; and the Children were at Rydal Mount.

Mrs Quillinan is buried in the same corner of the church-yard where lie our little Catharine and Thomas. I went to order the grave, and chuse the spot on the morning of Mr Quillinan's return.

It happened very unfortunately for Mr and Mrs Clarkson that they came only two days after Mrs Q.'s death to pay a visit promised for years—and no one of the Family but myself was at home during the first half of a fortnight allotted to us. They left us last Tuesday for Scotland.

My Brother and Sister called at Hallsteads in their way to Lowther. Unluckily none of your sisters were there; and they only saw Julia; but they could not have made any stay had they been more fortunate in finding others of the Family at home. Do excuse this sad scrawl—I have other letters to write and am hurried to get done in post-time.

My Brother and Sister thank you heartily for your kind anxiety concerning them. My Sister is *pretty* well—not quite strong.

Remember us to all and believe me

Yours aff[ectionately,]

D. Wordsworth.

[Address torn.]

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Pearson.<sup>1</sup>      685. W. W. to William Pearson<sup>2</sup>  
K.

1<sup>st</sup> August, 1822.

Dear Sir,

The weather having been so bad, you will scarcely have set out on your Tour, therefore I hope these few notes will be in time to be of service to you.

We were pleased with the vale of Nith.—The ruins of Lincluden Abbey or Priory are near Dumfries, on the road up the vale; but little of them remains. Drumlanrig, the mansion of the late Duke of Queensberry, which is a long way up the Vale, we did not see—turning off to Leadhills, a village inhabited by miners; thence nothing interesting to Lanark, at Lanark, falls of the Clyde and Mr Owen's establishment. Beautiful country to Hamilton, where in the Duke's palace a fine collection of pictures. Thence to Bothwell Castle, Glasgow, Dumbarton, Loch Lomond, Luss, fine view of the islands of Loch Lomond from the top of Inch ta Vannoch, Tarbet, Arroher, Glen Croe, Inverary, Kilchurn Castle on Loch Awe, very striking; Dalmally. Thence we went to Loch Etive,—to Portnacroish on Loch Linnhe, interesting all the way up to Ballachulish; from hence we went up Glen Coe and back to B——. Glen Coe very sublime. By Fort William, Fort Augustus to the Fall of Foyers, very fine; and so on to Inverness, from whence, fifteen miles north to some beautiful saw mills upon the river Bewley, the scenery of which is very romantic.

Homeward, by the main coach-road to Blair Athole,—a little before reaching it you cross the stream of Bruar below the waterfalls, interesting on Burns's account,—Killicrankie and Fassally on the way to Dunkeld, very striking; Dunkeld also interesting. The narrow glen, a pleasing solitude. I have omitted Killin at the head of Loch Tay and the Trossachs, as they lie in the country between the two main roads; but the Trossachs are very fine, and Killin a striking situation. Stirling and Edinburgh;

<sup>1</sup> *Papers, Letters and Journals of William Pearson*, edited by his widow, printed for private circulation, 1863.

<sup>2</sup> W. P. (1780–1856), born at Crosthwaite, near Kendal. After some years in a Manchester bank he returned to his native village and interested himself in natural history and local antiquities.

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and I have nothing more to say, unless I mention Perth, which lies low, in a beautiful valley.

The letter you sent to the Gazette was just the thing, and I hope would produce some effect. Wishing you fine weather and a pleasant journey,

I remain, dear sir,

With very sincere regard, yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

MS.

686. D. W. to Edward Quillinan

Rydal Mount. August 6<sup>th</sup>, 1822

Turn to the next Page; below black line—for I begin with accounts,<sup>1</sup> to get rid of perplexities before I tell you of our goings-on. Observe I only give you a rough Draft reserving particulars till your return to England, when I shall be able to say exactly what sum will be wanting to make up deficiencies after Dr Wordsworth's Debt to you—and ours for Wine and sundry articles are discharged.

Received from Mr Q. in cash

including 21£ from Mr Horrocks— £    s

the sum of—    70— 13— 6

Paid for Mr Q—                                         61— odd— —therefore I have in cash—about 9£—, having paid all the smaller Bills—and all the larger (except those connected with the mourning, and Mr Carr's Bill, which for reasons to be explained below I have not paid). The Bills for Funeral expenses, now on hand, amount to upwards of 70£—(some of the smaller are not yet come in—for instance those from Grasmere—and the final covering for the Grave is not yet put over it.)—Say 100£—will cover all claims against you—except the amount of Mr Carr's Bill. Towards this I have about 9£.

To this add—the Wine from your Father—and the Stores remaining in your house—Some of which Dr W has taken, *we* some—and a part of the Liquor in the Cellar will be left for Mr

<sup>1</sup> When E. Q. left Rydal after his wife's death D. W. undertook, with S. H., the management of accounts, &c., arising from his tenancy of Ivy Cottage, and the business connected with its sub-letting.

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Elliot, or you. At Dr W's departure this will all be settled, and you shall have an account of [the] Rydal Mount debt to you on that score. We shall add to it the price of the Portugal Wine, and you can then remit the Remainder. I have informed the Trades-people that all will be paid in September, when I hope the Wine will have safely arrived and my Brother will thankfully pay his share. He is very glad of the privilege of keeping the extra hogshead of which Mr Southey will no doubt be very glad of a share.

As to Dr Carr's Bill, I was going to discharge it according to your directions—with 15£. The amount of the Bill is—18£-2-7 from which you deducted 5£ which he notes down that he has received—and you and I agreed that 15£ would be a sufficient remuneration, having, as you supposed overpaid him 5£—. But on looking over Mr Carr's Bill I found that you were under a mistake. The first article is 'attending Mrs Quillinan in labour'—with a Blank.

Now I recollect perfectly that you consulted my Brother (and he also recollects it) respecting the Sum to be given to Mr Carr on that score. You determined together on 5£—and I recollect (as does Mrs Wordsworth) that you told us you *had* given Mr Carr that Sum for his attendance on Mrs Q's labour. This being the case you remain Mr Carr's Debtor for the whole of his present Bill 18£-. 2s- 7d- which we think you cannot pay with less than 20£—*Say 20 guineas*. I think—as the Bill is very reasonable considering the length of time which each dressing occupied—(half a crown for each journey and the same for each dressing)—that 20 guineas would not be more than you would wish to give on reconsidering the matter, and on perceiving your mistake respecting the 5£, but till I have your approbation I shall not venture to pay Mr Carr.—My dear Friend I know that you will be little inclined to weigh the expences of the last sad Duties to your poor Wife; but as they are certainly somewhat greater than were necessary for respectful ceremony I cannot dismiss the subject of the demands against you without stating that if I had had the sole management of them they would not, in some few particulars have been so heavy—but as all was done for the best I can blame no one—nor will you I am sure—

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but will be thankful in the remembrance that whatever was done or ordered was all in affectionate regard for the Deceased.

I think I have nothing further to add concerning money, except that I should like Mr Carr's Bill to be paid as soon as we can receive your answer—and that we must not be later than the end of September with the others. The Wine is not yet arrived at Whitehaven. Mr William Jackson has engaged to do all that is necessary when it *does* arrive. Your Cook will be hired by the Elliots for the half year—and Hannah goes to Liverpool with a Relative of Mrs Harrison's, so that business is settled. I have received a letter (for you) from the Lancaster house-maid's Mother—complaining of injury in her Daughter's sudden dismissal—and demanding her wages. I shall write to Mrs Donovan to beg her to pay what is proper.

My dear Friend,

Truly glad shall I be when we have no more to say to each other respecting money, the most tiresome subject to me in the world, and it has so dried up my brain that I hardly know how to take to any thing better. First let me give you the best news I have that dear little William's danger has been passed for three weeks; and that he is now in health strength, spirits—and *shape* nearly as well as we could desire. You may conceive what an anxious time we had after his arrival at home—with death on his countenance—a dry fever on his emaciated Body—that was swoln to a great size. Mr Carr treated him most skilfully and through the Blessing of God I trust that the remedies used have struck at the root of the Disease. He gains flesh daily; but still looks very pallid in the face; and the utmost care and attention to the state of his Bowels etc will be necessary for some time so that he cannot be sent to school again—at least not for many months. His dear Mother's health has not suffered so much as one might have expected from her constant anxiety and attendance on him; yet I cannot say that she is well. As to my Brother—though *his* anxiety has been greater than upon any other occasion during the four and twenty years that I have lived with him—his health is not to be complained of, and he is now in excellent spirits though the inflammation never wholly

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leaves his eyes, and the slightest exposure to over-heat or cold increases it, so that he is obliged to be constantly on the watch. Dora is neither well nor ill—that is—she complains of nothing; but looks wretchedly and, when not excited by pleasure, is apt to be dull in spirits—and sluggish in motion. Poor thing! Many a time have I seen her turn away to hide her gushing tears at the mention of your Dear Wife's name—or when circumstances have brought her to her recollection at some particular time and place; but she can talk of her not only with composure but pleasure. This brings me back to the time of your departure; and you have scarcely heard of or from us since then. When the Clarksons had stayed their fortnight D and I went into Borrowdale, where we had fine weather—went to Buttermere, Wastdale—and all over the Vale of Keswick, so that in spite of herself, D was cheared, returned with amended health and looks—and full of hope—for her Brothers were to come home in three days.—You know what followed. For three weeks we had little hope of William's life: and before he was decidedly convalescent two Aunts came from Wales. The one is returned thither—the other remains and will be our Visitor in Winter—a cheerful old Lady, 78 years of age, who plays at Whist with Willy. In addition to this company we have had a succession of others. Col. Lowther was here last week. The Monkhouses (with whom our old Aunt is now staying) are to have their christening tomorrow—and will depart to attend Preston Guild, leaving the old Lady with us. Mrs Ellwood is here, and Miss Joanna Hutchinson,—so that you see my Brother's number of Ladies has increased and is not likely soon to be much diminished. The Horrocks's are gone. Dr Wordsworth and his Boys are delighted with the Ivy Cottage. The quiet spot often makes him think of you and yours (though unknown to him) and of what a loss you have had. I think he will stay till the 2<sup>nd</sup> week of September. Dora is now at Coniston with her Aunt Joanna. They will return tomorrow. We hope D's health may have been bettered by the change; and if not she must go from home—to Stockton, or elsewhere, as Mr Carr thinks that change of that kind is the best thing for her. My Brother sometimes talks of a short excursion—but whether to Scotland—or whither—he is

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undecided ; and he will not stir (except with our Brother in this neighbourhood) till after *he*, Dr W., is gone—and in the mean time we expect Mr Jones (*Robert Jones* the companion of his pedestrian Tour in Switzerland two and thirty years ago) to spend three weeks under our Roof. Thus, you see, the summer—past and to come—is wholly filled up—and I trust I have sufficiently explained to you why you have not heard from us sooner or oftener. When we have been at rest from anxiety our time has been wholly filled up—indeed I can scarcely recollect a period in my life in which I have had so little leisure.

We have received your letter with the extract from the Magazine. You cannot doubt that it gave us pleasure ; for never was there a panegyric more true to Nature. It has been written by someone well acquainted with Jemima Quillinan, and the truth and delicacy of discrimination would make one entirely overlook any faults in expression—yet in considering and reconsidering the words, one would have wished that what is so well done had been still better. One would have liked to have seen it more concisely and correctly expressed. I hope you have ere this made up your mind respecting the Marble Tablet. The stone on the Grave would have been done before this time ; but we were obliged to wait for our new Rector's consent. Sir Richard le Fleming<sup>1</sup> has had the living for some weeks, and is settled in the Parsonage House. He has given us 3 excellent sermons and two very bad ones—we fear the good are exhausted. My Brother called on him very soon but he has not returned the call. We have heard nothing amiss in his conduct hitherto ; but reports of the past are so very bad that we cannot but expect some outbreak, in which case I think Mr Barber will represent to the Bishop. William Jackson's health is much improved—we expect him next week—and I think Miss Hutchinson and Willy, who have each got a nice pony of their own, will accompany him back to Whitehaven. Miss H. has finished her labours at the Ivy Cottage, after many a battling with—and grumbling against—Mr [ ]'s] stupidity. After all Mr Tillbrooke is not coming

<sup>1</sup> Sir Richard le Fleming, Bart., succeeded Mr Jackson as Rector of Grasmere, a post he held till his death in 1857 ; he was also Rector of Bowness.

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this summer. Southe has been with us lately. He now looks well, after having had a seven weeks' cold which alarmed us somewhat; for we never before had seen him so much disordered. Poor Derwent Coleridge has been at Death's door—6 weeks confined to his Bed in the Typhus fever—carried from Cambridge to Highgate, where, under the same roof with his Father and Brother, he was taken care of. His poor Mother and Sister remained at Keswick—suffering greatly in mind as you may suppose. Miss Coleridge looks very ill. The same Fever has caused the Death of five young Men belonging to St John's College. John Wordsworth is not to go to College *this* year. He will return to Sedbergh after the holidays. There is to be a Regatta at Low Wood next Thursday and John is to be one of a company of ten (mountaineers) who are to row against a company of Cantabs now lodging at Ambleside, who have challenged the mountaineers. If *strength* will gain the Victory I think it will be on our side. What sort of weather have you had on the Continent? From the time of your departure till within the last month *we* have had the finest weather ever remembered; but now we have only a fine day now and then—and whole days and nights of gushing showers—with a few minutes' pause between.

The Harp strings are arrived in a beautiful case. It was a great disappointment that the [ ? ] could not be sent at the same time. Mrs Wordsworth begs you will thank Capt<sup>n</sup> Barrett<sup>1</sup> for his note, which brought us happy tidings concerning your sweet Darlings. We trust that they continue to go on well—or we should have heard again from him. We long for a letter from you, and shall rejoice in your safe return to England. Tell us all you can about your Travels—about your Friends in Geneva—and above all tell us, if you write again before your return to Lea Priory,<sup>1</sup> what you have heard concerning the children—and when you have seen them yourself you cannot tell us too much of their ways and their doings. Do excuse this poor scrawl

<sup>1</sup> Captain (later Colonel) Brydges Barrett of the Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Sir Egerton Brydges, and the owner of Lee Priory, Ickham, near Canterbury, where E. Q.'s children lived for some time after their mother's death. He died at Boulogne in 1834 (v. Letter 1081).

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—I have not said half of what I felt I had to say—and I am sure you will want to know a hundred things which I have omitted—but you must be thankful and contented that we are all well—we shall never forget you. May God bless you—my dear Friend

Ever yours

Dorothy Wordsworth.

My Brother has not composed a single verse since you left us. At this you will not wonder. His feelings will I am sure lead him to pour out his first renewed song to the memory of her who is departed; but when that will be I cannot say—

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup>. Lea Priory, near Wingham, Kent.

*MS.  
R. K(—)*

687. *W. W. to Samuel Rogers*

Lowther Castle [Sept. 16, 1822]

My dear Rogers,

It gave me great pleasure to hear from our common Friend, Sharp, that you had returned from the Continent in such excellent health, which I hope you will continue to enjoy in spite of our fogs, rains, east-winds, coal fires, and other clogs upon light spirits and free breathing. I have long wished to write to you on a little affair of my own, or rather of my Sister's; and the facility of procuring a frank in this house has left my procrastinating habit without excuse. Some time ago you expressed (as perhaps you will remember) a wish that my Sister would publish her Recollections of her Scotch Tour, and you interested yourself so far in the scheme, as kindly to offer to assist in disposing of it to a Publisher for her advantage. We know that your skill and experience in these matters are great; and she is now disposed to profit by them provided you continue to think as favorably of the measure as heretofore. The fact is, she was so much gratified by her tour in Switzerland, that she has a strong wish to add to her knowledge of that country and to extend her ramble to some part of Italy. As her own little fortune is not sufficient to justify a step of this kind, she has no hope of revisiting those Countries, unless an adequate sum could

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be procured through the means of this MS. You are now fairly in possession of her motives; if you still think that the publication would do her no discredit, and are of opinion that a respectable sum of money might be had for it, which she has no chance of effecting except through your exertion, she would be much obliged, as I also should be, if you would undertake to manage the Bargain, and the MS shall be sent you as soon as it is revised. She has further to beg that you would be so kind as to look it over and strike out what you think might be better omitted.

I detected you in a small collection of Poems entitled Italy which we all read with much pleasure. Venice, and The Brides of Venice, that was the title I think, pleased as much as any; some parts of the Venice are particularly fine. I had no fault to find but rather too strong a leaning to the pithy and concise, and to some peculiarities of versification which occur perhaps too often. Where are the Beaumonts? and when do they come to England? We hear nothing of them.

Lord and Lady Lonsdale are well, Lady Frederic<sup>1</sup> is here, so is Lady Caroline; both well. Before I close this I will mention to Lady F. that I am writing to you. My own family were well when I left them two days ago. Please remember me kindly to your Sister, and believe me, my dear Rogers, faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

PS. Lady F. says, if Holland House were but where Brougham Hall is, we should see more of Mr Rogers. She adds that we have really some sunshine in this country and now and then a gentle day like those of Italy—Adieu—

Address: Sam<sup>1</sup> Rogers Esq., St. James's Place, London.

MS.  
K(—)

688. *W. W. to Richard Sharp*

Oct<sup>r</sup> 3<sup>d</sup> 1822

My dear Sir

I hope you will not think I press too much upon your friendly disposition when I beg that if it should be necessary you would

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Lady Frederick Bentinck, daughter of Lord Lonsdale and, later, an intimate friend of W.'s.

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take some little trouble on my acct in a money transaction. We have lodged nearly £2,000 of our little fortune in the french funds, but having no reliance on the good faith of that Govt I am anxious, in case its stability should receive a shock, to sell out with expedition which residing at such a distance from Town as I do, would be impossible unless some Friend would interest himself on my acct—A young Gent of the name of Cookson of Kendal who I believe was here when we had the pleasure of seeing you, is going in about 10 days to London to complete his clerkship with Mr Addison Solic<sup>r</sup> of Staple Inn—to him I have entrusted the Certificate I hold from the French Govt, and expressed my wishes that he might make inquiries as to what further documents or powers if any may be required to enable him to act for me—and now my dr Sir I have reached the point where I solicit your interference. If you should receive, extensively connected as you are, any intimations that it would be expedient to sell out, may I entreat that you would address a note to him at Mr A's Staple Inn, and he will instantly wait upon you for instructions. He is himself inexperienced and out of consideration for his responsibility as well as my own interests, I have ventured to request this assistance, which I shall consider a great favour.

I have had a kind letter from Rogers in answer to mine about my Sister's publication; he profers every assistance, but is strongly against my proposal to sell the Copyright at once. If you happen to see him shortly, say that my Sister is at present in Scotland and that as soon as she returns we shall write to him.

During these last three weeks we have had a glorious season, such a one as scarcely occurs in seven years—would that you and Rogers had been here to enjoy it—even he could not have regretted Italy—and I am sure you would not.

We hope that your Sister was benefitted by her Tour, with best regards from Mrs W.

I remain my d<sup>r</sup> Sir

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Richd Sharp Esq<sup>re</sup>, Park Lane, London.

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MS.

K(—)

689. *W. W. to Richard Sharp*

[Oct. 1822]

My dear Sir,

Many thanks for your kindness in meeting my wishes so promptly. Your view of the case appears quite just, but is it not probable that, if the present French Ministers can keep their ground, the Death of the King would prove less injurious to the credit of the Govern<sup>t</sup>; as I understand that their system is approved of by the Heir to the Throne, and his Friends? There is yet another reason for confidence,—the desire which the Continental Powers have to raise the credit of their funds, from the conviction that Public Credit enabled England principally to make such mighty exertions during the late War. Nevertheless, I know how difficult it is for unprincipled men to resist a temptation of present advantage for a remote benefit; and I regard the French as destitute of public principle.

I should be most happy to submit the whole of my little venture to your discretion; and with this view, I have requested Mr Cookson to deposit the Certificate in your hands, to sell out or leave in as you judge best, and I should be thankful for instructions how to vest you with the necessary Powers, as something more, I apprehend, must be wanting.

You talked of going to the Continent in the Spring. In this case Mr Davis would perhaps be so kind as to represent you for my benefit. This morning the wind is blowing a perfect hurricane, tearing the leaves off the trees in myriads, so that the splendour of the autumn is destroyed. My Sister has not returned from Scotland, being detained at Edinburgh by the indisposition of her companion Miss Joanna Hutchinson. We are glad to learn that your Sister derived benefit from her journey in spite of the unfavourable weather. We are gratified by her remembrances, and those of Miss Kinnaird.

How singular is the fate of Fonthill!<sup>1</sup> The Papers give a

<sup>1</sup> In Wiltshire, the home of William Beckford (1760–1844), author of *Vathek*. Beckford spent a gigantic fortune inherited from his father (the Lord Mayor of London, and friend of Wilkes) on the house and grounds of Fonthill, and crowded it with valuable collections of books, pictures, and engravings. In 1822 he found himself in straitened circumstances, sold Fonthill and most of its contents, and went to live in Bath.

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sentimental and silly account of the Place, but one cannot help longing to see it, with all its wonders.

With best regards from Mrs W, I remain,

Faithfully, your oblg<sup>d</sup> friend,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Rich<sup>d</sup> Sharp Esq<sup>re</sup>, 9 Mansion Ho. Place, London,  
by favor of Mr Cookson.

*MS.*

*K(—)*

*690. W. W. to Richard Sharp*

Rydal Mount, Nov<sup>r</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> [1822]

My dear Sir,

I am much concerned to hear of your indisposition, which I sincerely hope is by this time abated. Our house has, for the last ten days, been filled with anxiety on account of the illness of my younger Son; he has had a relapse, and we have been much alarmed, but we hope he is something better, though his fever is still very high. Dorothy is at Stockton upon Tees. She will be consulted by letter upon your obliging offer, of which I know she will be duly sensible.

My Sister returned from Scotland a few days since, having been detained three weeks at Edinburgh by the illness of her Companion, Miss Joanna Hutchinson. She would have written to Mr Rogers immediately had she not been prevented by her Nephew's severe sickness. She went from Edinburgh to Stirling by water, thence to Glasgow, chiefly by the Track-boat, thence to Dumbarton and to Rob Roy's Caves, and Tarbet by the Steam Boat. To Inveraray by land, and returned to Glasgow by steam; coming home by Lanark, etc. She has made notes of her tour, which are very amusing, particularly as a contrast to the loneliness of her former mode of travelling.

I was not aware how much I was asking when I requested you to undertake my little concern in the French Funds, or I should not have ventured to make the proposal. I knew indeed that everybody must be averse to incur such a responsibility, but was encouraged to hope that your confidence that, whatever the result proved, I should not complain, but should be content,

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would do away much of your dislike in my particular case. On carefully referring to your letter I feel myself not justified in expressing the wish that you should act for me. At present I have only to say that I should be willing to stand a few of the depressions of the French Funds, even if considerable, provided I could feel assured that the French Government would honestly abide by its engagements. I am not anxious for profit, by selling in and out; or desirous to have the command of my money: all I look for, for some years to come, is the regular payment of good interest which I now have. Were I to take the money out, I should not know what to do with it. After stating this, as the principal point I look to, and the only one to me of great importance, I may add that I should be perfectly contented to have my Cock-boat tyed to your Seventy-four. If *you* thought it advisable to sell out, so should I, therefore, should *you* see reason to change, I have only to beg that you will be so kind as to let me know.

I have not heard from Mr Cookson, and therefore do not know whether the document he took is in your hands or his, but I expect to hear from him in a day or two, and no doubt he will [tell] me.

With much regret that I should have troubled you thus far, and grateful for your kind attention to my letter, I remain, with Mrs Wordsworth's and my Sister's best Regards

my dear Sir

very faithfully your obliged Friend

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Richard Sharp Esq<sup>re</sup>, Mansion House Square, London.

MS.      691. D. W. to Edward Quillinan

Finished 19<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> [1822]

My dear Friend

Your delightfully interesting letter to my Sister is just arrived—not to spur me on—for I was at my writing-table ready (after having finished one letter) to begin to write to *you*. I should not have waited three weeks at home without congratulating you on being reunited in one house with your dear Children had all been

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going on chearfully with us, but I was unwilling to make you a sharer in our anxieties, and therefore waited till I could tell you (which now, thank God! is in my power) that the whole Family, was (if not in strong health) in hopeful spirits. Miss J. H. and I, on our return from Scotland (It will be 3 weeks ago on Thursday) found William looking so much better than at our departure that we were quite delighted. His countenance had cast off its wrinkles: he was again the Boy William. We had met him and his Father and Mother on the hill going by moonlight to drink tea with the Elliots (for the first time). They turned back with us; but after ten minutes' chat, went to pay their visit, leaving William, Aunt J—and me to the fire-side. We were very merry—and, through the evening, discovered nothing amiss in him but a little quickness of breathing, which we had attributed to hurrying up the hill—with the excitement occasioned by the pleasure of seeing us. When my Br and Sr returned they told us, however that they were uneasy about him. The next day there was plainly cause for this—the day after he was worse;—and on the third day—breathing bad—and pulse very quick, with other alarming symptoms. The usual reducing remedies were resorted to; and the disease has yielded to them. He is now (though weak and looking very ill—wrinkled and hollow-cheeked—with his nose in proportion higher than his dear Father's)—in good spirits, eats with appetite, sleeps well—and is without pain, or difficulty in respiration. For the last three days he has ridden round and round the garden with great benefit and if the weather be fine I doubt not he will gather strength fast; but for long—many a day and many a month he must be guarded and watched as an invalid. The strictest rules are prescribed as to diet, *gentle* exercise—and cessation from application to Books—except of amusement. This you will say no hardship for him! I am happy however to tell you that he finds great amusement in being read to; and seems to take pleasure in reading to himself—only his weakness will not permit him to do this long together, he having yet no facility in catching up sentences: but while another is reading he listens steadily, and long together, and his natural quickness enables him to gather ideas without any injurious effort of the mind. He is

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charmed with Parry's voyage to the N. Pole,<sup>1</sup> which I now overhear his Mother reading to him. They are in the dining-room—I at my bed-room window. I am sure you have not forgotten that window—out of which I peeped many a time last winter to give you a nod, and to hear your pleasant voice, while I was muffled up in my Cloak copying that enormous journal which I can never expect any one (except a few idle folks such as our Cousins the Robinsons who have nothing else to do) ever to read through. Well, here I sit again—muffled in my furs and cloak; but though snow is on the hills, summer flowers are lingering in the garden—the mount is as green as in spring-time—indeed so are the Fields—and the sun now shines sweetly upon the green grass and brown leafy oaks. The air, though changeable is often very mild; but alas! it is from the rain that so much greenness comes—Only four fine days since our return—the rest not gushing showers—but all-day and all-night rains. Last year a little before this time you were about returning from your Yorkshire Tour with my Brother. We were talking of this only yesterday—and I went on musing to myself on other events sad and sorrowful—and on the return of innocent hopes and pleasures when the Ivy Cot was again echoing with the little prattler's voice—and of the changes that too harshly followed:—But we talked with clearfulness of you and your little-ones; and today your account of them almost brings them back again to us—so lively is your description—the same sweet, loveable, spirited interesting creatures—yet with the change that five months have made at their changeful age. Jemima is certainly established the very best child in the world—I thought her so before she went away; and now she is proved. Rotha's hair will be a fine auburn—depend upon it—whether you shave her head or not—so pray let it keep its natural covering, during the winter, at least. Dora's heart will flutter with pleasure when she reads your description of her own Darling! but only think of the feeble, delicate pretty (I will call her pretty in spite of Dora's jealousy) Mary Monkhouse, having so far got the start of your

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Edward Parry, 1790–1855, rear-admiral and Arctic explorer. In 1821 he published his *Journal of a Voyage for Discovery of a N.W. Passage, performed in the years 1819–20 in H.M. Ships Fury and Hecla.*

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little roundabout as to show eight teeth in her wee mouth! My Sister is much pleased with what you say of the Nurse, and thinks it was the best good fortune that you met her at Matlock. We are truly glad that Eliza pleases you so well; and you may be sure that we (my Sister and I) are not inclined to think the worse of her for spending some of her time, which she might employ at her needle, in reading my Brother's poems. Do you think she is partly swayed by the pride and pleasure she has in thinking of this country, and of having *herself* known the poet? —or would she have taken delight in them if she had found the Book by chance and had known nothing of Westmorland or the Author?—You may rest assured that if any one, or two, or all of us—should go to London we shall not come away again without going to Lee Priory if you or your Children be there—and even though not—I should be tempted thither, though but to look at the place and empty rooms. I hope at some time that we shall see Captain Barret again. Perhaps he may have a wish to revisit Rydal and Grasmere, even if you and your little Girls should not take up your abode at the Ivy Cottage—or we may meet in London—or at Lee Priory. Miss Hutchinson and Dora will probably not return from Stockton much before Xmas as we are desirous that William should be completely recovered before D comes home. Many a time did we express our thankfulness that they (and D especially) had been spared from sharing our sorrow and anxiety. It would certainly have had a bad effect upon her health, which her Aunt says is now quite restored. She rides out daily, is very happy, and in excellent spirits—busy with music and drawing—and (to my great satisfaction) has cast away Dictionaries and Grammars. She is much beloved (and admired too) by all her Friends—Her Aunt says that her looks are wonderfully improved. She is like *herself* again (which you hardly ever saw her)—Nothing remaining of that dullness and heaviness—that inactive appearance which she had had for so many months before she left home. Her cough has been quite well for some time.

As to Miss Hutton,<sup>1</sup> if she has not written to you or sent you messages it has only been that she has had nothing to say but

<sup>1</sup> The name by which S. H. was called by E. Q.'s little daughters.

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that she affectionately remembered you and Jemima and Rotha. If she had had a scold, or a grumble for you—depend on it she would have given it. I know not whether she may not, after all, go to London from Stockton instead of coming back hither, as she seems determined to spend the earliest of the Spring (or rather the end of winter) in London. In that case my Brother would fetch his daughter home. I hope you will very soon find her out after her arrival of which you will have timely notice. Her first visit will be to the Monkhouses. We are sorry you did not see them when in town. Poor Mr M. has lately heard of the Death of one of his two Brothers, in the West Indies—where he has been toiling for more than twenty years without profit. Mr M had lent him considerable sums of money which will all be lost to him ; but this seems to give him small concern. The death of his Brother has affected him very much.

I hope you will be able to see the M.'s the next time you go to Town.

We have not heard from the Gees for many weeks—I wrote to Mrs Gee a few days ago to inform them that Mr Dixon has given up Old Brathay—not that we think it likely they would now have any thing to do with it—but as they used to wish for that house in preference to any other we thought it right to tell them. Poor Mr Blakeney is dead, so it is probable that Fox gill will be to be sold ; for Mrs Blakeney is not likely to come to it herself. Mr de Q. is here shut up as usual—the house always blinded—or left with but one eye to peep out of—he probably in bed—We hear nothing of him. Your Friend Wilson Morris has offered himself to Mr Elliot—as a servant—told the same story of Mr Wordsworth's *promises*—and was rejected by Mr E. He is still *studying* with John Carter, and gallanting the Ladies. John Fleming is no doubt again in his glory ; for both his houses are empty—he himself flourishing—for he looks well and always smiles graciously upon *me* at least. Meanwhile Mr Monkhouse profits from the interest of his rent. Mr Barber is vexed with himself that he cannot support the solitude of his Cottage the year through. Labours out of doors are at an end—He is not confined or employed, as last year, by sickness—yet he has not the resolution to go away. He talks of Edinburgh—and that

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would be the best [thing] for him ; for he says that if he goes to London he shall never come back again. This is all very strange for [he] says alw[ays] that he has had enough of London. The [ ? ] have been in L. above a month. Mrs and Miss MacClochan (They have never taught me to spell their name) are at Allan Bank—the Quakers still at Tail End—Mr Harden has had a fit of Lumbago and is bleached by it ; but he will soon be on horseback again, and among his workmen, and then as young as ever.

Hartley Coleridge is with Mr Dawes. He has not been long enough to have proved his skill and patience as a Teacher ; but Mr D. says he is very steady. He is the oddest looking creature you ever saw—not taller than Mr de Quincey—with a beard as black as a raven. He is exactly like a Portugueze Jew. Mrs Coleridge and Sara are at Derby—going to Mr Clarkson's in Suffolk—and thence to London. Sara quite well. You will be glad to hear that her horsemanship is going to turn to some profit. The Southeys all well. You do not forget your neighbours, and now I think I have told you enough of them.

Oh no—poor Curran, the coach-man at the hall—our proud letter-carrier—is dead and buried. He died of a fit of apoplexy—a fate which my Brother had long foretold. The Church is to be built—in the orchard adjoining our Field. We hear nothing of Tillbrooke, except that he and my Brother are both much interested in the Election—both of course against *your* side. [The] Miss Dowlings are well—and your little favorite Julia<sup>1</sup> improving in all respects.

As to our Scotch Tour I can only say that it was delightful—though not extensive. I liked it the better for being over known ground. Afterwards we returned to Edinburgh—found quiet benefit for Miss J H in the warm sea, and vapour baths, and in spite of rheumatism, she had great pleasure in 3 weeks residence at Edinburgh. We were at Lanark. I thought of you—and yours in passing through Hamilton, especially when I saw the Barracks. You will wonder I have not said a word of Bills and Business—all will be settled I hope in the course of a week—and I will then send you a statement of Dr and Cr and all particulars. The principal Bills are discharged. Mr Carr very much obliged

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Julia Myers.

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to you—and begged me to say so.—And now my dear Friend I must turn for a moment to the most interesting part of your very interesting letter. You desire to have no criticism—and I assure you I am not disposed to criticize. The verses are very affecting—and I think they will set my Brother's mind to flow in numbers, as they have already wrought on his feelings. He has mused upon your lines—but he must be left to himself—at present his nervous anxiety concerning William is not sufficiently settled down. He cannot go to any thing but vagrant reading by day light. He walks much it is true—yet seldom alone except to the Doctor's. My poor Sister has been her son's constant attendant—night and day—but now her rest is not broken. She is thinner, as you may suppose—and looks ill; but her health has not, I think, materially suffered. My Brother's eyes are better—and he looks pretty well. I am perfectly well—Truly thankful I reached home when I did; for my poor Brother would have been lost without a companion during his heavy anxiety. Joanna Hutchinson, I am sorry to tell you, has left us.

This is a sad, sad scrawl; If I were as witty as you I should contrive with some nicely turned apology to beg you to excuse my brevity—As it is, I must say my weary lengthiness.

I began to write yesterday—in sunshine and fair weather—the rain came on again at night with renewed freshness—goes on now at 12 o'clock briskly—and so I suspect will continue to do—perhaps for days to come. Poor William is confined to the parlour and our wooden house—but he desires me (very merrily) to tell you that he too has got the littlest of little houses. He is doing very well. Kiss the Darlings for each of us—give my kiss with the name 'Dortee Wordsworth'. The wine and all other things you shall hear of when I write again.

Yours ever  
aff<sup>cly</sup> D. W.

My Sister returns a hundred thanks for yr letter. She will write when quite at ease and more at leisure.

I have broken open my letter for a message from my Brother. His state of mind has hindered him from doing what he hopes now soon to be able to do—he says it is much in his thoughts.

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My Brother begs his kindest regards.

Mr Kenyon desired to be informed when Old Brathay was vacant—if ever. You perhaps know where he is and could contrive to write or send him word,—but first learn if the Gees think of it.

This surely will prove the most troublesome letter you ever received—You must have a sharp eye to discover all the scraps.

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup>, Lee Priory near Wingham Kent.

MS.

692. *D. W. to Elizabeth Crump<sup>1</sup>*

Rydal Mount, Nov 29<sup>th</sup>, 1822.

My dear Elizabeth,

I am glad of an opportunity of sending you a line by E. Wilkinson who will depart this evening for Liverpool and will return in a fortnight when I hope she will bring good tidings of all your family, and of Mrs King, who I suppose is now with you.

You were very kind in thinking of us at the time of your affliction. Mrs Harden delivered your message and I should have written, but shrinking from the pain of it myself, I said—‘What consolation can be given at this time? They will ere long find the best consolation in thinking of their departed sister as removed from an uncertain life to that happiness which her meek spirit seemed almost to be fitted for while she was in this world.’ I trust your dear Mother has regained her chearfulness and that she enjoys the same good health as formerly. Mrs King’s account of Louisa gave us great pleasure. Little did I once think that she would ever again have been able to join in the pleasures and employments of other young people, but it now seems she is as stout as the best of you.

We have heard that you are coming to Mrs Harden’s this winter, and shall be sincerely glad if it be true. We will again, God willing, go again to the sheep-fold<sup>2</sup> together—and who knows but you may even reach the top of Fairfield? I was there twice last summer. I addressed a letter to Mrs King at Liverpool. From her you will have heard of William’s last illness. He

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Mr Crump, a Liverpool lawyer, who had built Allan Bank and lived there for a time after the W.s left it; v. *E.L.*, p. 441.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. Michael’s sheepfold in Greenhead Ghyll.

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is (I am thankful in being able to say so) much better now, than when I wrote to her, and we trust that with constant watchfulness, he may in course of time overcome the present internal weakness which has caused his last two—and indeed several other serious illnesses. His spirits are excellent and he submits cheerfully to all privations, having at the same time some pleasures which he is privileged to enjoy only as being an invalid. He has a nice little poney and rides whenever the weather will permit.

Miss Hutchinson is still at Stockton with Dora. We hope to have them at home before Xmas, when John will come for the holidays from Sedbergh. Dora's health seems now to be quite re-established. Miss Joanna is at Kendal, and I am sorry to say she has again been poorly, since she left us. I had a delightful little Tour with her in Scotland, and a three weeks' residence in Edinburgh, where though she suffered great pain from rheumatism, she enjoyed much pleasure, and at our return to Rydal she was, I hoped, nearly well.

My Brother had a letter lately from your Brother John. He bids me say that he heartily wishes him success, and would have been very glad to have given him an order, but he happens now to have an unusual stock of wine, having imported through Mr Quillinan, whose father is an Oporto merchant, two hogsheads of port. You know that at best our consumption of wine is but trifling, but my Brother will not forget that John Crumpe can supply him when he wants white wine again. The stock of port will last us for years and years to come. Hartley Coleridge is with Mr Dawes. Mrs C. and Sara are at Derby, on their way to London.

I send you a specimen of my Brother's handwriting. You will be glad to hear that he is well in health and his eyes not very bad. My Sister is quite well, notwithstanding her late anxiety—it has however made her *look* ill and thin. My Brother and Sister join with me in kindest remembrances to your Father, Miss Crumpe and all the Family and to Mrs King. Believe me, my dear Elizabeth, your affectionate Friend,

Dorothy Wordsworth.

*Address:* Miss Eliz<sup>th</sup> Crumpe, at J. G. Crumpe's Esq<sup>re</sup>, Liverpool.

JANUARY 1823

MS.  
R(—) K(—)

693. *D. W. to Samuel Rogers*

Rydal Mount, Jan<sup>y</sup> 3<sup>d</sup>, 1823.<sup>1</sup>

My dear Sir,

As you have no doubt heard, by a message sent from my Brother through Mr Sharpe, I happened to be in Scotland when your letter arrived, where (having intended to be absent from home only a fortnight) I was detained seven weeks by the illness of my fellow traveller. Having not had it in my power to thank you immediately for your great kindness to me, and your ready attention to my Brother's request, I was unwilling, after my return, to write for that purpose merely, many circumstances occurring to prevent me from coming to a decision upon the matter in which you are inclined to take so friendly an interest. The most important of these was a protracted and dangerous sickness of my Nephew William, which began the day after my arrival at home, and engrossed the care and attention of the whole house. He is now recovered; but his looks continue to shew that his frame is far from being restored to its natural strength.

I cannot but be flattered by your thinking so well of my Journal as to recommend (indirectly at least) that I should not part with all power over it till its fortune has been tried: you will not be surprized, however, that I am not so hopeful; and that I am apprehensive that, after having encountered the unpleasantness of coming before the public I might not be assisted in attaining my object. I have, then, to ask whether a middle course be not possible, that is, whether your favorable opinion, confirmed perhaps by some other good judges, might not induce a Bookseller to give a certain sum for the right to publish a given number of copies. In fact, I find it next to impossible to make up my mind to sacrifice my privacy for a certainty less than two hundred pounds—a sum which would effectually aid me in accomplishing the ramble I so much, and I hope not unwisely, wish for. If a bargain could be made on terms of this sort, your expectation of further profits (which expectation I would willingly share) need not be parted with; and I should

<sup>1</sup> For D. W. to H. C. R., Dec. 21, 1822, *v. C.R.*, p. 120.

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have the further gratification of acting according to your advice.

I have nothing further to say, for it is superfluous to trouble you with my scruples, and the fears which I have that a work of such slight pretensions will be wholly overlooked in this writing and publishing (especially *tour*-writing and *tour*-publishing) age; and when factions and parties, literary and political, are so busy in endeavouring to stifle all attempts to interest, however pure from any taint of the world, and however humble in their claims.

My Brother begs me to say that it gratified him to hear you were pleased with his late publications. In the 'Memorials' he himself likes best the Stanzas upon Einsiedeln, the three Cottage Girls, and, above all, the Eclipse upon the Lake of Lugano; and, in the 'Sketches' the succession of those on the Reformation, and those towards the conclusion of the third part. Mr Sharpe liked best the poem on Enterprise, which surprized my Brother a good deal. We hope to see you in summer; you will be truly welcome, and we should be heartily glad to see your Sister as your companion, to whom we all beg to be most kindly remembered.

If you knew how much it has cost me to settle the affair of this proposed publication in my mind, as far as I have now done, I am sure you would deem me sufficiently excused for having so long delayed answering your most obliging letter. I have still to add that if there be a prospect that any Bookseller will undertake the publication, I will immediately prepare a corrected copy to be sent to you; and I shall trust to your kindness for taking the trouble to look over it, and to mark whatever passages you may think too trivial for publication, or in any other respect much amiss.

My Brother and Sister join with me in every good wish to you for the coming year and many more. Believe me, dear Sir, yours gratefully and with sincere esteem,

Dorothy Wordsworth.

*Address:* Samuel Rogers Esq<sup>re</sup> St James's Place, London.

FEBRUARY 1823

C.

694. *M. W. to Lady Beaumont*

K.

My dear Lady Beaumont,

February 5<sup>th</sup>, 1823.

I have delayed sending you the poem,<sup>1</sup> and also to reply to your last kind letter, in the hope of being able to speak decisively about the intended visit to Coleorton. . . .

Mrs C. and Sara have been some time at Highgate. She wrote soon after their arrival there, and gave a cheerful account of C. She spoke of going into Devonshire about the middle of March. We seldom see Hartley, but as we hear little of him, and that little in his favour, we hope he is spending his time to some good purpose; but as to the discipline of Mr Dawes' school, that cannot much restrain him, as I believe there are not more than four boys. . . .

I hope the verses will afford you pleasure. Her ladyship wrote a very proper reply when they were sent to her; but how far they may have power to act as a 'peace-offering' we much doubt, but heartily wish they may.<sup>2</sup> The severe weather has put a stop to all progress with the work. If you or Sir George could send us any hints, or sketch for a chapel that would look well in this situation, it is possible that we could have it made useful—through her<sup>3</sup> agents. We are very anxious that nothing should be done to disfigure the village. They might, good taste directing them, add much to its beauty. The site chosen is the orchard opposite the door leading to the lower waterfall. . . .

MS.

695. *D. W. to Samuel Rogers*

R. K(—)

My dear Sir,

17<sup>th</sup> February, 1823.

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of thanking you for your last very kind letter, as Miss Hutchinson is going directly to London, and through her you will receive this. At present I shall do no more than assure you that I am fully sensible of the value of your friendly attention to the matter on which I have troubled you, as I hope that my Brother and Sister will soon have the

<sup>1</sup> *To the Lady Fleming, on seeing the foundation preparing for the Erection of Rydal Chapel, Westmoreland* (Oxf. W., p. 533).

<sup>2</sup> The strained relations between the W.s and Lady Fleming may be explained by Letter 680.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. Lady le Fleming's.

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pleasure of meeting you in London, and he will explain to you all my scruples and apprehensions. They will leave home tomorrow with Miss Hutchinson and (parting with her at Derby) will turn aside to Coleorton, where they purpose spending about three weeks with our kind friends Sir George and Lady Beaumont, and will then, if nothing intervene to frustrate their present scheme, proceed to London. Their visit will be a short one, but I hope they will have time to see all their Friends.

My Brother is glad that you came upon the stone to the memory of Aloys Reding<sup>1</sup> in such an interesting way—he and Mrs W., without any previous notice, met with it at the moment of sunset, as described at the close of those stanzas. I was rambling in another part of the wood and unluckily missed it. I was delighted with your and your Sister's reception at that pleasant house in the vale of Schuytz, which I well remember. Mr Monkhouse and I, (going on foot to Brennen from Schuytz,) were struck with the appearance of the house, and inquired to whom it belonged—were told, to a Family of the name of Reding; but could not make out whether it had been the residence and Birth-place of Aloys Reding or not.

The passage in Oldham is a curious discovery.

You say nothing of coming northward this summer. I hope my Brother and Sister may tempt you to think about it. I am left at home with my Niece and her Brother William, now quite well.

Pray make my very kind remembrances to Miss Rogers. You must not leave her behind when you come again to the Lakes.

So, my dear Sir, excuse this hasty scrawl, we are in the bustle of preparation for the long journey—a great event in this house! Believe me to be, with great respect,

Yours very sincerely,  
Dorothy Wordsworth.

K.            696. W. W. to Allan Cunningham

Dear Sir,        Lee Priory, near Wingham, Kent, May 6<sup>th</sup>, 1823.

On my return to Gloucester Place I found your obliging present of your book, and the medallion of Sir Walter Scott,

<sup>1</sup> v. *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*, No. XIV (Oxf. W., p. 337).

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with both of which I was much pleased; both for their several sakes, and as marks of your attention. They are forwarded to Westmoreland; and in a day or two I quit this place for a trip, I hope of not more than three weeks, chiefly in Holland. If I return through London it will not be to stop twenty-four hours there. . . .

Very faithfully, your obliged servant,

Wm. Wordsworth.

MS.

697. D. W. to Edward Quillinan

Tuesday May 6<sup>th</sup> 1823.

My dear Friend,

Dismissing money matters,<sup>1</sup> let me now tell you that much and often and long together has my heart been with you at Lee Priory and truly have I sympathized with my Brother and Sister in the happiness they have enjoyed under that hospitable roof. We are and have been most comfortable at home, but you may be sure had duty permitted such a wish I should many a time have wished to be at Lee Priory and should now wish to be setting out on the Holland Ramble. My dear Niece sends a thousand Loves to you and your sweet Jemima and Rotha. She never lets half a day go by without talking of you all. God be thanked we are all quite well. I have had a most severe cold during which D. was a tender nurse and faithful housekeeper. I have not quite regained my strength but have cast off the malady completely. I have just returned from a ride in a cart with Miss Dowling. My walks since my recovery have not been beyond the garden and I assure you I am disposed to take great care of myself. According to Mary's last letter, they will leave you to-morrow. Perhaps you will go with them to Dover and perhaps may write to tell us they are gone. I pray you in love and charity to write to us—you cannot think what pleasure a letter from you would give us. Do excuse my scrawling—though my Disorder has been nothing worse than a bad cold—or Influenza—I am strangely weakened, and the writing of a letter

<sup>1</sup> Accounts and explanations of them take up the first two pages.

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tires me more than any thing. Pray make my affectionate regards to Capt<sup>n</sup> Barret and believe me your ever faithful and affectionate Friend

D. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup>, Lee Priory, near Wingham,  
Kent.

MS.

698. D. W. to Edward Quillinan

May 7<sup>th</sup> Wednesday. [1823]

[After further statement of accounts, and comment on them, from which it appears that Mr. Gee, the late tenant of Ivy Cottage, had behaved shabbily over a broken bed.]

My dear Friend,

It grieves me to have to write thus of Mr Gee—so kind a man—and now actually under our Roof—but you understand him—and know with me that, in such little matters as these he casts off the Gentleman in feeling. I am obliged to call to mind his patience, his tenderness last year, and the deep havoc made in his feelings—otherwise I should be utterly indignant. It is now over and settled, and I will no more recur to it, and you will, I am sure, gladly burn this letter as soon as read.

I hope my Brother and Sister have left you this day and are now actually sailing with a mild breeze towards Ostend. The air here is charming—I hope so, (i.e. that they have left you) for it has occurred to me that if my last should reach you when they are still at Lee Priory, my account of the bad cold which I have had may have half frightened my Brother, though I spoke of it only as a thing gone by. I am very sorry I mentioned it at all—yet surely they must be gone. I was yesterday pleasantly jolted with Miss Dowling in a cart round by Skelwyth Bridge and Skelwyth Fold—came home quite in glee—strong and hearty—to-day I have been visiting our neighbours the Elliotts and Robinsons. My first walk down the hill—and I almost feel as if I could mount Nab Scar, but you need not fear me. I have no temptation to take long walks, having no long-walking companions—and all is so delightful immediately around us. William has never had a moment's illness since his Father and Mother left us. D. is quite well at present. Miss E. Crump here

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—a very pleasant companion for both of us. I hope that my dear Brother and Sister will return to us with renewed health and spirits. He stood in great need of a change, and so long as they are enjoying themselves, and he laying in stores of spirits etc for the winter—we are quite contented and happy; feeling no impatience for their return. I speak at least for myself. I would have them leave nothing undone that their means can accomplish, which may be pleasant and beneficial. Do write to us—and tell Miss Hutton to write often and long letters—I shall write to her as soon as I hear again from Mary. My kind love to the Monkhouses. I should like to be among you now and then. How happy Miss Hutton and Mima will be picking up pretty shells together. God bless you all. Believe me, ever your affec<sup>t</sup>e

Dorothy Wordsworth.

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup> Lee Priory, near Wingham,  
Kent.

Hutchins  
K(—)

699. *W. W. to John Kenyon*

Lee Priory, May 16<sup>th</sup> [1823]

My dear Friend,

Your very welcome letter followed me to this place; the account it gave of your happiness and comfort was such as we wished to hear—may the like blessings be long, very long, continued to you—changing their character only according to the mildest influences of time! You gave me liberty to reply to your letter as might suit what you knew of my procrastinating disposition—I caught at this, but be assured you would have heard from me immediately if I could have held out any hopes, either to myself or you, that we should be able to accept of your kind invitation to visit you and Mrs K. (with whom we should be most happy to become acquainted) at Bath. We came hither 5 weeks ago, meaning after a fortnight's stay to cross the Channel for a little Tour in Flanders and Holland—but we had calculated, as the saying is, without our Host—the spring was tardy and froward—when a day or two of fine weather came, they were followed by blustering, and even tempestuous, winds—

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these abated, and out came my own vernal enemy, the Inflammation in my eyes, which dashed our resolutions, and here I am, still obliged to employ Mrs W. as my amanuensis.

This day however being considerably better we shall go to Dover with a view to embark for Ostend to-morrow; unless detained by similar obstacles. From Ostend we mean to go to Ghent, to Antwerp, Breda, Utrecht, Amsterdam—to Rotterdam by Harlem, the Hague and Leyden—thence to Antwerp by another route, and perhaps shall return by Mechlin, Brussels, Lille and Ypres to Calais—or direct to Ostend as we came. We hope to be landed in England within a month. We shall hurry thro' London homewards, where we are naturally anxious already to be, having left Rydal Mount so far back as February.

Now for a word about yourself, my dear Friend. You had long been followed, somewhat blindly, by our good wishes; we had heard nothing of you, except thro' Mr Quillinan and from Mr Monkhouse. If there was any fault in your not writing sooner, you made amends by entering so kindly into the particulars of what you had done and proposed to do; where you are living, and how you were as to estate, body and mind. It is among my hopes that, either in Westmoreland or West of England, I may at no very distant time be a witness of your happiness; and notwithstanding all my faults and waywardnesses, have an opportunity of recommending myself to the good graces of your Help-mate.

I have time for little more; as, in an hour and a half, we must leave our good friends here—this elegant Conventual Mansion, with its pictures and its books, and bid a farewell to its groves and nightingales, which this morning have been singing divinely—by the bye it has been so cold that they are silent during the season of darkness. These delights we must surrender and take our way on foot three miles along the pleasant banks of Stour to fall in with the Dover coach. At this moment the S.W. wind is blustering abominably, and whirling the leaves and blossoms about in a way that reminds me of the tricks it is playing with the surf on the naked coast of Ostend—but courage! we depart with many good wishes, to which yours shall be added as no act of presumption on our part. God bless you and yours! and

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grant us a happy meeting if not in this world, in a better! to which my wife says Amen.

Ever affly yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

If you should be in London about a month hence let us know by a letter to the Post Off. Dover, as we should be sorry to pass thro' without a glimpse of you.

John is at New Coll. Oxford. Should you pass enquire after him—he would be overjoyed to see you.

*Address:* John Kenyon Esq<sup>re</sup> 59 Pulteney Street, Bath.

*MS.*      700. D. W. to Edward Quillinan

My dear Friend,

June 17<sup>th</sup> [1823]

John has brought his letter<sup>1</sup> for me to fill up—and I have but three minutes. The Maid of Paraguay<sup>2</sup> and her Mother wait for me to go out. They arrived on Saturday morning and are to leave us to-morrow. The young creature has returned to her native mountains unspoiled by the admiration that has been showered upon her—indeed I think her much improved. She is a sweet Girl to look upon and is truly amiable. Doro is to stay another fortnight at Harrowgate, that is she will set off home-wards on Tuesday (I believe it is the first day of July). Mr Barber is to meet her if he is well enough but he is beginning a course of the Blue Pill—and is therefore, he says, doubtful. For my part, I think he ails little more than usual, only the old Bachelor is unhinged by the late addition to his family and his housekeeper's consequent disability to wait upon him. I am not without hopes that her Father and Mother may, after all, meet Doro at H. I forwarded yesterday a letter to them through Mr Johnson hoping it might catch them in London, or be forwarded to them at Cambridge, which letter was from her protectress Mrs Hutchinson, and decided me to let her stay the

<sup>1</sup> The letter is written at the end of a letter from John Wordsworth.

<sup>2</sup> Sara Coleridge, who had translated Martin Dobrizhoffen's *Latin History of the Abipones*, to help to defray her brother Derwent's college expenses. This book was the source on which Southeby drew for his poem 'The Maid of Paraguay' (published 1825). Sara C. had spent the early part of this year in London, on a visit to her father at the Gillmans'. (v. Lamb's letter to B. Barton of Feb. 17.)

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full six weeks prescribed by the Doctor. We have now delightful weather—to me *most* delightful, for the sun shines the day through, and the air is clear and bracing. I am now quite well in all respects—that is I seem to have regained my strength, which fell away sadly under the Influenza. I was at Kendal on Sunday and spent 3 hours with the Cooksons. Poor Elizabeth grows weaker—her breathing worse and the pain in the side more fixed. She wastes very slowly, but even her Mother has now no hope. Her countenance is angelic and she looks affectingly beautiful. Her good Mother bears up wonderfully, I thought her as well as I have seen her for years: but Mr Cookson is sadly changed. He feels deeply—so does she, but she has so many duties to keep her up—and above all the necessity of chearfulness in the Daughter's presence, who poor thing, is very patient, and I believe prepared for the worst, though she talks of recovery now that the weather favours her, and of coming to Rydal Mount. I am very glad you have written to Doro. Some trifles in the accounts are not yet settled. Ever your affectionate Friend

Dorothy Wordsworth.

*Address:* Edw<sup>d</sup> Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup> To the care of Mess<sup>rs</sup> Cane & Co,  
Army Agents, Dublin.

*MS.*      701. *D. W. to Edward Quillinan*

Friday 4<sup>th</sup> July 1823

My dear Friend,

On Wednesday I forwarded a letter to you from Capt<sup>n</sup> Barret into which I contrived to insert a few words telling you that I would *not* write in case our Travellers returned not as was expected, on Thursday, but thinking you will hardly grudge the cost if this letter should reach you, and that if it be too late the loss will be nothing. I take the pen just to tell you that they are at Harrowgate, and will remain there 'at least a fortnight'—that was my Brother's expression, but Mary says she thinks nothing will tempt him to stay longer, and that if he receives benefit it will be an encouragement to him to go again at a cheaper season. I, however, think it will be much cheaper to get cured at once, and have urged them to stay longer if good comes of the fortnight's

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trial. On Thursday morning I went down to the Coach, and in spite of my heroical wishes for their stay at Harrowgate I was disappointed at not seeing Father, Mother, and Daughter on the top of it—at first grievously disappointed; but I soon got the better of that: and an hour after had the pleasure of receiving a joint letter from Wm and M. with a delightful account of Doro's good looks, her strength and spirits—of every thing but the pimples on her face which still keep their station. The doctor advised a fortnight's longer stay at H. for her, and this no doubt had much influence on their decision. Immediately they sought out lodgings and were comfortably settled on Monday morning at 2£- 16s- per week (fire and attendance included) next door to the Robinsons and little Julia,<sup>1</sup> who were to remain at H. till to-day, and who I hope will persuade my Brother to take Doro and her Mother to see York when the business at the Spa is over. My Sister was in a great puzzle about you, having heard that the Holmes's had not yet arrived at York, and she thought, as you would be obliged to go to Newcastle, you would hardly come back again to see us at Rydal. It was indeed very kind in you so to do—but Oh! that I could have kept you longer! I was very sad and melancholy all the morning after you left me, wandering about the garden while the young ones were at Church. Poor Mr Barber! I have seen him twice at his own house, but he comes not near us, nursing his ailments, and being one ferment of suspicion and rage after another. I went on Monday evening with Mr Todd—we drank tea with him; and Todd was quite astonished with the feverish violence of his language. He seemed positively to hate our meek neighbour at the foot of the hill, because he had talked with you a quarter of an hour—he! who knew nothing of you! he who had no claims on you! I delivered your message before a word of this broke out: and told him that you not only had expected to see him on Sunday, but that we had been on the look-out for him at Rydal on Saturday afternoon. The next day I went again with Mr and Mrs Dowling, who were so charmed with the place that he was happy and pleasant in spite of himself. In neither of these interviews having an opportunity of

<sup>1</sup> Julia Myers.

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speaking to him alone, I left a note, very kindly expressed, explaining how I had been the innocent cause of his suspicions against myself after the mysterious words—old Wife—over-heard by him in the passage. He has made no reply to the note, and I have heard nothing of him since. But more than enough of such nonsense! When I see him again, if he renews the subject, I shall make no reply, still less shall I be inclined to shew resentment—indeed how could I? for I do not feel it, and am only sorry for his unhappy lot.

We have had delightful weather since you left us, and I hope you have been as much favoured on your solitary journey. It would be a great kindness if you would write to me before you leave Ireland. Remember that your letter would be a double treat to me, as it would arrive before our Friends return.

Do not, I pray you, wait for a frank. Miss E. Crump will leave us on Monday morning—she begs to be most kindly remembered to you. So does Hartley Coleridge. He has been writing a pretty sonnet: and many a Run has he had up and down the Terrace while he was composing it—a Run such as he used to take at ‘six years old’.

Well! if you do not settle at the Ivy Cottage, I hope sometime to see you and your dear little Ones at Lee Priory. God bless you all and grant you a happy meeting! Yours ever affectionately

D. Wordsworth.

My kind regards to Capt<sup>n</sup> Barrett and Egerton Brydges. John and William are out on their ponies with the three young Hardens—Miss H. and her Brothers—a gallant cavalcade.

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup>, Post Office, Limerick, Ireland.

*MS.*      702. *D. W. to Elizabeth Crump*

[July 1823]

My dear Elizabeth,

I doubt not you have thought me slow in writing, as you left us in so much anxiety respecting Hartley, but as there was nothing in the termination of that affair but just what you might fancy, I waited to tell you either that our Friends meant to prolong their stay at Harrowgate or were actually come home, and

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now I have the Happiness of seeing them all gathered together again at Rydal Mount and have only to lament that you were not here to receive them. They arrived at  $\frac{1}{2}$  before two o'clock on Tuesday morning, I had sate up till 12 and was just dropping asleep when I was rouzed by a pattering of gravel against the window and starting out of bed saw two female figures and a postchaise on the Front. You may be sure we were presently all in a bustle, but this did not last long, for the Travellers were in their beds before an hour was over. I could not at first judge of their looks for all were heated with their journey from H. (since 6 o'clock in the morning) but had the pleasure of seeing D. lively-looking and much improved when she had been refreshed with sleep. She is active and strong, her pimples however are as fresh as ever. My Brother having been overtired was very poorly all day, heated in the eyes with a dreadful headache, but yesterday he was quite well, and *looked* well also. He set off to Ulverston directly after dinner and is not yet returned. My Sister I am sorry to say is thinner than when she left home, and I do not think her looking quite so well, but thank God she is well and I hope that [?] <sup>1</sup> will help me to lay a little flesh upon her slender body.

Hartley and John arrived 5 minutes too late, they followed me up the hill after I had parted from you and after a moment's deliberation turned their steeds towards Ambleside in hopes of overtaking you. The coach had just driven away. H. seemed much hurt when I said how you lamented his going at that time, therefore I did not give him your letter the same evening, and all I said further on the subject was simply this—the first moment we were alone together—that I had one thing to require of him, that he would never again leave home while he remained here without informing us. Poor fellow, he looked down ashamed, and made his ready promise like any repentant little Boy. Mr Barber was in the garden with his two friends. I received him much more coldly than even I wished to do, and he was evidently confounded. The next evening I received a long letter from him. He had not discovered mine till five minutes before he wrote (mine was left when I was there with

<sup>1</sup> i.e. the cook, v. M.Y., p. 590.

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the Dowlings): next morning I began to answer his, but finding it would never be done if I were to go on writing I resolved to walk over with my unfinished letter in my pocket. I told him I was come to end this foolish affair and said as to myself and Dora I thought no more of it, but you and Hartley were not to be given up by me. He disbelieved your word and then by implication charged you with the crime of lying. He was warm at first, but with firmness and a full comment and explanation on my part he was softened even to tears, and sent an apology by me to Hartley and requested me to say to you that he was very sorry for his misconception of what was said and done, and hoped the next time he should meet you you would give him your hand on his offering his. Having fought your Battles so well I must now on my part exact from you perfect forgiveness of our old Bachelor friend and full indulgence to his humours, besides oblivion of the whole affair. This I *will* say, that no other of Mr Barber's female friends except Mrs W. (and perhaps Miss Hutchinson) would ever have been on speaking terms with him again. This being the case you see how much it behoves *you* to send your free pardon. I mean on my account. He called yesterday and was delighted to see Mrs W. and he and I were as friendly as usual. Miss Laing<sup>1</sup> did not arrive till Thursday evening and left us on Monday morning. She is truly a delightful creature and I was very sorry you were not here to enjoy her company. On Friday she rode round Coniston water with John, Saturday morning was very wet and we went no further than the garden. On Sunday too late for church I walked to Mr Barber's—did not see him, and on Monday having packed a few necessaries for John and Hartley in the carpet bag, slung it on the side saddle and we (all on foot but Miss L.) set forward to Ambleside, John and Hartley intending to go with her to Edinburgh. Hartley was delighted with the scheme—so was John, but a letter telling us that his Father and Mother would be at home the same night checked their progress. John could not bear the idea of absenting himself on the very day, nor indeed could I have consented, therefore Hartley with a dolorous heart

<sup>1</sup> The Laings were friends of H. C. R. D. W. had met them in Edinburgh the previous autumn; *v. C.R.*, p. 122.

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parted from Miss L. and John at Miss Dowling's door, they proceeding over Kirkstone, he with me back to Rydal. John intended walking by Miss L.'s side to Penrith: but half way down Ullswater she would not consent that he should go a step further, leapt from her pony and hurried forward on foot by the side of the man who carried her luggage. She parted from us in no bad spirits, for we had given her hopes that J. and H. might follow her in a few days: but I am now going to write and tell her that the Father cannot part with John at present, and they must look to some future opportunity. Hartley only stayed to get a luncheon after we had parted from Miss L. and proceeded to Keswick, thinking to finish his visit there before John would be ready to start for Edinburgh. I am quite sorry for his disappointment, he behaved so well and gave up the journey with so good a grace when the letter arrived, though it was plain he would have gone on without John, had I encouraged him. My Brother and Sister are delighted at finding themselves at home and seem to have nothing to complain of but the wet weather of our North of England. They declare that during their whole absence of 21 weeks, they have not seen so much rain as has already fallen since their return. Poor Mrs J. Harden has been very ill in the Erysipelas. I have not seen her, having never felt myself strong enough to undertake such a walk. She is now downstairs and happy, as Mrs Elliott tells me, in being surrounded with a host of her Friends. God bless you dear Elizabeth. Give my kind love to Father, Mother, Sisters and Brothers and to Mr Jackson. We must see him on his return and pray tell him so. I leave the little scrap below for Dora. Yours ever affectionately  
D. Wordsworth.

I had a sad missing of you after you were gone.

*Address:* Miss E. Crump, St Anne's St, Liverpool.

*MS.*      *703. D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse*

My dear Friend,

Aug. 20. [1823]

I am sure I had no wish to humble you when I gave you my feelings and opinion of the passage in Mr Irving's 'Oration'.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Edward Irving (1792–1834), the eloquent but over-emotional preacher, came to the small chapel at Hatton Garden, London, in 1822 and at once

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Still less, I am sure, did I feel myself superior to you in entertaining a different opinion of the Composition. As to the propriety or impropriety of bringing living Characters (as Authors especially) into notice in a place of public worship I think there is not probably much difference between your opinion and mine. Since I wrote to you I have seen passages from Irving which give me a much higher idea of his powers than the little I had seen before. I allude chiefly to what he says of the withdrawing of the visible interposition of the Divinity, and the calling upon us to seek for it within ;—in our own minds and hearts. But his description of the joys of Heaven (which appeared in the same newspaper) is to me *worse* than a Methodist Rant—as Mary called the other. However in reading a favourable character of one poet we were perhaps as you say prejudiced by our disgust by having seen Southey so abused and coupled with the Blasphemer Lord Byron. *Yours* was the amiable feeling I will allow ; and I heartily hope with you that my Brother's writings may be served by the Orator, who undoubtedly must be a man of no common talents.

Your most affect<sup>e</sup> D. Wordsworth.

Your dear Brother John's<sup>1</sup> letter affected me very much. We had heard from Joanna the opinion of the surgeons in Wales, and were much distressed ; but comfort comes from the sufferer himself, who shows an example of Christian resignation and true philosophy which we may all wish to imitate. May God grant him a perfect recovery, but it cannot be a speedy one.

MS.

704. D. W. to Elizabeth Crump

Sunday afternoon, August 31<sup>st</sup> [1823]

My dear Elizabeth,

I have no fears that you may have thought me either forgetful or ungrateful in being so long silent : but am sure you have been became famous. In October 1823 he published his *Orations*, which contained 'An Argument for Judgment to come,' a protest against the *Vision of Judgment* of both Southey and Byron, whom he thought equally profane. Later he moved to a larger church in Regent Square, but was deposed from it for unorthodoxy, and then founded the 'Holy Catholic Apostolic Church'. In 1833 he was deprived of his ministry in the Church of Scotland for heresy.

<sup>1</sup> J. M. had an affection of the eyesight which led a few years later to total blindness.

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sorry for it, and have often wished for news from Rydal. The truth is that I have been loth to put you to the expense of postage, so many opportunities occurring of sending letters to Liverpool, but when such have occurred (which has really been not seldom) I have not had leisure to write: and as now I foresee no fresh ones I am determined to wait no longer for chances of which I may not be able to avail myself. My Brother and Sister are fully sensible of your Father and Mother's kindness and that of yourself and all your Family in wishing to see Dora this winter, but they cannot consent to her leaving home again so soon, and her Father says her first visit must be to see her nearest relatives whom she has never yet visited. Liverpool is in the road into Wales, and whenever she goes thither (but no time is at present fixed) no doubt she will halt at Liverpool, a great pleasure for herself. She is now no inmate of Rydal Mount and has actually been absent a month and a day, on duty at Miss Dowling's, as her assistant in the school. I think she will be released next week as Miss M. or Miss Eliza Dowling is daily expected. She however expresses no impatience and is both well and happy in the regular discharge of her duties.

Only think of your young Friend instructing the whole school (thirty 8 or 9) in penmanship—the younger classes reading and French—walking as Gouvernante of the tribe, superintending drawing and music lessons—and having the charge of 5 or 6 little ones in her Bed-room. It is very fortunate for Miss D. that she happened to be at liberty, otherwise I know not how she would have got through, having been disappointed in the hope of engaging either one or two Teachers.

You will have gathered that D. has entirely regained her strength from what I have said of her exertions, and will be glad also to hear that she has now very few spots on her face. Surely I have written to you since my Brother and Sister returned, and I have now nothing to say of them except that his eyes, though delicate, are on the whole much improved, and that my Sister is much stronger and healthier than when she left home, though thinner and perhaps at first sight you might think her not looking well. Miss Hutchinson returned from Boulogne three weeks ago without having seen anything beyond that place and Calais.

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Had I [ ? gone] off with Mr Quillinan matters would have been different: but it is perhaps better as it is, though certainly had my Brother and Sister been a few weeks settled at home, I should have been likely to yield to so strong a temptation as his pleasant company to the shores of Kent. Miss H. is now at Hendon, the Monkhouses still at Ramsgate—Mrs M.'s health much improved; and Miss Anna Eliza Horrocks who has been dangerously ill recovering. Mr M. is expected at the Penrith Races and Hunt. I hope Dora will be at the Balls with her Father and Mother but it is yet uncertain. Poor John has been very unwell. He had an abscess above the nose which was attended with fever and slight delirium for some days; the abscess burst internally, he was much weakened, and is still very far from well: but I hope a part of his uncomfortable feelings are attributable to the Blue Pill which he is taking as an [ ]ive. I have had a letter from Miss Laing. She had a dismal journey to Edinburgh in streaming rain and could not ride in the inside of the coach from sickness. The next day a fever came on which confined her to her room for three weeks. She was recovering when she wrote and in her usual good spirits. Your friend Hartley does wonders. He has been regularly at his post ever since school began and parents and children are satisfied. I can answer for William that he has improved very much since he went to school, and he is strong active and lively. We have had rainy weather with few and short intermissions for the last seven weeks. This day is fine and so was yesterday, but with showers. The hay is spread abroad in many parts and much of it uncut. Mrs Robinson is out of her month and the Baby really worth much talk much expectation and all the needle work bestowed upon it: but poor thing (entre nous) I wish the parents were not themselves quite so much of Babies. Thomas and Jeremiah Robinson (his brothers) are with them, both pleasant young men, especially Tom (Dora's protector on her walks at Harrowgate). They are all coming to tea this afternoon. Daniel Green is with us to dinner and Strickland Cookson. Mrs Elliott is overflowing with friends, all very pleasant people. Sir Francis and Lady Drake at Spring Cottage, (she is Mrs Elliott's [ ? ]) a sweet creature, beautiful at 50 years of age and by candle light and well-dressed,

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you might take her for 6 and twenty. At Mr Fleming's little cottage are two nephews of Mr E and in their own house Mr E.'s sister (Mrs Anne E.) a clever intelligent lively old lady and her Nieces. Mr Tillbrooke has been with us for a few days, he talks of coming to the cottage himself after Q.s leave. Mr Monkhouse is in treaty for Mr Blakeney's cottage which is on sale. The opium eater must have left off his opium: he is returned quite well, and looks younger than he did seven [years] ago. He drank tea with us lately. William Jackson was [there] on his way to John Wakefield's.—he too much improved. I fell in for two rides in his gig. Had I not reason to say it would make him more welcome? Anne Harrison is recovering, she crawls about like a shadow but every week grows stronger. Our new maids give great satisfaction in [ ? ] only we cannot brush off poor Mary's awkwardness. She makes up, however, (at all times but when we have company) by her zeal in serving every member of the Family, and by increasing industry. Anne is much admired not for her beauty but for her sensible countenance and respectable appearance. We had a large party last Sunday, all the Elliotts, Mr Barber, etc., etc., and fortunately Mary had had a tooth drawn, therefore Anne waited. Dear Elizabeth, what a gossiping letter this is. I know you want to know all that concerns us and I flit from one thing to another. Edith Southey spent a week with us. She is very delicate and has had two sore throats. Sara quite well. She talks of riding over with Mary Calvert when D. comes home. D. dines with us to-day. She sends her very best love to you and says the first thing she does when she comes home again shall be to write to you. She longs to hear how the Doctor and you are going on. You must not expect her letter in less than three weeks, for I find she intends staying a while after Miss M. Dowling's return to have the benefit of the fresh import of Parisian steps. Will and Dora are playing on the Front with Strickland Cookson. Poor E. Cookson is just in the same state, talks of coming to Rydal when she is strong enough. We were all at Grasmere Church to-day, the Vale beautiful, and nothing so pretty from the other side as the Wyke. I have not been at Mr Barber's for many weeks, and he has been making grand improvements: I must go the first Sunday. And now dear

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Elizabeth, it is time to ask after you and all yours, to whom give my very best love. The Hardens well, we saw them the day before Jane's departure, whom you will soon see at Liverpool. John has been so thrown back by his illness that I fear he will only have time for one day with you when he goes to Oxford. I have written in great haste between dinner and time to dress for the afternoon company. It is 6 o'clock—I am in my dressing gown and have not time to read over, so excuse all blunders. God bless you. ever yours.

D. W.

*Address: Miss Eliz<sup>th</sup> Crumpe, Queen Anne St Liverpool.*

MS.

705. D. W. to Elizabeth Crump

Rydal Mount October 10<sup>th</sup> 1823

My dear Friend,

Poor John left yesterday and I am very sorry he could not take the Liverpool road which he himself regretted much. He lost so much time by his illness in the summer, and slow recovery, that he has none to spare for pleasure, yet if it had not been for a swelled face which came on at the end of last week, and continued for several days, I think he would have stolen one day to have spent with you at Liverpool. He desires me to give his kind remembrances to all of you with many thanks for your kind wish to see him. Perhaps we may have him in the north again at Christmas but that will not be the season for halting on the road, or for seeing Liverpool to advantage, therefore I think it is hardly likely he will travel by that way except in Summer. Your Father must have reached home after his journey into Scotland, and we have neither seen nor heard anything of him. We were in hopes that he would have been induced to look at Allan Bank on his return, and that we should have seen him. Your letter came from Kendal without a post-mark. I suppose it was left by some one at the bottom of the hill, to whom your Father had entrusted it. Why have we not seen your brother John? or having put off his journey so long does he not intend coming at all? I wish he had arrived when John was at home, but whenever he comes it will give us great pleasure

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to see him. My dear Elizabeth, it gives me much pain to find you are in such bad spirits, and truly shall I rejoice when your mind is completely made up and settled. In whatever way the present suspense is decided there will be much matter for consolation; for at best it is a dreary thing to give up country and friends for so many years. We are very glad that Dora is again at liberty. She is quite well, and her face comparatively little flushed. Poor Miss Eliza Dowling is still very weak and it will be long before she can take her place in the school. Miss D. has engaged two Teachers but only one has arrived, the other daily expected. Mr William Jackson was well when my Brother parted from him at W.haven last Saturday—We expect him shortly. You were very kind in wishing for Dora at your Musical Festival. We expect Mr Monkhouse next week on his way to Penrith. I fear Dora and her Mother will not be able to go to the Balls, as my Brother's eyes are in a very weak state. Your letter was most acceptable and I return you a thousand thanks for it. Believe me ever your affectionate friend

D. Wordsworth.

I assure you I shall not forget my promise when your fate is decided.

*Address:* Miss Elizabeth Crumpe, Queen Anne St. Liverpool.

MS.  
K(—)

706. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Wednesday 11<sup>th</sup> or 12<sup>th</sup> Novr. [1823]

My dear Friend,

I thought your husband's visit to us and our Friends at Hindwell together with the request for the Recipe for the cure of the Rheumatism would have insured us a letter and this has furnished me with an excuse for delay, though had I had ten minutes at command I should certainly have written when the Ipswich Ladies departed whom, by the bye I took the liberty of troubling with a m[?essage]<sup>1</sup> respecting the medicine—and this too I flattered myself [would be] an additional spur to your

<sup>1</sup> A large (mended) hole in the pages of this letter leaves the MS. imperfect in several places.

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writing. Twenty years a[go I should] have been uneasy and concluded you were ill; but [ ] myself that it is merely the press of every day employments [which give] you little leisure and that having once put off, you go on fro[m day to day.] So it is with me in most cases. I think I told you that we thought Mr Clarkson looking ten years younger than when he was here with you, and at Hindwell they were quite charmed with his chearfulness and good looks. We were very glad that he made so long a stay there, which would greatly tend to restore whatever strength he may have lost by his exertions—then completed.— What does Mr C think of the insurrections at Demerara? I fear there will be many a bitter struggle before the Negroes will be free—and able to manage themselves in a state of freedom. My Brother strenuously advised Mr C, when he was here, to undertake a History of Africa, as the finishing of his literary labours, and the most appropriate one for him who has so nobly spent his life in the service of the poor natives of that country. He seemed to be impressed with what my Brother said, and I hope has already begun to turn his thoughts to the subject, and mode of treating it.

Southeby will probably be at Playford ere long. He set forward on his long intended journey with his Daughter on Monday sen' night; but what is the plan of their route I know not—or whether they intend to go into Suffolk at the beginning or end of their stay in London. No doubt you have heard from Sara H. of her late movements and present plans—She is at the time at Hendon, and will, I suppose, very soon, go into Wales, unless poor Mrs Luff's present illness should detain her in London. I fear this last residence in the mountains has injured her constitution more than the former; for she appears to have been but weak and delicate ever since her arrival,—I hear she is now seriously ill.—My Brother and Sister and Dora had much pleasure at the Penrith Races. Many persons told me that no one looked so happy in the Ball-Room as they; and they had the choice week of [ ? ] for the out-door amusements. I was left a[t home with] Willy; but a gig was sent to take me over Kirksto[n]e on Th]ursday to meet my good and dear Friend Mrs Rawson and [ ? her Husband]. Willy accompanied me, and he

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had the pleasures of the Races on one day and on the Saturday we all together (with [ ? ]) returned home. He only stayed over Monday, and on Wednesday my Br and I again crossed Kirkstone. We rode to the top, and thence walked to Hallsteads (13 miles) with great pleasure and no fatigue. I saw Mrs Rawson again and her Husband who had come to fetch her home. The pair seem not to have been touched at all by the lapse of seven years. Mrs R is 78 and as cheerful and gay as if only 16—and notwithstanding her lameness, on every fine day while at Hallsteads she walked out alone—a mile or a mile and a half at a stretch—besides numerous little trips in the garden. When Mrs R was gone I went to Penrith to stay with Mrs Rd Wordsworth. She is a good creature, and I have a great affection for her—which grows every time I am with her. My nephew is a mild and amiable child—still delicate in health; but I think he will be reared, having already gone through so much, and becoming stronger as he does.—From Penrith last Wednesday, I went to Lowther in a gig, breakfasted with Dr Satterthwaite, and there William joined me from the Castle, where he had been staying, and we proceeded together up Hawes-water, in another gig lent us by Lord Lonsdale. The first time I saw Hawes-water was from your house; and many thoughts did our journey revive of you and yours, and the happy day we spent in going to Mardale with Mr C. and you. We took the gig as far as we could, and then proceeded over the Fell on foot, to the head of Long Sleddale, a very interesting valley, crossed at the first houses to Kentmere (Bernard Gilpin's Birthplace)<sup>1</sup> thence over another fell to Troutbeck, crossed that vale also, and home by Low-Wood. I never spent a more rememberable day, seldom a pleasanter; though the latter part of our journey was performed in the dark; which, however, was of little consequence, as it was over familiar ground. It would be a charming journey for any one, either on horseback, or on foot, on a long summer's day, but certainly except under favour of bright calm weather such as we had, is unfit for a *winter's* day. I was neither stiff nor

<sup>1</sup> Bernard Gilpin (1517–83), known for his zealous independence as a preacher and his devotion to the poor of his parish as the 'Apostle of the North'. He was Vicar of Norton and Archdeacon of Durham.

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tired the next day. It is indeed a fact that I can take mountain walks with much less fatigue than in my youth. I cannot say the same of the vallies—at least on damp warm days. Shall you be in London in the Spring? I guess you will as you had not your journey [ ] last May. When and where shall we meet again? [ ? Let it] be before another year elapses. We talk of a jour[ney] [ ] but plans are not laid therefore all is uncertain [ ] once again stirred from home I shall [ ? certainly not] return without first having had a sight of you.

William's eyes much better than they have been [ ] Doro caught a cold at the races; but that was [ ? likely to] have happened to anyone, so much excited as *she* was; and it is now quite gone. She has lately been much less subject to colds than formerly, and this last attack does not shake my persuasion that her constitution is strengthened in that point as well as several others—Willy continues perfectly well and his school-master<sup>1</sup> keeps at his post—taking much pains at lesson-time; but as you may suppose he is no disciplinarian and the Boys make strange fun. Mr Calvert has sent his two sons from Keswick for a short while. Poor Sara Coleridge has a weakness in her eyes—very distressing for one of her habits. I think I have nothing new for you in the way of common occurrences. The bad season has kept people at home—and prevented them from staying when passing among the Lakes;—at least we have had fewer visitors of that kind than I ever remember. Mrs Lloyd and her Daughters were particularly unfortunate in the weather. There was many a day, while they were at Spring Cottage, when all females, except ourselves, would have thought it impossible to go out of doors for pleasure. This of course entirely prevented short walks, therefore they were only in the precincts of Rydal Mount, I believe, twice or three times. They made use of the few chance fine days, and wisely, in going to places at a greater distance. Soon after the Ladies arrived they wrote to request permission to see the views—etc from our grounds and Mary and I called immediately. They seem to be very good people, but never in my life did I see such a set of chattering as the young ones. Each seems to think herself bound to be agreeable and all talk

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Hartley Coleridge.

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at once—and so loud. They are much liked by Mrs Fleming with whom they lodged. We saw very little of them owing to the unfortunate weather, which we really often lamented for their sakes, thinking it very hard to have come so far to be shut up in a cottage and see nothing. Pray do not fail to send the Recipe for Rheumatism—Many of our friends are anxious to have it. Mr Quillinan gives up his lease of Ivy Cottage to the Elliots, having no thoughts of living there himself. This we think is well both for himself and children. We have just had a pleasant letter from Henry Robinson after his long Tour—and what delightful accounts from all quarters of your Son! He will certainly if he have health and strength be heard of among the Lawyers—and we shall be seeing his name in the newspapers with the best of them. No news lately from Wales. Poor Mrs M is I fear not likely to get through another summer. Tillbrooke writes in good spirits; but longing after the Ivy Cot. for himself at the end of Mr Q's lease. God Bless you dearest Friend. I shall anxiously expect a letter, and may it bring good tidings of you and your husband—and all who are near and dear to you.

Yours ever more      D. Wordsworth

All send best love— Our church is near finished on the outside and is very pretty and you can have no idea how beautiful in connexion with the village, especially seen from the other side of the Lake.

I have a stupefying cold which prevents my looking over this letter to correct blunders, and must be my excuse for dullness.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk.

MS.      707. *W. W. to Allan Cunningham*  
K.

Rydal Mount, November 23<sup>d</sup> [1828]

My dear Sir,

On returning from Leicestershire a few days ago, I had the pleasure of finding in its destined place the bust of Sir Walter Scott. It is, as you say, a very fine one; and I doubt not you have been equally select in the one which you have sent of me to Sir Walter. I will take care that my debt to you on this score

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shall be speedily discharged. And here I am reminded of an obligation of the same kind, which I am afraid has not been met as it ought to be. Pray, has Mr Edward Coleridge paid for the cast of my bust which, at his request, was forwarded to him at Eton? Bear in mind that I am ultimately responsible for it. I am already in possession of a cast of Mr Southey, a striking likeness as to feature; but so ill executed, in point of character and expression, that I must defer placing a likeness of that honored friend in company with this fine one of Sir Walter, till I can procure one from the hand of Mr Chantrey; who, I hope, will one day undertake a work which would redound to the credit of both parties. I am not without hope also that Mr Chantrey may be induced to transmit to posterity the magnificent forehead of one of the first intellects that Great Britain has produced, I mean that of Mr Coleridge, and proud should I be to place this *triumvirate of my friends* in the most distinguished station of my little mansion.

Many thanks for your letter. The interest which yourself and family take in my writings, and person, is grateful to my feelings; testimonies of this kind are among the very pleasantest results of a literary life. The ground upon which I am disposed to meet your anticipation of the spread of my poetry is, that I have endeavoured to dwell with truth upon those points of human nature in which all men resemble each other, rather than on those accidents of manners and character produced by times and circumstances; which are the favourite seasoning (and substance too often) of imaginative writings. If, therefore, I have been successful in the execution of my attempt, it seems not improbable that as education is extended, writings that are independent of an over (not to say vicious) refinement will find a proportionate increase of readers, provided there be found in them a genuine inspiration.

The selection you again advert to will no doubt be executed at some future time. Something of the kind is already in progress at Paris, in respect to my poems in common with others. The value of such selections will depend entirely upon the judgment of the editor. . . . Meanwhile I am going to press (at last) with a re-publication of the whole of my poetry, including *The*

*Excursion*, which will give me an opportunity of performing my promise to you, by sending you the whole, as soon as it is ready for delivery.

The collection of songs which you announce I had not heard of. Your own poetry shows how fit you are for the office of editing native strains; and may not one hope that the taste of the public in these matters is much improved since the time when Macpherson's frauds met with such dangerous success, and Percy's ballads produced those hosts of legendary tales that bear no more resemblance to their supposed models than Pope's Homer does to the work of the blind bard. Do not say I ought to have been a Scotchman. Tear me not from the country of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton; yet I own that since the days of childhood, when I became familiar with the phrase, 'They are killing geese in Scotland, and sending the feathers to England' (which every one had ready when the snow began to fall), and when I used to hear, in the time of a high wind, that

Arthur's bower has broken his band,  
And he comes roaring up the land;  
King o' Scots wi' a' his power  
Cannot turn Arthur's bower,

I have been indebted to the North for more than I shall ever be able to acknowledge. Thomson,<sup>1</sup> Mickle,<sup>2</sup> Armstrong,<sup>3</sup> Leyden,<sup>4</sup> yourself, Irving<sup>5</sup> (a poet in spirit), and I may add Sir Walter Scott were all Borderers. If they did not drink the water, they breathed at least the air of the two countries. The list of English Border poets is not so distinguished, but Langhorne<sup>6</sup> was a native of Westmoreland, and Brown the author of the

<sup>1</sup> James Thomson (1700–48) was born at Ednam, Roxb.

<sup>2</sup> William Julius Mickle (1735–88), b. at Langholme, Dumfries, the translator of *The Lusiad* (1775). His Poems appeared in 1794; the chief of them, 'Sir Martyn' (1778), W. W. knew so well that on visiting Langholme with D. W. in 1803 he was able to quote it from memory.

<sup>3</sup> John Armstrong (1709–79), b. at Castleton, Roxb., physician and poet, author of *The Art of Preserving Health* (1744).

<sup>4</sup> John Leyden (1775–1811), b. at Denholm, Roxb., physician and poet. Scott pays tribute to his 'tuneful strains' in *The Lord of the Isles*, iv. xi; and v. Lockhart, *Life of Scott*, xxiii. <sup>v. note, p. 116.</sup>

<sup>5</sup> John Langhorne (1735–79), b. at Kirkby Stephen, Westmorland, best known as co-translator with his brother of Plutarch's *Lives* (1770). His Poems, very popular in his day, appeared in 1766 (2 vols.).

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*Estimate of Manners and Principles*, etc.,—a poet as his letter on the vale of Keswick, with the accompanying verses, shows—was born in Cumberland.<sup>1</sup> So also was Skelton,<sup>2</sup> a demon in point of genius; and Tickell<sup>3</sup> in later times, whose style is superior in chastity to Pope's, his contemporary. Addison and Hogarth were both within a step of Cumberland and Westmoreland, their several fathers having been natives of those counties, which are still crowded with their names and relatives. It is enough for me to be ranked in this catalogue, and to know that I have touched the hearts of many by subjects suggested to me on Scottish ground; these pieces you will find classed together in the new edition. Present my thanks to Mrs C. for her kind invitation. I need not add that if you, or any of yours, come this way we shall be most happy to see you.

Pray give my congratulations to Mr Chantrey on the improvement in Mrs C.'s health; they have both our best wishes; and believe me, my dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

MS.  
K(—)

708. W. W. to Henry Taylor<sup>4</sup>

Rydal Mount, December 26<sup>th</sup> [1823]

Dear Sir,

You perhaps are not aware that the infirmity in my eyes makes me afraid of touching a pen, and, though they are always much better in the winter than in the summer season, I am

<sup>1</sup> Dr John Brown (1715–66), b. in Northumberland, but while still an infant his parents moved to Wigton, Cumberland, and here he was educated. His 'inestimable' *Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times* appeared in 1757. In 1770 was published his *Letter to Lord Lyttelton*, by 'a late popular writer', in which he dilated on the beauties of Keswick.

<sup>2</sup> John Skelton (1460?–1529), the satirist, was descended from an old Cumberland family.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Tickell (1686–1740), b. at Bridekirk, Cumberland, the friend of Addison. His best verses are *To the Earl of Warwick on the Death of Mr. Addison*.

<sup>4</sup> Henry Taylor (1800–86) of the Colonial Office, where he was the colleague of Villiers, Stephen, and Spedding, all of whom figure in W.'s later correspondence. In 1823 he met Southey, and became his intimate friend, and in the same year began to contribute to the *London Magazine*, of which he was offered the editorship. He was the author of three dramas, *Isaac*

obliged mostly to employ an amanuensis, as I do at present. I should not, however, have failed to answer your obliging letter immediately, if I could have been of any service to you in the point to which you directed my attention. I have not, nor ever had, a single poem of Lord Byron's by me, except the *Lara*, given me by Mr Rogers, and therefore could not quote anything illustrative of his poetical obligations to me. As far as I am acquainted with his works, they are most apparent in the 3<sup>rd</sup> canto of *Childe Harold*; not so much in particular expressions, though there is no want of these, as in the tone (*assumed* rather than *natural*) of enthusiastic admiration of Nature, and a sensibility to her influences. Of my writings you need not read more than the blank verse poem on the river *Wye* to be convinced of this. Mrs W. tells me that in reading one of Lord B.'s poems of which the story was offensive she was much disgusted with the plagiarisms from Mr Coleridge—at least she *thinks* it was in that poem, but as she read the *Siege of Corinth* in the same volume, it might possibly be in that. If I am not mistaken there was some acknowledgment to Mr C. which takes very much from the reprehensibility of literary trespasses of this kind. Nothing lowered my opinion of Byron's poetical integrity so much as to see 'pride of place' carefully noted as a quotation from *Macbeth*, in a work where contemporaries, from whom he had drawn by wholesale, were not adverted to. It is mainly on this account that he deserves the severe chastisement which you, or some one else, will undoubtedly one day give him, and may have done already, as I see by advertisement the subject has been treated in the '*London Mag.*'.

I remember one impudent instance of his thefts. In Raymond's translation of Coxe's travels in Switzerland,<sup>1</sup> with notes

*Comnenus* (1828), *Philip van Artevelde* (1834), and *Edwin the Fair* (1842). In 1839 he married Miss Spring Rice and became intimate with her cousin, Aubrey de Vere; W.'s friend Isabella Fenwick was his step-cousin. He was knighted in 1852. On Nov. 29, 1823, H. T. had written to W., saying that he was contributing to the *London Mag.* a paper on 'Recent Poetical Plagiarisms', and asking him what he had noted in Byron as borrowed from him. H. T. enclosed in his letter examples of Gray's debts to Catullus, Lucan, Seneca, Le Moigne, and Pope's *Rape of the Lock*.

<sup>1</sup> William Coxe (1747–1828), travel-writer and editor of memoirs, published *Travels in Switzerland*, three volumes, in 1789.

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of the translator, is a note with these words, speaking of the fall of Schaffhausen: ‘Lewy, descendant avec moi sur cet échafaud, tomba à genoux en s’écriant: *Voilà un enfer d’eau!*’ This expression is taken by Byron and beaten out unmercifully into two stanzas, which a critic in the Quarterly Review is foolish enough to praise. They are found in the 4<sup>th</sup> canto of Childe Harold.<sup>1</sup> Whether the obligation is acknowledged or not I do not know, having seen nothing of it but in quotation.

Thank you for your parallels; I wished for them on Mr Rogers’ account, who is making a collection of similar things relating to Gray. There are few of yours, I think, which one could swear to as conscious obligations—the subject has three branches—accidental coincidences without any communication of the subsequent author; unconscious imitations; and deliberate conscious obligations. The cases are numerous in which it is impossible to distinguish these by anything inherent in the resembling passage, but external aid may be called in with advantage where we happen to know the circumstances of an author’s life, and the direction of his studies. Do not suffer my present remissness to prevent you favouring me with a letter if there is the least chance of my being of service to you. I shall reply immediately if I have anything to say worthy your attention. With best wishes from myself and family, I remain, dear sir,

Very sincerely yours,

W. Wordsworth.

P.S.—When you write to your father, be so good as to make my respectful remembrances to him.

MS.

709. D. W. to Edward Quillinan

Rydal Mount 7<sup>th</sup> Jan<sup>ry</sup> 1824

My dear Friend,

On the other side of the paper you will find our present *final* accounts—not very neatly drawn out, it must be confessed: but

<sup>1</sup> In *Childe Harold* (iv. 69) Byron describes the falls of Terni, not those of Schaffhausen, as ‘the hell of waters’: it is possible, moreover, that in this he was influenced not by Raymond, but by Addison’s *Remarks on several parts of Italy* (v. *Poems of Byron*, ed. by E. H. Coleridge, ii. 383).

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I hope sufficiently plain for your satisfaction. The bills etc are all safe, and when you come to Rydal you shall have them to keep, or burn. You will say this is a shabby way of setting about writing a letter after so long a silence, a few lines scrawled at the fag end of pounds shillings and pence; but in truth I am much hurried, and should not have written at all at this time but for the sake of casting Business off my mind. My Brother and I are going to Coleorton next week, and as I shall set off on Monday I am now in the last bustle of preparation. He will join me at Kendal on Tuesday Evening, and on Wednesday we take the coach for Preston, where we shall halt one day at Mr Horrock's—another day at Liverpool with the Crumps, and hope to be with Sir George and Lady Beaumont on Saturday. Our further movements are all uncertain. My Brother *has* talked of our going to Cambridge after three weeks or a month spent at Coleorton, and if so I think (though he does not talk of *that*) we should take a peep at London rather than come home direct from Cambridge. Miss Hutchinson writes in good spirits. She wants us to turn aside into Wales, and it is not impossible that we may, but there are so many reasons both for and against that plan (i.e. Wales) at this particular time that I do not like to think of it—or any other till our visit to Coleorton draws near its close, when my Brother will have made up his mind either for some deviation or for our return straight home. Mrs W. will certainly visit Wales this summer. And I—if not now—in the course of another year. She tells us you talk of going thither also.

My Brother's eyes have been much better this winter, though he has worked very hard. It has not been Doro's fault that the transcript of the 'Nightingale' was not finished before she left home, and no doubt she has explained to you how it happened. We have had charming weather on the whole this winter—a greater number of bright days than I recollect ever noticing at this season, except with hard frost. The frost has been very slight,—no skating—and snow in the vallies but once. Every winter has confirmed our opinion that Rydal Mount, as a residence, surpasses all other places at that time—and I feel the truth of this now more than ever, and am very sorry that our going away does not happen six weeks or two months later.

JANUARY 1824

Pray give our kind remembrances to Captain Barrett, and when you give love and kisses from Mrs Wordsworth to your dear little Girls, add the same from me, and try if Jemima remembers me. Poor Doro, how glad she will be to see Jemima when you take her to London in the Spring, as D. tells me you have promised.

This letter does not deserve an answer, but I will venture to say that if you would write to me at Sir G. Beaumont's, Coleorton Hall, near Ashby de la Zouche it would give me great pleasure.

My Brother and Sister send kind remembrances. Believe me ever your faithful and affec<sup>te</sup> Friend,              D. Wordsworth.

If we *should* go to London I take it for certain that you will either be there or come to meet us, and I need not say how glad I should be to see you there, or anywhere.

Pray do not let the quest of a frank shorten your letter, or the not being able to procure one prevent your writing—and remember, we shall be at Coleorton this day week—Saturday.

[*Accounts follow on last two pages of the sheet.*]

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup>, Lee Priory, Wingham, Kent.

*MS.*        710. *W. W. to Walter Savage Landor*  
*K(—)*

Rydal Mount, Jan<sup>ry</sup> 21, 1824

My dear Sir,

I am both tired and ashamed of waiting any longer: many months have I looked for your dialogues and they never appear; the expectation of the book prevented my answering your former letter in which were mentioned some unpleasant topics relating to your own feelings;—as you do not advert to these in your second letter, rec<sup>d</sup> about a fortnight ago, I trust the storm is blown over. I am truly sensible of your kindness, as testified by the agreeable, and allow me to say valuable present of Books from your hand, but you will be mortified to hear as I was bitterly vexed, that some of them have been entirely spoilt by the salt water; and scarcely one has escaped injury. The two

Volumes of de Re rustica in particular which I did not possess and had often wished to consult, are sorely damaged—the binding detached from the book, the leaves stained, and I fear rotted:—the venerable Bible is in the same state—indeed all to pieces. These are such unpleasant facts that I doubt whether I ought not to have suppressed them. You promise me a beautiful Copy of Dante, but I ought to mention that I possess the Parma folio of 1795,—much the *grandest* book on my shelves,—presented to me by our common friend, Mr Kenyon (who, by the bye, is happily married since I last wrote to you and has taken up his residence at Bath.)

When at Mr Southey's last summer, my eyes being then in a very bad state, he read me part of that dialogue of yours, in which he is introduced as a speaker with Porson. It had appeared (something I must say to my regret) in a Magazine, and I should have had the pleasure to hear the whole, but we were interrupted. I made out part of the remainder myself. You have condescended to minute criticism upon the *Laodamia*. I concur with you in the first stanza, and had several times attempted to alter it upon your grounds. I cannot, however, accede to your objection to the 'second birth', merely because the expression has been degraded by Conventiclers. I certainly meant nothing more by it than the *eadem cura*, and the *largior æther*, etc., of Virgil's 6<sup>th</sup> Æneid. All religions owe their origin or acceptance to the wish of the human heart to supply in another state of existence the deficiencies of this, and to carry still nearer to perfection whatever we admire in our present condition; so that there must be many modes of expression, arising out of this coincidence, or rather identity of feeling, common to all Mythologies; and under this observation I should shelter the phrase from your censure; but I may be wrong in the particular case, though certainly not in the general principle. This leads to a remark in your last, 'that you are disgusted with all books that treat of religion.' I am afraid it is a bad sign in me, that I have little relish for any other—even in poetry it is the imaginative only, viz., that which is conversant [with], or turns upon infinity, that powerfully affects me,—perhaps I ought to explain: I mean to say that, unless in those passages

where things are lost in each other, and limits vanish, and aspirations are raised, I read with something too much like indifference—but all great poets are in this view powerful Religionists, and therefore among many literary pleasures lost, I have not yet to lament over that of verse as departed. As to politics, what do you say to Buonaparte on the one side, and the Holy Alliance on the other, to the prostrate Tories, and to the contumelious and vacillating Whigs, who dislike or despise the Church, and seem to care for the State only so far as they are striving,—without hope, I honestly believe,—to get the management of it? As to the low-bred and headstrong Radicals, they are not worth a thought. Now my politics used always to impel me more or less to look out for co-operation, with a view to embody them in action—of this interest I feel myself utterly deprived, and the subject, as matter of reflection, languishes accordingly. Cool heads, no doubt, there are in the country, but moderation naturally keeps out of sight; and, wanting associates, I am less of an Englishman than I once was, or could wish to be. Show me that you excuse this egotism, if you can excuse it, by turning into the same path, when I have the pleasure again to hear from you.

It would probably be wasting paper to mention Southee, as no doubt you hear from him. I saw Mrs S. and 4 of his Children the other day; 2 of the girls most beautiful Creatures. The eldest Daughter is with her Father in town. S. preserves excellent health, and, except that his hair is gryzzled, a juvenile appearance, with more of youthful spirits than most men. He appears to be accumulating books in a way that, with my weak eyes, appalls me. A large box of them has just strayed into my house through a blunder in the conveyance.

Pray be so good as to let me know what you think of Dante—it has become lately—owing a good deal, I believe, to the example of Schlegel—the fashion to extol him above measure. I have not read him for many years; his style I used to think admirable for conciseness and vigour, without abruptness; but I own that his fictions often struck me as offensively grotesque and fantastic, and I felt the Poem tedious from various causes.

JANUARY 1824

I have a strong desire to become acquainted with the Mr Hare<sup>1</sup> whom you mention. To the honour of Cambridge he is in the highest repute there, for his sound and extensive learning. I am happy to say that the Master of Trinity College, my brother, was the occasion of his being restored to the Muses from the Temple. To Mr H's Br, Augustus, I am under great obligation for having *volunteered* the Tuition of my elder Son, who is at New Coll., Oxford, and who, though he is not a youth of quick parts, promises, from his assiduity and passionate love of Classical literature, to become an excellent Scholar. By the bye he seems very proud of your Idylls and the accompanying Elegy, as an honour to modern times. Farewell—be so kind as write soon, and believe me, ever sincerely and affectly yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

K(—)      711. *W. W. to James Montgomery<sup>2</sup>*

Rydal Mount, Jan. 24, 1824.

. . . I feel much for their [the climbing boys'] unhappy situation, and should be glad to see the custom of employing such helpless creatures in this way abolished. But at no period of my life have I been able to write verses that do not spring up from an inward impulse of some sort or other; so that they neither seem proposed nor imposed. . . . I should have written sooner, but it was possible that I might have fallen into a track that would have led to something. . . .

MS.      712. *D. W. to Mrs. Luff*

Thursday 4<sup>th</sup> March [1824]

My dear Friend.

You have no doubt heard from Mr Monkhouse of our wish to go to London, and I may now say it is our *intention* so to do,

<sup>1</sup> Julius C. Hare (1795–1855) returned to Cambridge as a lecturer at Trin. Coll. in 1822. In 1832 he took the family living of Hurstmonceaux. With his brother, Augustus W. Hare (1792–1834), a Tutor of New Coll., Oxford (1818), and in 1829 Rector of Alton-Barnes, he was joint author of *Guesses at Truth* (1827).

<sup>2</sup> James Montgomery (1771–1854), Scottish poet, author of *The Ocean* (1805), *Wanderer of Switzerland* (1806), *World before the Flood* (1812), *Pelican Island* (1826), &c. In 1824 he was engaged in editing *The Chimney-*

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provided my Brother continues well in health ; but the state of his eyes has long been so uncertain that he always feels obliged to put in an 'if' to every scheme of this kind. We shall leave this place on Wednesday the 17<sup>th</sup> and unless you hear from us to the contrary you may conclude that we bend our course to Oxford, where we shall arrive on Thursday. Perhaps my Brother may remain there a few days, in which case I shall certainly precede him to London—probably on the Saturday. I shall however write again to Mr Monkhouse from Oxford or Birmingham. I have had a letter to-day from Mrs Clarkson who is anxious to hear from you. She says she hopes to be in London in May, and to carry you back to Playford. Now I suppose you will not defer your visit so long ; but will wish to go thither when (or *before*) we go to Cambridge. Now I, (when so near as Cambridge) shall feel a very strong desire to join you there—indeed it would be unkind to Mrs Clarkson, and inconsistent with our long friendship if I did not—and to this I have only one objection, that I do not like the thought of parting with William to send him home alone after he has taken me with him so long a Round ; that objection, however, I shall set aside, and if all be well I shall most likely go from Cambridge to Playford, and you and I can travel Northward together, staying as far into the month of May as suits our good Friends at P. I shall not write to Mrs Clarkson till I have seen you, and when you write, pray, with my kind Love tell her I am indulging the hope of seeing her at P. She desires, if there be any chance, that I will inform her, in order that she may not be visiting any of her relations at the time. As we hope to meet so soon I need not say more. God grant that we may find you in tolerable health and good spirits!

Believe me ever your affect<sup>e</sup> Friend      D. Wordsworth.

We shall probably stay a fortnight or three weeks in London. Say the latter which would make it the middle of April before we go to Cambridge, and alas that would leave little time for

*Sweepers' Friend and Climbing Boys' Album*, with the object of rousing public opinion to insist on legislation to render illegal the practice of sending boys up chimneys. M. applied to many poets of the day to contribute to his volume. Barton and Bowles, among others, complied ; Lamb sent *Blake's Song of Innocence*.

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Playford—but I hope Mrs C may not go till the *end* of May—  
You might tell her, however, when we are likely to be at liberty,  
and she must tell me whether I shall be too late for her or not—  
but there is no need to write to me about it *here*. All will be  
plain when we talk together in London. Our stay in Cambridge  
will not I think be *more* than a fortnight—perhaps not so much.

Friday morning.

It occurs to me that as you are good at procuring franks you  
might send this letter to Mrs Clarkson, which would save you  
the trouble of reporting. With this view, I say for her informa-  
tion, that I have sent word to Mary W. how to dispose of the  
Books, and that when I write to her from London my Br will  
reply to Mr Clarkson's kind communication respecting the Slave-  
trade. We congratulate him on the picture and shall go to see  
it with the greatest pleasure. I am much hurried this morning  
and ought to write a long letter to Joanna H., but having only  
time for a note, I will enclose it to you hoping you may be able  
to procure a Frank for it in the course of a few days, and to  
write, with it, to Sara.

Address: Mrs Luff, 13 Bruton St, Berkeley Square.

MS.                  713. D. W. to Edward Quillinan

Gloster Place, Monday, March 29<sup>th</sup> [1824]  
My dear Friend,

Captain Barret called yesterday and sate an hour with us.  
You will be concerned to hear that Doro has had one of her bad  
colds. We imprudently suffered her to walk to Charles Lamb's  
with Miss Horrocks and ourselves, to dinner on Friday, came  
home in a hackney coach—her voice gone the next morning—  
and very feverish. The cold has yielded to the usual remedies—  
she says she is now quite well, but the East wind continuing we  
do not venture to let her leave her own Room to-day, but I hope,  
when you arrive, she will be free to come amongst us as usual.  
Poor Mr Monkhouse looked wretchedly when we arrived—the  
next day better and for two or three more days; but he was very  
unwell yesterday. To-day a little better—yet, as long as these  
East winds continue, I think his going out will be hazardous.

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Country air, and spring breezes, I hope, will set him to rights, and till he can get into the country—whatever the weather may be, I have no hope of his regaining either strength or good looks. My Brother has a cold, too, but it is only in his head—and does not affect his health or spirits.

Pray come to Town as soon as you can. It grieves me to think I shall not see your dear little Girls, but I must submit, and hope that our meeting with you will be a happy one.

Do excuse this hurried scrawl—I have many letters to write—We are going with Sir G. and Lady B. to see Wilkie and his pictures at one o'clock, and at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 5 to dinner at Sir Robert Farquhar's.<sup>1</sup>

God bless you—no more till we meet

Yours ever      D. Wordsworth.

Doro's Love, her Father's and the Monkhouses' kind regards—Mr Coleridge and other Worthies are to dine here on Saturday. We hope you will be here to join the party.

My Brother just arrives. He begs you will come before *Thursday*. Captain Barret dines with us on Thursday and he hopes, as does Mr Monkhouse, that *you* will also. My Br is engaged for Friday to dine with Dr Holland—and on Wednesday we go to Hendon<sup>2</sup>—shall return on Thursday morning. Doro will remain in Gloster Place—we shall not venture to take her to Hendon.

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup>, Lee Priory, Wingham, Kent.

*MS.*      714. *D. W. to John Monkhouse*

My dear Friend

Friday Ap. 16 1824

As your Brother has a frank and asks me to write to you I cannot refuse, though I am no where in so bad a mood for letter

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Farquhar (1776–1830), from 1812 to 23 Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Mauritius, where he did good work in grappling with the evils of the slave trade. In 1814 the W.s' friends the Luffs had gone out to Mauritius, and Captain Luff had died there. Mrs. Luff was a great friend of the F.s, and it was possibly through her that the W.s became acquainted with them.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Gee, late of Rydal, left in reduced circumstances after the death of her husband, was now keeping a school at Hendon.

writing as in London, where, having so much to tell, it seems as if I had nothing, being unable to utter my thoughts—yet this is a day to set doggedly to any indoors work—Good Friday—and so cold, wet and windy that no one will go out of doors but to church—that can stay at home. I am the only one of the house, that has left the fire side—with cloak and umbrella paddled to the new Church in York Street, where I heard a very good sermon suited to the day from Mr Dibdin—yet came home in bad humour with the churlishness of London people,—in London churches at least—for I had hard work to get a place to sit down in though many pews were not half filled, and some were actually empty. I am thankful at being enabled to tell you that your good Brother is very much better than when we came to London three weeks ago—though since that time he has been very ill—twice unable to dine with us when there was company that he much wished to see. I trust, that a disorder which has long hung upon him was then passing the crisis; for his looks have gone on improving; and he is now in good spirits, though his wife is confined to the sofa—and one day perhaps very poorly and unable to leave her bed room—the next however pretty well and quite cheerful; yet one can never have any confidence that this state of comfort will last through the twenty four hours; and this is so depressing a thing to the spirits that I wonder to see him so cheerful as he is. They have had thoughts of letting the house and going to Ramsgate, Sea air having been advised for Mrs M., I have no dependence on such removal being of any service, therefore am not sorry that a suitable Tenant has not yet offered.—With respect to the mode of Dora's travelling into Wales I cannot say anything decisive. If your Brother should go he would take charge of her—and if not, the Miss Larkins would as far as Bristol, where Sara says she would meet her. In the meantime, if Mrs M. should be at Ramsgate, after having made short visits to Mrs Austin, Mrs Johnson, and Mrs Parry, she will go to Hendon; there to remain till her departure for Wales.—You have heard the doleful history of our colds—Dora's confined her a whole week and hindered her from going to a play and the Opera—besides two dinner visits. She has been quite well, except during that week and has had much

enjoyment. As to my Brother his cold still hangs upon him and still gives him fits of dolefulness when we are alone, though it does not now much affect either his spirits or his looks when in company—As to mine, it did but last three days and I have made as good use of my privilege of health and strength as I could possibly have expected to do—though often thwarted by showery, and pinched by cold, weather. We have seen the first of all sights, the Diorama—Dora's second visit and we floated 5 or 6 times between Sarnen and Canterbury—Dora declared against the Swiss giantess so our kind and active fellow traveller accompanied me thither and to the Swiss Models calling for me at St James's Place, where I breakfasted with my 'admirer' as D calls him, Mr Rogers, and his Sister. The giantess has no uncomely face, and a cheerful Swiss countenance which brightened up in discourse with my companion. The Models are but poor things yet I was glad that I had gone to see them, and found much pleasure in tracing our route and pointing out where interesting objects—Crosses and Buildings remembered by us, ought to have been placed.

Last Tuesday was a fine bright day and my Brother and Dora, and Mr Robinson and I went to Piccadilly to the Mexican Curiosities—the modern very amusing and the live Mexican not the least interesting object—Mr R. talked Spanish with him. The *Antient* Curiosities for which you pay another shilling are but a collection of ugly monstrous things—thence to the Panorama of Pompeii, where we were all much delighted—looked at Somerset House and paid our Toll on Waterloo Bridge, for the sake of the prospect—arrived at home not tired. Dora is very strong, and since her cold left her has had no return of it. I find she has been subject to colds all the winter; but never till we brought her to London has had a violent one. On Wednesday we walked through the Regents Park to Hampstead—sate an hour with Mrs Parry and saw her two beautiful children. She is just recovered from the feverish cold which everybody has had.—Thence to Mrs Hoare's where we sate another hour—and reached Hendon at half past two—none of us the worse for the walk. All the Miss Larkins quite well and Miss Charlotte astonishing—She trips about—and runs errands almost like a

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scholar of the school—I was delighted to see her so changed a creature. Next morning she and Miss Larkins took us to Mrs Hoare's (where we breakfasted) on their way to London—and Mrs Hoare brought us home in her carriage. We then went to the British Museum with Sir George and Lady Beaumont and after that to dinner at Mr George Philips—Dora and I were the only ladies. Poor Chauntry is in bad spirits. He is in great apprehension of losing his Wife to whom he is tenderly attached. She has been ill more than a year. Their lot is remarkable in one respect, that neither of them has a relative male or female, nearer than distant cousins—so that the sole care of her in her sickness seems to fall on him. Tomorrow our nephews are to dine here; and Mr Monkhouse has invited Captain Barrett. I think, after all, we shall not go to Lee, Mr Quillinan and Dora got my Brother persuaded to go—and he fixed next Thursday or Friday '*in case he should be well*'. His heart now fails him—he does not like the journey; and I think I shall have to write to Quillinan to retract. I am sorry any half promise was made—and now that the house does not lett, your Brother and Sister would be glad to have us here a week longer. Your kind Brother likes company, and now that he is better, seems much to enjoy our being here. Captain Barrett is to dine with us to-day, and I shall wait till Wm has seen him before I take his final decision. If we do not go to Lee we shall be at Cambridge on the 30<sup>th</sup>. If we do, probably a day or two later, as on our return we shall spend one day with Mr Johnson at Clapton House—and provided we stay in London shall in like manner halt one day there on our way to Cambridge. All this is more for Sara H. than for you. I am afraid she will not be with you when you receive this letter, but pray send it to her and excuse whatever may be dull to yourself—

Saturday Another rainy cold morning! William is gone to breakfast with Mr Courtenay the lawyer—and we *were* to have met Mr Robinson at Mr André's. Sara knows the place—Mr A. has some old pictures—and thence gone to the Exhibition—Dora cannot go—the streets are so wet—nor even I, unless the rain ceases—Your Brother is just gone, per Stage, into the City. He looks well this morning but is soon jaded—and often comes home

the worse for having left the house. Mrs M. is confined to her room by a cold—but we hope she will be able to come down into the drawing room in the evening. We have often seen the Lambs—and are to meet them at Miss Kelly's<sup>1</sup> on Wednesday—Charles, though not in his best spirits has always been very agreeable. At Sir George Beaumont's he was charming—Both Sir George and Lady B. were delighted with him. On Monday Wm and G are to meet Mr Irving—and a few others at Sir G's—and Dora is going with Miss Horrocks and your Br to hear Malthus tell how they manage in America. We have at present no other engagements—By the Bye of Mr Irving—we have heard him twice—and were very much interested. His person is very fine, in my opinion—and his action often graceful—though often far otherwise—his voice fine—reading excellent, and, while he keeps his feelings under, nothing can be finer than his manner of preaching—but it is grievous to see him wasting his powers—as he does in the latter part (especially) of his discourses—the more grievous as it is plain he must sink under such exertions while yet a young man. When I say *wasting* his powers, you will understand that I mean that with less effort—the effect on his hearers would be more beneficial. He wholly wants taste and judgment—but one essential I give him full credit for—*sincerity*—without which no preaching that would address the feelings can be efficacious.

I have been interrupted by dear Mrs Luff's arrival through the rain—(of course in a carriage) with Walter Farquhar—to see my Brother, who is breakfasting out—Mrs Luff has put off her journey to Playford in hopes of her pension—and now to our utter astonishment—she tells us that the Farquhars are probably to set off to Paris tonight or tomorrow. Thus suddenly are things done in London. Mrs Luff will, I doubt not, go with them though she talks of it hesitatingly—and she will be in London again by the time we finally leave it—the 29<sup>th</sup> of this

<sup>1</sup> Fanny Kelly (1790–1882) the actress, thought by Lamb to be very little if at all inferior as a comedienne to Mrs Jordan in her best days. She declined his proposal of marriage to her in 1819, but remained an intimate friend of him and Mary Lamb till their deaths.

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month. Your sweet little warbling-voiced niece has been playing in the room beside us a full hour. She is a child by herself—Such an one as was never born before and never will be again. There seems to be no seed of evil in her; but I trust when she is old enough to be touched by it externally she will have the spirit of self-defence—like the little Birds or young lambs—which now her ways and notions far more resemble than those of other children. She is constantly happy—and everything that is new and everything that is old affords her amusement. It is a great pleasure to see her with her Father. This morning he happened to be standing with his legs out-stretched like the Colossus of Rhodes—the little creature whose eye is very quick, chanced to see him and she ran under the pointed arch—and was quite delighted with her trick.

Mary Wordsworth seems to accede to the plan laid down by Sara of going into Wales before the end of June. This I am very glad of, and you and our Friends at Hindwell may depend on my being at home—not later than the first week in June but more probably the last in May. Mrs Luff is very anxious to be in the North, and will go to Playford as soon as possible after her return from Paris—if she goes thither). The affair of her Pension will not be decided till after the holidays. Nothing on my part shall prevent Mary W's being at liberty to leave home as soon as she *can*, in the month of June—*can* or is desirous of doing it. Had we not come to Town from Oxford it would have given me very great pleasure to visit you all this year, but having much enjoyed our stay here, in spite of a few drawbacks, I do not regret that it was not so arranged—and shall hope to see you at Hindwell and Stowe at another not very distant opportunity.

It seems little likely that they will leave Hindwell before the end of another year.

Many thanks to dear Sara for transcribing Mrs Donaldson's affecting letter! No doubt, poor woman she will end her days among her Children in America. I enclose for Sara a letter which she sent to us, and which ought to have been returned before. This sad penmanship will, I fear distress your eyes—and I have no right to trouble you with so much of it. Lucky will it

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be for me if Sara or Joanna be by your side to decipher for you—

Dora's kind love—  
adieu my dear Friend  
Believe me yours affectionately

Dorothy Wordsworth.

Excuse all blunders. I have not time or patience to read over, and correct.

MS.           *715. D. W. to Edward Quillinan*

Monday morn<sup>g</sup> [April 19, 1824]

My dear Friend,

It is fixed that we set off next Friday, but whether by [? Steam] or by one of the Charing Cross coaches is not decided, only I declare against the Tallyho for the reason which recommends it to you, its speed.

Capt<sup>n</sup> Barret and Mr Irving and my two nephews are breakfasting with us. Mr Robinson just arrived to walk about with me, and see sights—so do not wonder that my pen wants to be done, and as we shall meet so soon there is no need to say much.

Your watch key is found. I will drop you a line when our mode of travelling is fixed.

Do's love to the Toots—and mine

Ever yours truly  
D. Wordsworth.

MS.           *716. D. W. to Edward Quillinan*

Monday Morn<sup>g</sup>. Clapton. [Early May 1824]

My dear Friend,

We had amusing company and a very pleasant ride in spite of dust. The rough Fellow who got up in his patched coat covered with dust proved a worthy Pilot who plies the river and who had a large share of human kindness, and gave my Brother no little information in *his way*. Found dinner ready at Bread Street. Mrs Johnson could not receive us that night, so we were to sleep at a Coffee house in St Paul's Churchyard.

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Next morning very busy till our departure for Clapton from the Flower-pot at four—and here we shall remain till to-morrow morning—hoping to dine with the Master of Trinity and his Nephew John.

I will not say a word of Lee and the nightingales—I was too sorry to leave them—and poor Doro could think of little but what she had left behind, for some miles of the journey. I very much rejoice with her in the happy opportunity we have had of seeing your dear little Girls. I can never forget them as they are now—and whatever notion you may entertain of my likings I assure you Rotha is an especial favorite with me.

All well in Bread Street. They cannot leave London till Wednesday. We shall see them to-day, as we are going to the Exhibition. I got a letter forwarded by you from Lee and heard a rumour of some verses which never alas! reached my hands—I was busy with a long letter from Rydal, and Doro (after reading them) gave the verses to Mrs Monkhouse. Doro has repeated a part of them to me; but cannot remember them all—I hope to pursue the same poem in Bread Street to-day.

You will look for news of us—therefore I write—and because I can procure a Frank. I would not have the conscience to send such a scrawl to be *paid* for. Breakfast ready—off to London! and not a moment to spare.

A thousand loves from Doro and self to the little ones. Remembrances to all kind Friends—not forgetting Mrs Lucas. God bless you

Yours ever truly

D Wordsworth.

Doro read your verses to her Father, who just now tells me 'They are very pretty verses' if he may be allowed to say so of any so panegyrical of himself. God bless you—a week at Lee Priory is far too little.

Bread Street. Monday morn<sup>g</sup> 12 o'clock. Your letter just received by hand from Mrs Monkhouse. Many thanks! and for the pretty verses! we are going to the Exhibition at S<sup>t</sup> House,<sup>1</sup> and back to Clapton to dinner.

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>r</sup>e, Lee Priory, Wingham, Kent.

<sup>1</sup> Stafford House.

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MS.

717. D. W. to Edward Quillinan

Trinity Lodge, Thursday 20<sup>th</sup> [May 20 1824]

My dear Friend,

I have just written to Mr Monkhouse to tell him that Doro is now travelling northward with her Father, instead of southward with her Uncle. She was home-sick—the Father sick to have her at home, and so they settled it—and this morning at 7 o'clock I saw her seated on the top of the Stamford Coach by his side. Instead of going into Wales as before intended, at Midsummer, she is to accompany her Mother in the autumn, and my Brother will either go with them, or join them there to return with them. I hope Egerton Brydges will find his way to the Lodge either this morning or at Chapel time in the evening. My Brother and Doro saw him since his return from London, but I happened not to be out with them. This house which seemed so cheerful until to-day is now (deserted as we are) quite melancholy in its stillness; though the sun shines brightly, and the sight of it chears me a bit for the Travellers' sake. The Master set off for London at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9.—I shall be at Cambridge again on my return from Playford with Mrs Luff, but probably only for one night.

I am sorry I was so careless as to bring away Miss H.'s letter, which I now enclose.

Poor Rotha! how anxious you must have been when she was so ill! I hope to hear from you while at Playford with good accounts of both your dear little Girls—and a pleasant history of your sports at Lee with Mr M., visits to Ramsgate etc etc. Excuse this poor scrawl. I have many letters to write, and would much prefer musing in the Garden—or lying on a sofa with a Book from which my thoughts would wander far away—halting oftentimes at Lee—a place which will always be dear to my memory. God bless you and your bonny Lasses (I assure you Rotha was right bonny in my eyes long before they cast on her their last look). Do not fail to remember me to Mrs Lucas  
—Yours ever truly

D Wordsworth.

Address: Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup>, Lee Priory.

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MS. 718. D. W. to Thomas Monkhouse

Trin. Lodge

Thursday May 20<sup>th</sup> [1824]

My dear Friend

At six o'clock yester evening I little thought I should have to tell you of Doro's travelling northward with her Father, instead of southward with her uncle. Such is, however, the case. At seven o'clock this morning, her Cousin John and I saw them seated on the back part of the Stamford coach (i.e. from Stamford) whence they are to proceed by Leeds, and they expect to reach home on Saturday morning.

You, I am sure, will be much disappointed—and so will many other kind Friends; and on many accounts, I assure you this arrangement does not please me—but I will neither trouble you nor myself with the details of my arguments in opposition to it. Had not her Father's promise that she should accompany her Mother into Wales (he either going with them or joining them there to return with them) in some degree reconciled me as far as our kind Friends at Hindwell and Stowe are concerned—I should have really at this moment been very unhappy. Doro will write to you herself a day or two after her arrival at home—and she will tell you how she sickened at the thought of her Father's going without her—how he yielded—and also how desirous he was to take her with him. The point he most dwelt upon was, that her absence from home and from her Mother and himself would be too long—more than could be afforded—'nine or ten months being a long portion of human life after 53 years of age', but I am insensibly getting into details that I wished to avoid.

I very much regret that the present plan had not been settled before we left London. In that case notwithstanding Mrs Luff's wish to have a companion on her journey—and notwithstanding my wish to see Mrs Clarkson (all things being convenient for it)—I should have made no engagement with Mrs Luff and instead of going to Playford (which I intend to do, tomorrow) should have gone as far as Leicester with my Brother and Doro—thence to Birmingham, and from Birmingham to Hereford—and thence to the Stowe and Hindwell. This would have been for myself a

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very pleasing scheme, and would, in some degree, have made amends to them for the putting-off of Doro's visit.

My Brother C. left us this morning at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past nine; so I have now no companion in this large and quiet house but my Nephew John who is now hard at his studies. At 12 he attends his Tutor, and after that time we shall walk out together and conclude with a last visit to King's College Chapel—I assure you we both feel very queer, now that we are quite deserted—yet that would disturb me little were it not for the breaking of engagements, which I do not see sufficient reason *for* breaking. My Br C. will be at Mrs Watson's most part of his absence from Cambridge. He thinks of returning about Monday sen'night but is uncertain. John would gladly join a party if he could hear of one with a Tutor, to the Lakes—but his Father seems to think the Idle Mount is too pleasant a spot for mathematical studies, to prosper in. I have at least half a dozen letters to write that *must* be written—the greater part of them on account of this change of purpose—which falls rather hard on me—having had no hand in the business. Had the resolution been formed one day earlier, Doro should have had the telling of her own Tale. So far not a word of you or your concerns! We much rejoiced over your good accounts from Ramsgate—God grant that your hopes of a perfect restoration of your dear Wife's health and strength may be realised before the end of the summer! Give my very kind love to her and Miss Horrocks—and tell little Good Good that Dorothy sends her many kisses—and that 'Do' is 'gone'.

I shall not write to Sara Hutchinson till I reach Playford, when I hope to have something pleasant to communicate concerning our Friends there, to set against her disappointment.

Adieu, my dear Friend,

Believe me ever, yours faithfully and affectionately

D Wordsworth.

A letter from Mary W received yesterday says (quoting from Sara) 'I hope William will not let the French have his money at reduced interest'—and the quotation goes on to this effect that 'she (Sara) wishes to have hers sold out'—No doubt she has written to you on the subject since we left you.

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Do let me hear from you when you can find leisure. I hope the change in weather may have set you right again—yet though this is a very hot day in the sunshine—we have a sharp East wind, and *that* wind, I know—wet or fair—never agrees with you—It would give me great pleasure to hear that your Sports at Lee, and the Lee Ale have agreed as well with you as the last time.

C.  
K(—)      719. *D. W. to Lady Beaumont*

Rydal Mount, 18<sup>th</sup> Sept., Saturday [1824]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Lady Beaumont,

. . . Now for our own travellers. They have thridded North Wales, and hardly left a celebrated spot unseen. Mr Jones, my brother's first pedestrian companion on his tour in Switzerland, joined them with his car and servant, and travelled with them everywhere. They were to part at the Devil's Bridge last Tuesday, and on Wednesday expected to reach Mr Hutchinson's house at Hindwell. They had had fine weather, and no drawback from their pleasure except my brother's poor eyes, which at some times were much inflamed; he, however, kept up his spirits, enjoyed everything, and the whole journey seems to have gone off very well. My letters have been from Dora, who gives a most lively account of what she has seen, especially of the ladies<sup>2</sup> at Llangothlin (I cannot spell these Welsh names), with whom they spent an evening; and were well pleased with *them* and their entertainment. Dora says of Conway Castle, 'Having left the vale of Clwydd, we soon came in sight of Conway, which I think the king of castles. All that I have heard of it, all that I have seen—even Sir George's picture—nothing gives one a sufficient idea of its grandeur. Here we spent more than three hours, but it would take more than three days to become acquainted with it. The longer I stayed the longer I wished to

<sup>1</sup> For *D. W. to H. C. R.*, May 23, 1824, *v. C.R.*, p. 126.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Eleanor Butler (1745–1829), sister of the Earl of Ormonde, and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, cousin of the Earl of Bessborough, retired from society in 1779 and for fifty years lived together, as 'sentimental anchorites' in the vale of Llangollen. Their devotion to each other, and their eccentricities of dress and manner, brought them great notoriety, and they were much visited; *v. Sonnet (Oxf. W., p. 272)*.

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stay. They are erecting a bridge across the river, on the same plan as at Bangor Ferry, which I think will be an improvement to the appearance of the castle when the newness is worn off.'

So much for the distant travellers; but we, at home, have had our travels. Mrs Luff, William, and I spent three days in Borrowdale very agreeably—not wholly in Borrowdale, for William and I went over the Sty to Wasdale, with a party of our friends. Bright sunshine after torrents of rain set off the charms of Borrowdale and the sublimities of Scafell to the best advantage, and all were delighted. You will be glad to hear that William, who is my first charge and care during his parents' absence, is much improved in strength and good looks since they left us. John is at Whitehaven with Mr William Jackson. Sara Coleridge rode over to us in Borrowdale. I cannot discover any ailment in examining her eyes, nor is there any inflammation on the lids; but, poor girl, she says the uneasiness is often very great, and she cannot endure a strong light. She is extremely thin; I could not but think of a lily flower to be snapped by the first blast, when I looked at her delicate form, her fair and pallid cheeks. She is busy with proof-sheets,—a labour that she likes, —yet I should be glad if it were over, and she could be employed and amused at the same time without exercising her mind by thought and study. Southey is much better, and I think he looks pretty well. He had been on Helvellyn the week before last, a proof of recovered strength! Mrs C. and the rest of the family well, except Mrs Lovel. Southey seemed to be very sorry to give up the expectation of seeing Sir George in the North. I told him, however, that there was perhaps a little chance of his coming, recollecting your message to Lord Lonsdale.—Believe me, dear Lady Beaumont, your faithful and affectionate friend,

D. Wordsworth.

*M(—) 720. W. W. to Sir George Beaumont  
C. K(—)*

Hindwell, Radnor, Sept. 20, 1824.

My dear Sir George,

After a three weeks' ramble in North Wales, Mrs Wordsworth, Dora, and myself are set down quietly here for three weeks more.

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The weather has been delightful, and everything to our wishes. On a beautiful day we took the steam-packet at Liverpool, passed the mouth of the Dee, coasted the extremity of the vale of Clwyd, sailed close under Great Orme's Head, had a noble prospect of Penmaenmawr, and having almost touched upon Puffin's Island, we reached Bangor Ferry a little after six in the afternoon. We admired the stupendous preparations for the bridge over the Menai, and breakfasted next morning at Carnarvon. We employed several hours in exploring the interior of the noble castle, and looking at it from different points of view in the neighbourhood. At half-past four we departed for Llanberris, having fine views, as we looked back, of C. Castle, the sea, and Anglesey. A little before sunset we came in sight of Llanberris Lake, Snowdon, and all the craggy hills and mountains surrounding it; the foreground a beautiful contrast to this grandeur and desolation—a green sloping hollow, furnishing a shelter for one of the most beautiful collections of lowly Welsh cottages, with thatched roofs, overgrown with plants, anywhere to be met with: the hamlet is called Cwm-y-Glo. And here we took boat, while the solemn lights of evening were receding towards the tops of the mountains. As we advanced, Dolbardin Castle came in view, and Snowdon opened upon our admiration. It was almost dark when we reached the quiet and comfortable inn at Llanberris. . . .

There being no carriage-road, we undertook to walk by the Pass of Llanberris, eight miles, to Capel Cerig; this proved fatiguing, but it was the only oppressive exertion we made during the course of our tour. We arrived at Capel Cerig in time for a glance at the Snowdonian range, from the garden of the inn in connection with the lake (or rather pool), reflecting the crimson clouds of evening. The outline of Snowdon is perhaps seen nowhere to more advantage than from this place. Next morning, five miles down a beautiful valley to the banks of the Conway, which stream we followed to Llanrwst; but the day was so hot that we could only make use of the morning and evening. Here we were joined, according to previous arrangement, by Bishop Hobart,<sup>1</sup> of New York, who remained with us till two o'clock next

<sup>1</sup> Hobart *v.* letter of Nov. 10, 1830, *note*.

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day, and left us to complete his hasty tour through North and South Wales. In the afternoon arrived my old college friend and youthful companion among the Alps, the Rev. R. Jones, and in his car we all proceeded to the falls of the Conway, thence up that river to a newly-erected inn on the Irish road, where we lodged ; having passed through bold and rocky scenery along the banks of a stream which is a feeder of the Dee. Next morning we turned from the Irish road three or four miles to visit the 'Valley of Meditation' (Glyn Mavyr), where Mr Jones has, at present, a curacy, with a comfortable parsonage. We slept at Corwen, and went down the Dee to Llangollen, which you and dear Lady B. know well. Called upon the celebrated recluses,<sup>1</sup> who hoped that you and Lady B. had not forgotten them ; they certainly had not forgotten you, and they begged us to say that they retained a lively remembrance of you both. We drank tea and passed a couple of hours with them in the evening, having visited the aqueduct over the Dee and Chirk Castle in the afternoon. Lady E. has not been well, and has suffered much in her eyes, but she is surprisingly lively for her years. Miss P. is apparently in unimpaired health. Next day I sent them the following sonnet from Ruthin, which was conceived, and in a great measure composed, in their grounds—

A stream, to mingle with your favourite Dee,  
Along the *Vale of Meditation* flows ;  
So named by those fierce Britons, pleased to see  
In Nature's face the expression of repose, etc.<sup>2</sup>

. . . We passed three days with Mr J.'s friends in the vale of Clwyd, looking about us, and on the Tuesday set off again, accompanied by our friend, to complete our tour. We dined at Conway, walked to Benarth, the view from which is a good deal choked up with wood. A small part of the castle has been demolished, for the sake of the new road to communicate with the suspension bridge, which they are about to make to the small island opposite the castle, to be connected by a long embankment with the opposite shore. The bridge will, I think, prove rather ornamental when time has taken off the newness of its supporting masonry ; but the mound deplorably impairs the

<sup>1</sup> v. note to last letter.

<sup>2</sup> Oxf. W., p. 272.

majesty of the water at high-tide ; in fact it destroys its lakelike appearance. Our drive to Aber in the evening was charming ; sun setting in glory. We had also a delightful walk next morning up the vale of Aber, terminated by a lofty waterfall ; not much in itself, but most striking as a closing accompaniment to the secluded valley. Here, in the early morning, I saw an odd sight —fifteen milkmaids together, laden with their brimming pails. How cheerful and happy they appeared ! and not a little inclined to joke after the manner of the pastoral persons in Theocritus. That day brought us to Capel Cerig again, after a charming drive up the banks of the Ogwen, having previously had beautiful views of Bangor, the sea, and its shipping. From Capel Cerig down the justly celebrated vale of Nant Gwynant to Beddgelert. In this vale are two small lakes, the higher of which is the only Welsh lake which has any pretensions to compare with our own ; and it has one great advantage over them, that it remains wholly free from intrusive objects. We saw it early in the morning ; and with the greenness of the meadows at its head, the steep rocks on one of its shores, and the bold mountains at *both* extremities, a feature almost peculiar to itself, it appeared to us truly enchanting.

The village of Beddgelert is much altered for the worse ; new and formal houses have supplanted the old rugged and tufted cottages ; and a smart hotel has taken the place of the lowly public-house in which I took refreshment almost<sup>1</sup> thirty years ago, previous to a midnight ascent to the summit of Snowdon. At B. we were agreeably surprised by the appearance of Mr Hare, of New College, Oxford. We slept at Tan-y-bwlch, having employed the afternoon in exploring the beauties of the vale of Festiniog. Next day to Barmouth, whence, the following morning, we took boat and rowed up its sublime estuary, which may compare with the finest of Scotland, having the advantage of a superior climate. From Dolgelly we went to Tal-y-llyn, a solitary and very interesting lake under Cader Idris. Next day, being Sunday, we heard service performed in Welsh, and in the afternoon went part of the way down a beautiful valley to Machynlleth, next morning to Aberystwith, and up the Rheidol

<sup>1</sup> almost—in fact thirty-one years, *v. Prelude, xiii (1805), init.*

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to the Devil's Bridge, where we passed the following day in exploring those two rivers, and Hafod in the neighbourhood.

I had seen these things long ago, but either my memory or my powers of observation had not done them justice. It rained heavily in the night, and we saw the waterfalls in perfection. While Dora was attempting to make a sketch from the chasm in the rain, I composed by her side the following address to the torrent:

How art thou named? In search of what strange land,  
From what huge height descending? Can such force  
Of water issue from a British source?<sup>1</sup>

Next day, viz., last Wednesday, we reached this place, and found all our friends well, except our good and valuable friend, Mr Monkhouse, who is here, and in a very alarming state of health. His physicians have ordered him to pass the winter in Devonshire, fearing a consumption; but he is certainly not suffering under a regular hectic pulmonary decline: his pulse is good, so is his appetite, and he has no fever, but is deplorably emaciated. He is a near relation of Mrs Wordsworth, and one, as you know, of my best friends. I hope to see Mr Price, at Foxley, in a few days. Mrs Wordsworth's brother is about to change his present residence for a farm close by Foxley.

Now, my dear Sir George, what chance is there of your being in Wales during any part of the autumn? I would strain a point to meet you anywhere, were it only for a couple of days. Write immediately, or should you be absent without Lady B. she will have the goodness to tell me of your movements. I saw the Lowthers just before I set off, all well. You probably have heard from my sister. It is time to make an end of this long letter, which might have been somewhat less dry if I had not wished to make you master of our whole route. Except ascending one of the high mountains, Snowdon or Cader Idris, we omitted nothing, and saw as much as the shortened days would allow. With love to Lady B. and yourself, dear Sir George, from us all, I remain, ever most faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> Oxf. W., p. 272.

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you write? With best wishes to yourself and Mrs Kenyon,  
believe me, dear Sir

Yours truly

D. Wordsworth.

John has been three weeks at Whitehaven with Mr Wm. Jackson. I expect him home this week, to leave us soon for Oxford. My Brother's address is Thomas Hutchinson's Esq<sup>re</sup>, Hindwell, near Radnor. All pretty well at Keswick.

*Address:* John Kenyon Esq<sup>re</sup>, Bognor, Sussex.

K.

722. *W. W. to Alaric Watts*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, Ambleside,  
November 16, 1824.

Dear Sir,

On my return home, after a prolonged absence, I found upon my table your little volume and accompanying letter, for both of which I return you sincere thanks. The letter written by my sister upon their arrival does not leave it less incumbent on me to notice these marks of your attention. Of the poems I had accidentally a hasty glance before; I have now perused them at leisure, and notwithstanding the modest manner in which you speak of their merits, I must be allowed to say that I think the volume one of no common promise, and that some of the pieces are valuable, independent of such consideration. My sister tells me she named the *Ten Years Ago*. It is one of this kind; and I agree with her in rating it more highly than any other of the collection. Let me point out the thirteenth stanza of the first poem as—with the exception of the last line but one—exactly to my taste, both in sentiment and language. Should I name other poems that particularly pleased me, I might select the *Sketch from Real Life*, and the lyrical pieces, the *Serenade* and *Dost thou love the Lyre?* The fifth stanza of the latter would be better omitted, slightly altering the commencement of the preceding one. In

<sup>1</sup> Alaric Watts (1797–1864), in 1818 sub-editor of *New Monthly Magazine*, in 1822 editor of *Leeds Intelligencer*, when he published his *Poetical Sketches*. From 1824–38 he edited the *Literary Souvenir*, the first of those *Annals* so popular in the mid-nineteenth century.

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lyric poetry the subject and simile should be as much as possible lost in each other.

It cannot but be gratifying to me to learn from your letter that my productions have proved so interesting; and, as you are induced to say, beneficial, to a writer whose pieces bear such undeniable marks of sensibility as appear in yours. I hope there may not be so much in my writings to mislead a young poet as is by many roundly asserted.

... I am disposed strenuously to recommend to your habitual perusal the great poets of our own country, who have stood the test of ages. Shakespeare I need not name, nor Milton, but Chaucer and Spenser are apt to be overlooked. It is almost painful to think how far these surpass all others. . . .

I have to thank you, I presume, for a *Leeds Intelligencer*, containing a critique on my poetical character, which, but for your attention, I probably should not have seen. Some will say, 'Did you ever know a poet who would agree with his critic when he was finding fault, especially if on the whole he was inclined to praise?' I will ask, 'Did you ever know a critic who suspected it to be possible that he himself might be in the wrong?' in other words, who did not regard his own impressions as the test of excellence? The author of these candid strictures accounts with some pains for the disgust or indifference with which the world received a large portion of my verse, yet without thinking the worse of this portion himself; but wherever the string of his own sympathies is not touched the blame is mine. *Goody Blake and Harry Gill* is apparently no favourite with the person who has transferred the article into the Leeds paper; yet Mr Crabbe in my hearing said that 'everybody must be delighted with that poem.' The *Idiot Boy* was a special favourite with the late Mr Fox and with the present Mr Canning. The South American critic quarrels with the *Celandine*, and no doubt would with the *Daffodils*, etc.; yet on this last the other day I heard of a most ardent panegyric from a high authority. But these matters are to be decided by principles; and I only mention the above facts to show that there are reasons upon the surface of things for a critic to suspect his own judgment.

You will excuse the length of this letter, and the more readily

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if you attribute it to the respect I entertain for your sensibility and genius.

Believe me, very truly,  
Your obedient servant,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

MS.

723. W. W. to Captain Barrett

Rydal Mount Nov<sup>r</sup>. 19<sup>th</sup> [1824]

My dear Sir

The other day, upon returning home after a long absence, I found additional proofs of your regard in two valuable volumes from the labours of your learned Father<sup>1</sup>—with much pride and pleasure I placed them by the side of those which I have previously received from your hands: and now return you my sincere thanks for those interesting memorials of your esteem. How much do I regret that the state of my eye-sight is so great an obstacle to my profiting, as speedily as I otherwise might do, from the information, much the greater part of which is new to me, contained in the Polyanthea and Cimelia.<sup>1</sup>

I sympathized with your regrets on the loss of your beautiful Trees by tempestuous weather, and I am sure you would share mine could you behold the havoc which a late storm has made in the grounds and woods of Rydal. I cannot conceive any danger to surpass what would have been encountered by a Person in the midst of these woods during the hurricane. In one quarter you might imagine that giants had been hurling the Oaks and Pines at each other after tearing them up by the roots—or rather that they had been endeavouring to do so, for most of the prostrate trees adhere to the ground with large masses of earth attached to them; in one instance, a space, of 7 yds by 3, had been torn up by a single tree from the surface of the ground—some were snapped off by the middle,—and one I noticed whose trunk was split nearly to its root— $\frac{1}{2}$  left standing—but the whole riven into fibres. Sixty trees have been overthrown, and out of 15 hundred the greater part shew vestiges of this

<sup>1</sup> Sir Egerton Brydges (1762–1837), student of literature and genealogist; he wrote much bad poetry, of which he had an inordinate opinion. Of his *Cimelia, a Supplement to Res Literariae*, Geneva, 1823, only 75 copies were printed.

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tornado, which raged with its utmost fury in the Cove of Rydal.

You will have heard from Q. of poor Mr Monkhouse's melancholy state—we have heard of him since his arrival in Devonshire, but without any assurances of any improvement—so that his friends are preparing themselves for the worst. He will be a great loss, for he was an example of a Man upright in all his dealings and a most affectionate friend.

Be kind enough to pass the other  $\frac{1}{2}$  sheet<sup>1</sup> to Quillinan—reading it yourself, if you think proper.

My Wife, Sister and Daughter join me in sincere regards and believe me my d<sup>r</sup> Sir to be your obd<sup>t</sup> and sincere Friend

Wm. Wordsworth.

Address: I. B. B. Barrett Esq<sup>re</sup>, Lee Priory, near Wingham, Kent.

(K—)              724. *W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

Rydal Mount, 23<sup>rd</sup> Nov., 1824.

... I am ashamed of being so long in fulfilling my engagement. But the promises of poets are like the perjuries of lovers, things at which Jove laughs! At last, however, I have sent off the two first books of my translation<sup>2</sup> to be forwarded by Mr Beckett. I hope they will be read with some pleasure, as they have cost me a good deal of pains. Translation is just as to labour what the person who makes the attempt is inclined to. If he wishes to preserve as much of the original as possible, and that with as little addition of his own as may be, there is no species of composition which costs more pains. A literal translation of an ancient poet in verse, and particularly in rhyme, is *impossible*. Something must be left out, and something added. I have done my best to avoid the one and the other fault. I ought to say a prefatory word about the versification, which will not be found much to the taste of those whose ear is exclusively accommodated to the regularity of Pope's Homer. I have run the couplets freely into each other, much more even than Dryden has

<sup>1</sup> On the last half sheet are copies (in M. W.'s hand) of two sonnets by W. W., one on Rotha Quillinan, and the other on Mary Monkhouse (*Misc. Sonnets*, Part III, xviii and xvi, Oxf. W., p. 274).

<sup>2</sup> i.e. of the *Aeneid*. v. M.Y., pp. 836–40.

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done. This variety seems, to me, to be called for, if anything of the movement of the Virgilian versification be transferable to our poetry; and, independent of this consideration, long narratives in couplets with the sense closed at the end of each are to me very wearisome. . . .

*Hutchins.*  
K(—)

725. *D. W. to John Kenyon*

Rydal Mount, 28<sup>th</sup> Nov. [1824]

My dear Sir,

An offer, just received from a Friend to execute commissions for us at Bath, tempts me to send a few lines to you, knowing that you will be glad to hear we are gathered together again at Rydal Mount, the usual Family, except Miss Hutchinson (whose duties to poor Mr Monkhouse will I fear long detain her in the South) and John (whom we expect in about a fortnight from Oxford). The Travellers returned delighted with North Wales, all in good health and with improved looks. My Brother's eyes have mostly during the summer been in their better way, and are still so—very useable for a short while at a time by daylight: but hardly at all by candle-light, and this, I fear, is the best that we may be allowed ever to expect from them. I told you of Mr Monkhouse's deplorable state of health in a letter addressed to you at Bognor, and have written thus far as if I were assured you had received it, but perhaps you might have left the place, as it was some weeks after the receipt of yours that I wrote: however, you have probably heard by other means of the Tour in N. Wales, and the long visit in S. Wales and Herefordshire, therefore I will not tell the tale over again; but must repeat that I very much regretted that I had not the opportunity of shewing Rydal Mount to your Friend, and, in any other way, of doing my best to make some amends for the absence of my Brother and Sister.

Our friends at Keswick are pretty well. Southeby has got rid of his summer cold, Sara Coleridge's eyes are no worse—Miss Southeby is expected at home early in the Spring. After a long stay in Devonshire she is now in London. Derwent keeps his situation as third master of Plymouth school, and we (hearing nothing amiss) conclude he is going on well. As to poor Hartley

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he sticks to his school-hours, is liked by his scholars, and is still 'Hartley' among them, even (out of school) the bigger address him 'Hartley!' This will give you a notion of the nature of the discipline exercised by him.

Miss Hutchinson is at Torquay with Mr and Mrs Monkhouse. The Invalid is not, in appearance, worse than at his going thither, about 5 weeks ago, but Miss H. thinks him no better.

My Brother and Sister, Dora, and William, join with me in kindest remembrances to you, and to your Brother, when you write to him. We often talk of you both. I wish he may be in England next summer, that you may bring Mrs Kenyon to the Lakes, and that he may make a third in the party.

It would give us great pleasure to hear how you are going on: I do not ask you to write, but at some half-hour of leisure, the Rydal folks coming into your head, you may be seized with the inclination to say a few words to us. Pray present our united regards to Mrs Kenyon, and believe me, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

Dorothy Wordsworth.

Do you hear frequently of or from Mr Poole? and how is he? Do you know whether Coleridge has lately been at Harrowgate, or not? A rumour of his having been there has reached these parts, but we think there must be a mistake in the name, and that it has been some watering-place in the South.

Address: John Kenyon Esq<sup>re</sup>, Bath. 7 Upper Church Street.

C.  
K.

726. M. W. to *Lady Beaumont*

Rydal Mount, Dec. 9<sup>th</sup>, [1824.]

My dear Lady Beaumont,

I lose not a moment to tell you that William has made up his mind to avail himself of your proposal that the carriage shall be turned over to you, on the ground that the money which was to pay for it (*viz.*, part of the produce of the new edition) is gone in another direction—the purchase of the field.<sup>1</sup> We all earnestly hope with you that the time for building will never arrive, but

<sup>1</sup> The field situated just below Rydal Mount and known as 'Dora's field'. It was presented to the National Trust by the late Mr Gordon W.

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it is an amusement to talk of, and when spring comes the employment of planting upon *his own land* (though under such a tenure it can scarcely be called so) will be a great amusement to William, and stand him in the stead of driving one or two of us in the carriage, which I am sure, under existing circumstances, it is prudent to give up, as your kindness allows us to do so.

The field was an extravagant price, but, lying where it does, it cannot be a loss in the end. And we did hope that the possession of it might be the means of our being permitted to remain at Rydal Mount. I fear we herein have judged wrong.

You take the right view of making the best of our disappointment (if aught so uncertain can be called one) in regard to Merton. Yet from the Bishop of London's opinion we have gathered hope that the thing is not impossible. He says, 'I can hardly conceive that there can be any direct exclusion of the diocese of Chester in the Book of Merton. If there be, it must be of recent enactment, that diocese having been formed out of parcels of York and Lichfield, which one would think would have continued to enjoy their ancient privileges notwithstanding the change of jurisdiction.' We have, therefore, in conformity to the good bishop's suggestion, made application at Oxford, and the result will settle the point. If, unexpectedly, it prove favourable, William is determined that the apparent difficulty of the pursuit shall not discourage his efforts; and, indeed, from every letter we have received we have good hope of success *eventually*. Lord Lonsdale had procured us the vote of General Capel; and Mr Canning and many others—whose interest could not be questioned—expressed not only willingness, but pleasure, at the opportunity given them to hope they might be of service to William. This is gratifying, if nothing else comes of it; in which case many considerations are at hand to persuade me it is best it should be so.

Under any consideration it would be most satisfactory to us if John's thoughts should rest upon the Church; but this is a delicate subject, and unless his own mind—in conjunction with our own wishes, which are not unknown to him—led him thither, we should think it wrong to *press* him into the sacred profession

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merely to gain a worldly maintenance. The Army is out of the question; he knows that; and, strong as his bias towards the profession seems to be, at his age, and in times of peace, he would not give way to it. You are very good to be interested, and allow me to write to you, about him. This subject leads me to another, which you will not be sorry to hear has ended as it has done.

The Bishop of Chester cannot ordain J. Carter consistently with the rule he has prescribed to himself, viz., not to ordain any who have not been from the first educated for the ministry, i.e. those who have followed other business, or who have not been at the University or at St Bees. J. C. is too honourable to seek for ordination in any other diocese after this declaration, and has given up the thought of going into the Church. I should have been sorry, did I not believe that some other means of advancing himself—more useful to others, as well as more profitable to himself—may without difficulty be hit upon; in the meanwhile he is invaluable where he is.

We have had some few mild days, but the winter has set in very fiercely. From Herefordshire we hear wonderful reports of the fineness of the season, and good tidings of Mrs Hutchinson, which you will be glad to learn. I conclude that Lady Susan Percy has left; Coleorton, as you mention, being shut up for the winter. I enjoy, in imagination, the quiet of your fireside. I am to send you a corrected copy of the sonnet suggested by you; therefore, dear Lady Beaumont, with best love and respectful remembrances from all,

Believe me ever to be affectionately yours,  
M. Wordsworth.

*MS.*      727. *W. W. to Walter Savage Landor*

*Forster.<sup>1</sup>*

*K.*

[Keswick December 11, 1824.]<sup>2</sup>

My dear Sir,

I have begged this space from S., which I hope you will forgive, as I might not otherwise for some time [have] had courage

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Walter Savage Landor*, by John Forster, 1869.

<sup>2</sup> This letter is written at the end of one by Southey, so dated.

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to thank you for your admirable Dialogues. They reached me last May, at a time when I was able to read them, which I did with very great pleasure; I was in London then, and have been a wanderer most of the time since. But this did not keep me silent; I was deterred, such is the general state of my eyes, by a consciousness that I could not write what I wished. I concur with you in so much, and differ with you in so much also, that, though I could have easily disposed of my assent, easily and most pleasantly, I could not face the task of giving my reasons for my dissent! For instance, it would have required almost a pamphlet to set forth the grounds upon which I disagreed with what you have put into the mouth of *Franklin* on *Irish affairs*, the object to my mind of constant anxiety. What would I not give for a few hours' talk with you upon *Republics, Kings, and Priests and Priestcraft*. This last I *abhor*; but why spend our time declaiming against it? Better endeavour to improve priests, whom one cannot, and ought not therefore to endeavour to do without. We have far more to dread from those who would endeavour to expel not only organised Religion, but all religion from society, than from those who are slavishly disposed to uphold it; at least I cannot help feeling so—Your Dialogues are worthy of you, and great acquisitions to literature. The classical ones I like best, and most of all that between Tully and his Brother. That which pleases me the least is the one between yourself and the Abbé de Lille. The observations are invariably just, I own, but they are fitter for illustrative notes than the body of a Dialogue, which ought always to have some little spice of dramatic effect. I long for the third volume, a feeling which after my silence I should not venture to express, were you not aware of the infirmity which has been the cause of it. I sent a message of thanks through Julius Hare, whom I saw at Cambridge in May last.

Ever affectionately and gratefully yours,  
W. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Walter Savage Landor Esq<sup>re</sup>, Florence, Italy.

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K.

728. *W. W. to Robert Southey*

[? 1824]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Southey,

Colonel Campbell, our neighbour at Grasmere, has sent for your book; he served during the whole of the Peninsular war, and you shall hear what he says of it in due course. We are out of the way of all literary communication, so I can report nothing. I have read the whole with great pleasure; the work will do you everlasting honour. I have said the whole, forgetting, in that contemplation, my feelings upon one part, where you have tickled with a feather when you should have branded with a red-hot iron. You will guess I mean the Convention of Cintra. My detestation—I may say abhorrence—of that event is not at all diminished by your account of it. Bonaparte had committed a capital blunder in supposing that when he had intimidated the Sovereigns of Europe he had conquered the several nations. Yet it was natural for a wiser than he to have fallen into this mistake; for the old despotisms had deprived the body of the people of all practical knowledge in the management, and, of necessity, of all interest, in the course of affairs.

The French themselves were astonished at the apathy and ignorance of the people whom they had supposed they had utterly subdued when they had taken their fortresses, scattered their armies, entered their capital cities, and struck their cabinets with dismay. There was no hope for the deliverance of Europe till the nations had suffered enough to be driven to a passionate recollection of all that was honourable in their past history and to make appeal to the principles of universal and everlasting justice. These sentiments the authors of that Convention most unfeelingly violated; and as to the principles, they seemed to be as little aware even of the existence of such powers, for powers emphatically may they be called, as the tyrant himself. As far, therefore, as these men could, they put an extinguisher upon the star which was then rising.

It is in vain to say that after the first burst of indignation was

<sup>1</sup> For D. W. to H. C. R. Dec. (?) and Dec. 13, 1824, v. C.R., pp. 128–33. This letter is undated, but it was evidently written after reading Southey's *History of the Peninsular War* (1823).

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over the Portuguese themselves were reconciled to the event, and rejoiced in their deliverance. We may infer from that the horror which they must have felt in the presence of their oppressors; and we may see in it to what a state of helplessness their bad government had reduced them. Our duty was to have treated them with respect, as the representatives of suffering humanity, beyond what they were likely to look for themselves, and as deserving greatly, in common with their Spanish brethren, for having been the first to rise against the tremendous oppression and to show how, and how only, it could be put an end to.

W. Wordsworth.

MS.

729. W. W. to C. W.

January 4<sup>th</sup> [1825]

My dear Brother,

During the former part of this letter I<sup>1</sup> shall hold the pen for William at his request. Southey would inform you that he had delivered the Icon<sup>2</sup> to me at his own house. In his judgment you had made out the case. My Wife, your Relation Mr Robinson, and Mr Carr, our Apothecary all of whom have read your Book are of the same opinion. I have had considerable portions of it read, and find it improve upon me in effect. You ask for remarks—I have only one—that when you argue from the inherent baseness of Gauden's mind that he was incapable of entertaining the noble sentiments of the Icon, and therefore of personating the King, sufficient allowance is not made, I think, for his dramatic talent, as I may call it, as exhibited in the hypocrisy of his episcopal Charge, and his other works; yet, I own, it would be little less than marvellous that Gauden had kept the Icon so clear from stains of vicious moral sentiment and bad taste. In that, I think, would lie the wonder, and not in the production of any strains of piety and purity that may be found there.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Dorothy W.

<sup>2</sup> In 1824 C. W. published *Who wrote Eikon Basileike? a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury*, supporting the authorship of Charles I. In 1825 he published *A Documentary Supplement*, and in 1828 a further book on the subject.

Mary, Dora and I reached home on the 13<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup>. after an absence of eleven weeks and  $\frac{1}{2}$ , three of which were spent in a delightful ramble through North, and a part of South, Wales—five in a residence in Radnorshire and Herefordshire with Mr Hutchinson and Mr Monkhouse—and three at Sir George Beaumont's. Our abode in South Wales, notwithstanding the pleasure we had in seeing such excellent Friends was made very melancholy by the state of Mr Thomas Monkhouse's health, who, you will be grieved to hear, is dying of a pulmonary Consumption—dying very, very slowly. He is now in Devonshire with his Wife and Child and Miss Hutchinson. Their situation is sad, for he is not allowed by his physicians to speak above a whisper, from which you may judge in what condition they suppose his lungs to be. I cannot help saying on this occasion that Mr M. has proved to us in all our various connexions a faithful and invaluable Friend, so that our loss will in every respect be severe.

Jones met us at Llanroost, and was our companion during 13 days. We parted at the famous Devil's Bridge. If I find I have room I will send you a Sonnet, which I poured out in the chasm there, during a heavy storm, while Dora was at my side endeavouring to sketch the body of the place, leaving, poor Girl! the soul of it to her Father. Jones was the best of companions, being master of the language, very extensively known in the Country, a most affectionate Man, and, I verily believe, the best-tempered Creature imaginable; to me, who am apt to be irritable in travelling, an inestimable qualification. We did not ascend Snowdon nor any high mountain, but in other respects did justice to the country, by travelling very leisurely. It much exceeded in interest the expectations which the imperfect observations of one or two and twenty, and the faded recollections of two or three and thirty years allowed me to entertain. We were indeed all much delighted, and often wished for Dorothy and you. Jones spoke of you with that interest which is natural to him—and of your Sons. We went round by Worcester to see Sir George and Lady Beaumont, then in attendance upon Mrs Fermor, Lady B's Sister, a most highly gifted and excellent person, who is since dead. We were anxious about

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her during the whole of our stay at Coleorton, though accounts were more favorable. She died about three weeks ago. As a mark of regard—or rather, if I may be allowed to say so, as a testimony of her sense of the value of my writings, she has left me a Legacy of £100—‘a small token’ as she terms it; but in fact not so, as her means were inconsiderable. Sir George (writing soon after the melancholy event) says that Lady B and himself are a good deal worn down. By this time I hope they are recovering.

We were much concerned to hear of our Nephew John’s deranged health. He did not seem to be strong when we were at Cambridge. I think you have taken the best plan possible for restoring him. Remember us all kindly to him and his Brothers. I have not forgotten the prize exercise which Charles sent me, which did him great credit. What have you to say of them all? They are often talked of, and still more in the thoughts of, this family.—William’s health is tolerable but we dare not send him from home. John is here for the Christmas vacation, and perhaps to remain till Easter, but this will depend on his Friend Mr William Jackson being at liberty to give him a little of his time.

My eyes are on the whole better, though very subject to derangement—The Females are well. I, that is here meaning Dorothy Wordsworth, have to thank my Nephew John for a very pleasant letter from Cromer,—now I deliver up the pen to W.—

Dearest Brother,

I am truly glad that the Speaker’s<sup>1</sup> connection is broken off for his sake; but as far as you are concerned in the politics connected with the affair, I see nothing to rejoice in; first because

<sup>1</sup> Charles Manners-Sutton (1780–1845), Speaker of the H. of C., 1817–35, 1st Viscount Canterbury, son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was C. W.’s patron and was responsible for his appointment as Master of Trinity. The reference is obscure as C. M.-S. was not a candidate for the representation of Cambridge till 1832, when he was returned largely through the influence of Goulburn. It seems probable from this letter that Manners-Sutton may have desired to be adopted as the candidate for Cambridge at the forthcoming election, and that C. W. had been pressing his claims, but that he had decided to stand aside in favour of Goulburn, *v. Letter 766.*

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the matter has been so public, (Dr Satterthwaite for instance spoke of it as the common talk among the younger Members of the Lowther Family, and all their town acquaintance) and next, because one cannot rely upon good conduct being preserved where it originates so obviously in a selfish motive. I should have been much better pleased to hear that the Speaker had declined the Representation altogether, and I cannot see how you can escape censure for supporting him after what has passed; and if he does come forward, still less do I see how you can avoid supporting him; it would be cruel to decline it, both on his own account and his Father's. The dilemma I cannot get out of and it causes me much uneasiness. Do let me hear from you again, if you can say any thing satisfactory.—I had such bad accounts of Dr Satterthwaite's health that I went over to see him; and found him much better than I expected—ever most affectionately yours

W. W.

Sonnet, composed in the *Chasm of the Devil's Bridge*, after a Flood *as in Oxf.* ed., p. 272, but ll. 10–11

High o'er the yawning fissure, piny woods  
And sunbright lawns, and everlasting snows  
*and in l. 18 sway for power.*

*Address:* The Rev<sup>d</sup> Dr Wordsworth, Trinity Lodge, Cambridge.

MS.  
K(—)

730. W. W. to Jacob Fletcher<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount Jan<sup>ry</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> 1825

Dear Sir

I should have acknowledged the receipt of your obliging communication by return of Post had it found me at home. It would have been gratifying to me to have made your Acquaintance when we were thrown together on that gloomy evening, and in those not very comfortable Quarters.

The interesting observations you have sent me I have not yet had time read more than once—so that I do not feel competent

<sup>1</sup> Jacob Fletcher of Allerton, near Liverpool; b. 1790, educ. at B.N.C., Oxford, d. 1863.

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to make any remarks worthy the attention of so accurate an Observer as you are, and so reflecting a mind as you possess. One or two notices, however, I will hazard. I object to nothing which you say upon the scenery of N.W.<sup>1</sup> considered per se. Your analysis of it is, as far as it goes, undeniably just—but it seems next to impossible to discriminate between the claims of two countries to admiration with the impartiality of a *Judge*; in one's mind one may be just to both, but something of the advocate will creep into the language—as an office of this kind is generally undertaken with a view to rectify some injustice. This was the case with myself with respect to a comparison which I have drawn between our Mountains &c and the Alps; the general impression is, I am afraid, that I give the preference to my native region, which was far from the truth. But I wished to shew advantages which we possessed that were generally overlooked, and *dwell* upon those, slightly adverting only to the points in which the Alps have the superiority. The result then is, that I may *appear* to have dealt unfairly with that marvellous portion of the Earth that is presented to view in the Swiss and Italian Vallies.—In like manner you have the *appearance* of being unjust to Scotland. I am indeed not acquainted with any tract in Scotland of equal compass so worthy of admiration as Snowdon, and its included and circumjacent Vallies—and this is the district which has suggested the principal part, if not the whole of your observations; but there are tracts in N.W. that are as tame and uninteresting, and almost as desolate as the worst in Scotland, tho' certainly not so extensive. I cannot but think that if the landscape interests of the Highlands were as condensed as those of N.W., or of *this Country*, they would bear a comparison more favourable than you are inclined to allow them. We employed three weeks in exploring N.W.—far too short a time: a complete circuit ought to be made of Snowdon and the like of Cader Idris—centres to a pair of magnificent circles. We went from Dolgelly to Barmouth by land, and returned by water—but it was with the utmost regret that I left the shore on our right, as we returned, wholly unexplored. We saw something more of the Tal-y-lynn side of the Mountain, but

<sup>1</sup> North Wales.

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owing to the state of the weather far less than we wished. I am so much pleased with your communication that I am desirous to know what use you mean to make of it. If I do not visit Scotland during the ensuing Summer I shall in all probability re-examine N.W. not with any view to writing a Tour thro' the Country but of giving an analysis of Snowdon, Cader Idris and their several dependencies, with a sketch of the characters of the principal rivers. But you appear to be so well qualified for this employment that I should be happy to hear that you meant to undertake it—my wish being to teach the *Touring World*, which is become very numerous, to look through the clear eye of the Understanding as well as through the hazy one of vague Sensibility. But let me have the conclusion at your earliest convenience, and tell me precisely what you mean by objects being picturesque—and yet unfit for the pencil. Many objects are fit for the pencil which are not picturesque—but I have been in the habit of applying the word to such objects only as are so.

I remain d<sup>r</sup> S<sup>r</sup> your obe<sup>d</sup> St

W<sup>m</sup> Wordsworth

Address: To J. Fletcher Esq<sup>re</sup>, Allerton, Liverpool.

MS.  
R. K(—)

731. W. W. to Samuel Rogers

Rydal Mount, Jan<sup>ry</sup> 21<sup>st</sup>, 1825.

My dear Rogers,

I take the liberty of enclosing a letter which I have just rec<sup>d</sup> from Mess<sup>rs</sup> Longman, which be so kind as to peruse: it was in reply to one of mine, wishing to know whether they could not make it answer for them to publish my Poems on terms somewhat more advantageous to me than hitherto; what those terms were you learn from the letter, and I need scarcely add that after the first expense of printing and advertising was paid out of an Ed: the ann. expence of advertizing consumed in a great measure the residue of Profit to be divided between Author and Publisher. So that, as I frankly told them, it was not worth my while to undergo the trouble of carrying my works thro' the Press unless an arrangement more favourable could be made.

The question, then, is, whether there be in the Trade more

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liberality, more enterprize, or more skill in managing the sale of Works charactered and circumstanced as mine are, than have fallen to the lot of Mess<sup>rs</sup> Longman & Co. Of this you are infinitely a better judge than myself; I therefore apply to you for advice and assistance before I make a new engagement with any one. Observing by the bye to you, that I have no positive ground for complaint against my present Publishers.

Would you be so kind as to try for me wherever you think it most likely to effect a favourable bargain. I am aware that I am proposing a very disagreeable office, but it is not more than I would readily do for you, if I had the same advantage of experience, influence, and judgement over you in these matters, that you have over me. The letter shews that if Mess<sup>rs</sup> L. and I part, it is amicably. I must add that they have an interest in the Ecc. Sketches and the Memorials of a Tour etc. which must be given up before I could incorporate them, according to my wish, into a new Edition, which I think would contain besides, 4 or 500 lines of verses which have not yet seen the light. I have no objection to any Publisher whom you might approve. Where were you last summer? Mrs W, my daughter, and I spent three weeks in a delightful ramble thro' North Wales, and saw something of S.W., particularly the course of the Wye above Hereford nearly to its source.

I saw Southey the other day, he was well, and busy as usual; and as his late letter shews, not quite so charitably disposed to Don Juan deceased as you evidently are, if I may judge by a tribute to his memory bearing your name, which I accidentally met with in a newspaper—but *you* were the Don's particular Friend, an equal indulgence, therefore, could not be expected from the Laureate, who, I will not say was his particular enemy, but who had certainly no friendship for him. Medwin<sup>1</sup> makes a despicable Figure as the Salesman of so much trash. I do not believe there is a man living, from a Shoebblack at the corner of your street up to the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Lord Chancellor, of whose conversation so much worthless matter could be reported, with so little deserving to be remembered—as the result of an equal number of miscellaneous opportunities.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Medwin, *Conversations with Lord Byron*, 1824.

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Is this the fault of Lord B. or his Boswell? The truth is, I fear, that it may be pretty equally divided between them.

My Amanuensis, Mrs W., says that it is not handsome in me to speak thus of your friend—no more it is, if he were your friend *mortuus* in every sense of the word, but his spirit walks abroad, to do some good I hope, but a plaguy deal of mischief. I was much shocked when I heard of his death—news which reached me in the cloisters of that College to which he belonged.

Where and how is Sharp, and what does he report of Italy? Last autumn I saw Uvedale Price,<sup>1</sup> our common friend (so I presume to call him, tho' really only having a slight acquaintance with him), striding up the steep sides of his wood-crowned hills, with his hacker, *i.e.* his silvan Hanger, slung from his shoulder, like Robin Hood's bow. He is 77 years of age and truly a wonder both for body and mind—especially do I feel him to be so when I recollect the deranged state of his digestive organs 12 years ago. I dined with him about that time at your table and elsewhere.

Poor Mr Monkhouse, you will be sorry to hear, is wintering in Devonshire, driven thither by a disease of the lungs, which leaves his friends little hope of his recovery. He is one of my most valued friends, and should he sink under this complaint, one of the strongest of my inducements, and the most important of my facilities for visiting London, and prolonging my stay there, will be removed.

Remember us all most kindly to your Sister, and believe me with all our united regards my dear Rogers most faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

Pray send me Longman's letter back at your convenience.

MS.

732. W. W. to Lord Lowther

Rydal Mount Feby 12<sup>th</sup> 1825

My dear Lord Lowther

Your obliging letter was very acceptable—from what you mention respecting the new Lord Thanet,<sup>2</sup> and from what I have

<sup>1</sup> v. M.Y., pp. 22-3.

<sup>2</sup> Sackville Tufton (1767-1825), ninth Earl of Thanet, had strong Irish sympathies, and suffered several years' imprisonment on the charge of

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heard from Lord Lonsdale on the same subject, I infer there is little probability of West<sup>d</sup> being disturbed—yet one cannot but be anxious, and I shall be truly glad to be informed when you have any thing positive to communicate.

Your account of the angry temper which prevails in the House adds much to the concern which I felt in reading the debates upon the King's speech; and sorry am I to say, not so much on account of what fell from Opposition, as from the conduct of Ministers. I do not judge of motives on either side, being too far from the spot for accurate observation—but who can see without emotion things carried on as if the maintenance of Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland were to be abandoned? While Opposition is affirming that the Catholic Association is eminently beneficial, Mr Canning *as* positively asserts that it is a pest—but why? only because it must impede, instead of advancing the views of the Catholics; and he bewails its constitution, and grieves for its misconduct accordingly. This would be all very well for discontented Persons out of power, or for those who care little for Catholic or Protestant principles either in Church or State—in Religion or politics—But that a leading Minister should utter these regrets and *confine himself* to the uttering them, does grieve me who am heartily glad that the Romanists have thus prematurely shewn themselves, so as to open the eyes, one would think, of the most simple. Glad should I have been to have heard from Mr Canning a word of regret upon the bearing of the Catholic Association upon the Protestant interest—and still more to have heard him acknowledge that late events had proved he had thought too favourably of them—that he was becoming suspicious, and that if their future conduct were not more wise and temperate, which he scarcely dared to hope for, he must give them up, and side with their opponents. Let us ask what reasons can be adduced for putting down the Catholic Association but such as are drawn from circumstances and characteristics which belonging to them as Papists, make them dangerous to the tranquillity, if not to the existence of the State. There are, we all know, numerous Societies in this King-creating a riot in favour of O'Connor (in 1798); his brother Charles (1770–1832) had just succeeded to the title.

dom that raise large sums of money, by voluntary contribution, which are in most cases applied to avowed ends—we do not dread these—nor do we legislate against them. Wherein is the Catholic Association formidable? from its Numbers—from the contribution, which is professedly voluntary, being in fact compulsory thro' the power of the Priests, and from that disposition in all men to deem false pretence justifiable for favourite ends—a disposition to which Papacy gives a religious sanction. It is in vain to say that such principles are disavowed by great Leaders on formal occasions: we know they are, and ever have been, acted upon in the Romish Church. But many believe, along with Mr C., that concession would conciliate; and that these principles not being called for as helps to get rid of injustice, would die away in general content. Impossible if there were no other obstacle than envy of the protestant Ch: establishment. ‘What would satisfy you?’ said not long ago a gentleman to a very clever R.C. Lady, whose husband by the bye is an Agent of the present Duke of Norfolk. ‘That Church’ replied she, pointing to a large parish Church in Sheffield where the conversation took place—This, at the bottom of their hearts, is the feeling of them all; and can we wonder at a worldly ambition which comes recommended to the Members of this Church, by a belief instilled into them from infancy, that there is no safety out of the pale of their Faith. Intolerance under this impression becomes a duty, nor ought we to blame, however we may dread them, if they feel and act upon it as such. But we are told that these tenets are abandoned—by Persons who forget, no doubt, that infallibility (and consequent immutability) is a fundamental principle of the Romish Faith.

Mr Brougham exults in the late application of his liberal notions to Hanover, but in Hanover the Protestants are more than ten to one, and the Govt. is military; and, like the other German States, has the whole Germanic league to back it, in case of a tendency to commotion. Hanover indeed possesses a Legislative Assembly, but its powers are so ill defined that it could not attempt to do any thing important without bringing on immediately its own dissolution from the military force. It has, on the other hand, a Censorship of the Press—and, if Mr B.

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should say that this is very indulgent, let him be told that it can afford to be so, thro' the tranquillizing virtue of the standing Army of Hanover, and of all Germany if required.—Why does nobody think it worth while to put down this Cant? which, though harmless in the House of Commons perhaps, does a world of mischief in the country.

I return to Conciliation. The Mover of the Address of thanks in the House of Lords is a Concessionist—and Lord Liverpool is obviously giving way under Canning's superior influence. Now my dear Lord Lowther, I do not undertake to calculate what change the introducing Catholics into the two Houses of Parliament,—followed up, as such Measure must necessarily be, by the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts,—would produce—I do not enquire how the Measure might affect the composition and proceedings of the two Houses; I will even grant for a moment, notwithstanding we have often seen how the scale when nicely balanced can be turned by a small party steadily united, that the acquisition of organized political Power would be less than an equivalent for the irregular influence the Catholics derive from being regarded by so many as a Body unfairly dealt with.—Still remembering that every concession hitherto has only served them as a 'vantage ground for making new demands, let us recur to the Protestant Church establishment, which, should the existing restrictions be removed, would become a more conspicuous object for discontent to point at. At first we might possibly hear less of an ambitious and factious Bar; but the hopes of the Priesthood would be quickened, and when it had succeeded in inflaming the popular Mind to a convenient degree, *in* would step the Lawyers to raise themselves to power and consequence at any cost. A maxim of the Roman Catholics is, never to give up any claims.—I do not say I would be as unbending as they—but I would copy to a certain degree their firmness, and would defend the exclusive laws, not so much for their own sakes, but as an outwork; and not give them up and have to fight the enemy under the gates of the City.

There is neither honour, nor hope in any course that does not aim at the maintenance of Protestant ascendancy. We hear much of the hardship of such an Establishment as the Protestant

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Church in Ireland, where the Catholics so far outnumber the Protestants, and are encreasing upon them so fast—but, in legislative measures, are mere numbers to be considered? Has the property or the knowledge in Ireland encreased relatively to that of the Protestants in the same proportion? Certainly No. Let us enquire the cause of the increase of the Catholic population, and we shall find that it arises principally from a want of Protestant Ministers; felt much more in consequence of uniting and consolidating Parishes, in order to furnish an adequate support for a Person filling the respectable situation of a Protestant Minister. This want has made an opening for the lowest orders of the Catholic Priests, who find even poverty, inasmuch as it is favourable to ignorance, favourable to their views—for no man is so poor but, if superstitious, he will spare something to his Priest. If we are to believe one Party the calamitous state of Ireland is caused by the oppressions of the English Govrnt—these have been bad enough in former times, and much may be amiss at present. But the true causes of the miseries of Ireland are, Papacy and the State and Management of landed Property; of the former I have said, I fear, more than enough—of the latter, what good can be expected while the soil is occupied by tens of thousands of petty Farmers of 5 or 10 pounds a year—immense tracts altogether without a Resident Gentry—the Protestant Clergyman, where there happens to be one, being the only Person with pretensions to such a character. Look at any tract of Country without a Resident Nobility or Gentry—take, for instance, the District now ceded to Prussia, from Mentz<sup>1</sup> towards France in the direction of Metz, and including France as far as Metz itself—and you will find similar poverty and wretchedness.—Lamentable is it to acknowledge, that the Irish people are so grossly ignorant, and from that cause subject to such delusions and passions, that they would destroy each other, were it not for the control exercised over them by the power of England. This power it is, which protracts their existence in a state, which otherwise the course of human nature would provide a remedy for, by reducing their numbers thro' mutual destruction. Hence, for our Govt., an awful

<sup>1</sup> ? Mainz.

responsibility.—We must have in our Rulers no *luxuries* of sentiment, none of those persuasions which flatter the feelings at the expence of the understanding—no self-applauding spirit of unreflecting liberality—we must look sternly at the case, and we shall find that it is vigour, and not indulgence, that must save us.—Person and Property must be placed in security in Ireland.—English Capital, Manners, Arts, and aspirations would then make their way among the grovelling Peasantry—they would have Property, without which they can have no attachment to tranquillity: the Absentees could have no plea for remaining out of the Country—they would begin to unite and consolidate their farms—and the increase of vicious population would be stopped; part of it in course of time might be got rid of, by extensive schemes of colonization: the Protestants would recover ground—the people of the two Countries would be intermixed to their mutual benefit;—knowledge, industry, riches would increase, and with these, dispositions to loyalty and good order.

The sincere Liberals suppose *that* to be dead which only sleeps—those weapons to be thrown away that are only concealed—in short *that* to be true which they wish for. A careful perusal of Ecclesiastical History would put an end to these dreams—The system of the Romish Church is so exquisitely contrived for the subjugation of the many to the few, that it never can cease to be formidable; the celibacy of the Clergy alone, armed with indulgences, and made Master of the Conscience by auricular confession, discriminates the Romanists from all other Bodies of Christians, in a way that must call forth jealousy on the part of all those, whom the good sense of their Ancestors has delivered from a Church so constituted, and from such a thraldom.

Such is the result of my reading, and of my personal experience—which is not so confined as might appear—for I have passed much time abroad—and live at a short distance from the Strong-holds of the Papists in England, and I give it to you as my deliberate opinion, that all analogies drawn from foreign Countries are illusory: those Countries are not free, in the sense in which we are, and I am convinced, that in a Country which is free, I mean in spirit as well as form, Power and Office cannot be indiscriminately distributed among Protestants and Catholics,

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and both placed upon the same footing of religious Establishments. One must be uppermost—happily for us, Protestantism is paramount—and while it is treason by our laws to attempt the subversion of the Protestant succession, we have the satisfaction of knowing that in defending a Government, resting upon this basis, we are working for the welfare, and supporting the dignity of human nature.

I ought to apologise for troubling you at such length—on so hacknied a subject, the more so as I may not have started one thought that is not familiar to you—but it is becoming every day more momentous—and be assured the liberal policy of being so ready to acknowledge the independence of the revolted South Americans will not easily be forgiven by Spain, or any Continental Govt.—this Measure will both furnish an impulse and an excuse for the Catholic States interfering to foment the disturbances of Ireland. Symptoms of dissatisfaction among the Holy Alliance are obvious—the Catholics will be emboldened from a reliance upon foreign countenance and assistance, and if the proceedings, which I have been arguing against, be continued, we shall have either to re-conquer Ireland by force of arms or submit to a dismemberment. Where then would be the liberties of Great Britain, with a Standing Army, which would be necessary to guard us from France in our front stretching, as sooner or later she will do, her Coast from Bayonne to the mouths of the Rhine, with hostile or suspected Ireland at our backs? If the Irish Catholics will not be incorporated with us under a Protestant Ascendancy, they must, if Providence gives us the means, be compelled to it; our own safety requires it.

*(The conclusion of the letter has been cut away.)*

MS.  
R. K(—)

733. W. W. to Samuel Rogers

Rydal Mount: Feb<sup>ry</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> [1825]

My dear Rogers,

I wrote at least six weeks ago enclosing a letter I had rec'd from Longman, &c., and being unwilling to put you to the expence of double postage upon my own business, I enclosed it

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to Lord Lowther for the 2<sup>d</sup> post-off.: Not having had your answer, I am afraid his S<sup>t<sub>1</sub></sup> has not attended properly to it.

The letter was to beg your assistance in the republication of my poems with some Bookseller either more liberal, more adventurous, or more skilful in pushing off unfashionable books than Mess<sup>rs</sup> Longman. I have been accustomed to publish with them—they facing all risks and halving the profits. This is a wretched way for books of some established credit, but of slow, tho' regular sale. For the expence of advertizing eats away (as conducted by Longman) all the profit which would otherwise accrue after the cost of printing, &c., has been discharged. L. declines publishing on other terms, but says that an Ed: both of the Poems and the Excur: is called for, and if not by them, ought immediately to be published by *some* one. I have no [other] fault to find with Mess<sup>rs</sup> L. & Co. than is implied above—if we part, it is on good terms, as his letter expressed, and I should not wish for a change without the hope of a better bargain.

Now you may think that I ought to undertake this disagreeable business myself, and so I should think, if I had not so kind a Friend who has 50 times the talent for this sort of work which I possess, and who besides could say 100 handsome things, which, egotist as I am described to be, and as in *verse* I am *willing* to be thought—I could not say of myself.

I have additional short pieces to the amount of 5 or 6 hundred lines, which would not bear separate publication, yet might be advantageously interspersed with the 4 vols. of Miscellaneous Poems. These ought to be considered in the bargain—as there are many periodical publications that would pay me handsomely for them. But I never publish through those channels. The Continental Memorials and Ecc: Sketches would also be added.

It has sometimes struck me the matter of my Misc<sup>ous</sup> Poems might be [so] arranged (if thought advisable) as to be sold in separate Vols. One Vol. we will say of local Poetry, to consist of the river Duddon, the Scotch Poems with additions, the Continental pieces, and others. A Vol. of sonnets, perhaps, &c. I

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Servant.

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throw this out merely as a hint, being persuaded that many are deterred by the expence of purchasing the whole who would be glad of a part. Yet I am aware there might be strong objections to this.

Pray let me have an answer at your earliest convenience.

My friend Mr Robinson tells us he had the pleasure of seeing your Sister not long ago, *well*. Give our best remembrances to her, and accept them yourself, and let us know how you are and have been. Where and how Sharp is? and what he reports of Italy and Italian scenery.

Poor Monkhouse is removed from Devonshire to Clifton, dying, it should seem, as slowly as ever any one did in such a complaint.

Mrs W. Dora and I had a delightful ramble last summer thro' North and part of S. Wales. I had not seen N.W. for more than 30 years. The scenery is much finer than my memory represented. I wish you had been with us.

ever faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth

Address: Sam<sup>l</sup> Rogers Esq<sup>re</sup>, St. James Place, London.

MS.  
K(—)

734. *W. W. to Jacob Fletcher*

Rydal Mount Feb<sup>ry</sup> 25<sup>th</sup> [1825]

My dear Sir

Many pressing engagements have prevented an earlier acknowledgement of your last letter, in the way I wished: since it reached me I have carefully perused the whole essay with much pleasure, but neither by the remarks, nor by the explanation in your letter have I been able to gain a distinct understanding of your notion of the picturesque as something separate from what is suited to the pencil. But first let me correct an error respecting my own meaning, into which I have led you. When I observed that many objects were fitted for the pencil without being picturesque, I did not mean to allude, as you infer, to the Dutch School but to the higher order of the Italian Artists, in whom beauty and grace are predominant; and I was censurably careless in not marking, that my eye was less

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[? directed] upon landscape than upon their mode of treating the human figure, in their Madonnas, Holy families, and all their pieces of still life. These materials as treated by them, we feel to be exquisitely fitted for the pencil—yet we never think of them as picturesque—but shall I say as something higher—something that realizes the idealisms of our nature, and assists us in the formation of new ones. Yet I concur with you that the Dutch School has made excellent use of Objects which in life and nature would not by a superficial Observer be deemed picturesque, nor would they with any propriety, in popular language, be termed so—this however I suspect is, because our sense of their picturesque qualities is overpowered by disgust which some other properties about them create: I allude to their pictures of insides of stables—dung carts—dunghills and foul and loathsome situations, which they not infrequently are pleased to exhibit. But strip objects of these qualities—or rather take such as are found without them, and if they produce a more agreeable effect upon canvas than in reality, then I think it may be safely said, that the qualities which constitute the picturesque, are eminently inherent in such objects. I will dismiss this, I fear, tedious subject with one remark which will be illustrated at large, if I execute my intention—viz.—that our business is not so much with objects as with the law under which they are contemplated. The confusion incident to these disquisitions has I think arisen principally from not attending to this distinction. We hear people perpetually disputing whether this or that thing be beautiful or not—sublime or otherwise, without being aware that the same object may be both beautiful and sublime, but it cannot be felt to be such at the same moment—but I must stop—let me only add, that I have no doubt the fault is in myself and not in you that I have not caught, as clearly as I could wish, your meaning.

I do not relish the notion of interfering with any use you might be disposed to make of your interesting MS.—my own plan is so uncertain that you ought not to cede anything to it—my first view was as I have said, to analyse the regions of Snowdon and Cader Idris, with a glance at some more remote river scenery in N.W.—I have since taken up another thought, and feel inclined

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to make Snowdon the scene of a Dialogue upon Nature, Poetry, and Painting—to be illustrated by the surrounding imagery.

Notwithstanding the particulars which make you averse to send your MS. on Scotland, I have a strong wish to be favoured with a sight of it. If you think proper it might be sent by Coach—or if you preferred, by some private hand to Kendal—‘to the care of Mr Cookson, Kentside—Kendal’ he would be sure to forward it in the safest way immediately.

I wish your Tragedies had been more successful, particularly if you are likely to be discouraged from a second adventure—tho’ I am the last person to press publication upon any one, and I think it for the most part very prejudicial to young writers. I have not seen your Plays—from which no inference can be drawn to their prejudice—very few Modern publications find their way to me—we have no Book clubs in this neighbourhood—and when I am from home, in Spring and Summer, my eyes are so apt to be inflamed that I am able to profit little by any thing that falls in my way.

With many thanks, and sincere respect

Believe me to be truly your’s

Wm. Wordsworth.

MS.

735. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Thursday March 10<sup>th</sup> [1825]

My dear Friend,

I can wait no longer without inquiring after you. About five weeks ago in a letter from Henry Robinson we were told that your son was ‘seriously ill’ at Playford.—I know that he has had many serious illnesses, and still expected to hear from you—that he was as usual getting better with country air, exercise, and your good nursing, and would soon be able to return to his London confinement and Labours. Such I hope has been the case—no news is generally good—and yet it *may* be otherwise; and I do entreat you to write. I have within the last few days been really very uneasy; for I had thought you would certainly write as soon as you heard of our good Friend’s Death, and cannot help fearing that home anxieties have prevented you—

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yet why should I? Perhaps you only shrink from a painful task as I myself have done. You will have learned from the newspapers, if not from Henry Robinson or some other Friend, that Thomas Monkhouse breathed his last at Clifton on Saturday (the 26<sup>th</sup> I believe) of February. His removal from Torquay (at the suggestion of his Brother who visited him there about six weeks ago) was a happy one. He never liked the place, not being benefitted by the warm climate, and feeling himself so far from his B<sup>r</sup> and S<sup>r</sup>. The journey refreshed him, he was pleased with Clifton, walked out daily when weather allowed, rose as usual before nine o'clock in the mornings, and looked forward to going on to the Stowe at the end of March.—And perhaps even—in six weeks more—coming to Preston and Westmorland. The latter journey was not expected by any of his Friends—except perhaps his poor wife who always deceived herself with hope; but his end was at last sudden; and after the first shock was over those to whom he was nearest and dearest must have felt that it was a merciful Dispensation of Providence. He went to Bed as usual on the Friday night and at 8 o'clock in the morning, in consequence of some inward rupture there was a rising of phlegm or matter—almost to suffocation. This passed away and Major [ ? ] (who fortunately happened to have gone to Clifton to stay with him and was present at the last) informed us that his Death was the most ‘tranquil possible’ and Sara Hutchinson says ‘it was like the sleep of an innocent child’, and that his countenance, at that awful time, resembled most the pictures she has seen of our Saviour. This morning we received a letter from Joanna from the Stowe. The funeral took place at Clifton last Friday. On Saturday the afflicted family (including Miss Horrocks and John Monkhouse who had gone to them) set off for the Stowe and arrived there the same night. Mrs M. had borne up wonderfully and was perfectly resigned—but when a fresh exertion of strength was called for in the journey—poor Thing! she was hardly equal to it, and Joanna says she has a cough, is miserably thin, and they are very anxious about her. She says Sara H looks very much worn. Mrs Hutchinson more composed after the meeting.

You will be glad to hear that our lamented Friend has left not

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D. W.

Mrs Luff is quite well, lodging at Spring Cottage and daily visiting her grounds at Fox Ghyll—her spirits very good. Mrs Monkhouse is coming to Preston with Miss Horrocks as soon as she is able.

We are all very well, yet William is thinner than we ever saw him. Mary has suffered much for her Cousin's Death and looks ill. Southey has been here since Monday. He does not look well and cannot cast off his cough, which indeed is not much—but one cannot be easy about it. He says he intends to run away from it, southward in May.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk.

*MS.*  
*R. K(—)*

*736. W. W. to Samuel Rogers*

Rydal Mount, March 23<sup>d</sup> [1825]

My dear Friend,

I am much obliged by your kindness in taking so much trouble about my Poems, and more especially so by the tone in which you met Mr Murray when he was disposed to put on the airs of a Patron. I do not look for much advantage either to Mr M., or to any other Bookseller with whom I may treat; and for still less to myself, but I assure you that I would a thousand times rather that not a verse of mine should ever enter the Press again, than to allow any of them to say that I was to the amount of the strength of a hair dependent upon their countenance,

consideration, Patronage, or by whatever term they may dignify their ostentation and selfish vanity. You recollect Dr Johnson's short method of settling precedence at Dilly's,<sup>1</sup> 'No, Sir; Authors above Booksellers.'

I ought to apologize in being so late in my reply—and, indeed, I scarcely feel justified in troubling even so kind a friend about an affair in which I am myself so indifferent as far as inclination goes. As long as any portion of the Public seems inclined to call for my Poems, it is my duty to gratify that inclination, and if there be the prospect of pecuniary gain, though small, it does not become me to despise it, otherwise I should not face the disagreeable sensations, and injurious, and for the most part unprofitable labours in which the preparing for a new edition always entangles me; the older I grow, the more irksome does this task become—for many reasons which you as a painstaking Author will easily divine, and with which you can readily sympathize. But to the point.

I have seen Southey lately; he tells me that Murray can sell more copies of any book that will sell at all, than Longman—but it does not follow from that that in the end an Author will profit more, because Murray sells books considerably lower to the Trade, and advertizes even more expensively than Longman; tho' that seems scarcely possible. Southey's Book of the Church cost £100, advertizing 1<sup>st</sup> Ed. This is not equal to my little tract on the Lakes, the first Ed: for which *I* got 9£ 8. 2., was charged £27 2s. 8d. adver<sup>t</sup>. The 2<sup>d</sup> Ed: is already charged to me, £30 7. 2. the immense profits are yet to come. Thus my throat is cut; and if we bargain with M., we must have some protection from this deadly weapon. I have little to say; the books are before the Public, only there will be to be added to the Miscellaneous vols. about 60 pages of new matter, and 200, viz., the Memorials and Ecc. Sketches not yet incorporated with them, and the Ex: to be printed uniform with them in one volume. I mean to divide the Poems into 5 Vols: in this way.

1<sup>st</sup> Vol. as at present, to consist of Childhood and Early Youth, Juvenile Pieces, and Poems of the Affections, withdrawing from

<sup>1</sup> A bookseller to 'whose hospitable and well covered table in the Poultry' Boswell took Johnson to meet Wilkes.

it the blind Highland Boy (to be added to the Scotch Poems), and Ruth, Laodamia, Her Eyes are wild, etc., to be added to those of the Imagination.

2<sup>d</sup> Vol. to consist of poems of The Fancy and Im., as now—the Scotch Poems to be subducted and their place supplied as above—with the Ode to Enterprize and others.

3<sup>d</sup> Vol. Local Poems—the River Duddon, Scotch Poems, with some new ones—The Continental Memorials and Miscellaneous pieces selected out of the 4 vols—with some additions—Those on the naming of Places, and the Waggoner.

4<sup>th</sup> Vol. to consist of Sonnets, Political and Ecc<sup>l</sup>, meaning the Sketches and Misc<sup>ous</sup>, with the Thanksgiving and the other political Odes.

5<sup>th</sup> Vol. White Doe—Poems of Sentiment and Reflection, Elegies and Epitaphs, ‘Final Ode’, etc.

6<sup>th</sup> Vol., The Excursion.

Now these vols. I conjecture, will run about 340 pages each, and the ‘Excursion’ 450. Of the Mis, two vols.—viz. the local Poetry and the Sonnets might perhaps be sold separately to advantage. The others cannot be divided without much injury to their effect upon any reflecting Mind.

As to your considerate proposal of making a selection of the most admired, or the most popular, even were there not insuperable objections to it in my own feelings, I should be utterly at a loss how to proceed in that selection. Therefore I must abide by the above arrangement, and throw the management of the business upon your friendship.

I shall not be in Town this year, nor can I foresee, since the loss of Mr Monkhouse, when I shall revisit London; the place does not suit me on account of the irritability of my eyes—I must look for you and other friends here. Pray come down this summer—I could let you have a quiet room, this house having lately been added to in a small way. Mr M. is not only a loss to his Friends and Kindred but to Society at large, as in all his dealings and transactions he was a Man of perfect integrity and the most refined honour; he was not bright or entertaining, but so gentle and gracious, and so much interested in most of what ought to interest a pure mind, that his company was highly

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prized by all who knew him intimately. You say nothing of your Sister, nothing of Sharp, but you Londoners have so many notes and letters to write that this must be excused. I often read your Italy, which I like much, though there are quaintnesses and abruptnesses which I think might be softened down, and in the versification I would suggest that with so many Trochaic terminations to the lines, the final pauses in the middle of the verse should be more frequently on firm syllables on that account. With best remembrances from all, ever your obliged Friend,

Wm. Wordsworth

Pray read what part [you like] of the above to Mr Murray; you will then hear what he has to say, and I leave it to you to proceed accordingly.

Address: Sam<sup>l</sup> Rogers Esq<sup>re</sup>, St James Place, London.

MS. 737. *D. W. to John Monkhouse<sup>1</sup>*

Rydal Mount April 3<sup>rd</sup> [1825]

My dear Friend,

I wrote to Sara Hutchinson yesterday with one or two commissions for you, and forgot yet another, which we are desirous to have executed, and I cannot in conscience charge her with the postage of another letter; yet perhaps to repair one fault, I may be committing a greater in troubling *you*, who have at present too much distressing labour for your eyes, your head, and your feelings—but as you like to hear of your Friends at all times—and used to like to receive a letter—I will venture;—writing wide that I may not give you overmuch—and as legibly as I can that your eyes may not be strained. The forgotten commission was this. Sara sent a parcel for us to Budge Row before she went to Hindwell, which was to wait for some opportunity—none has hitherto occurred; but in two or three weeks Miss Southey will be coming home and she will bring it, therefore be so kind as to send the parcel directed for Mrs Wordsworth to the care of Miss S. enclosed in a cover directed to Miss Southey at Joshua Stanger's Esq<sup>r</sup> no. 4 Lansdown Place, Guilford Street.

<sup>1</sup> This letter is written in a large round hand, for the sake of J. M.'s eyes.

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I will repeat my Brother's requests already transmitted to Sara. First that you will take the trouble to look out among your poor Brother's papers for a Power of Attorney for the selling out of his French Stock, and secondly that you will talk with Mr Addison concerning the Mortgage on which your Brother lent a sum of money to my Brothers (Wm and Cr) as executors to my Brother Richard. Is the property likely to be saleable now that the times are improved? William begs Mr Addison will settle this mortgage affair if possible. We heard from Sara yesterday and at the same time from you for she was so good as to send your letter, knowing that we were chiefly anxious to hear from her on your account. We were very sorry to hear that the time of your return to Herefordshire was still uncertain, I hope however as the points to be decided are neither complex nor numerous, that when you do return to your own home you will, at least, be free from anxiety and perplexity and, in the meantime, it is a comfort that you have some home blessings when the day's labours are ended among your tried and faithful Friends of the Old Times—Pray remember us kindly to Mrs Addison and Miss Hindson. Miss H. was my good Mother's bridesmaid, and I believe dressed for me the first doll I ever possessed. Thus I prove her to be even a very old woman—for I have lived more than half a century—yet when last in London I was surprized to see her move with as much activity as many young ones.

Your letter brought one piece of news which gave us true satisfaction, that Charles Lamb was free from the India House.<sup>1</sup>

This happy change, I suppose must have been effected through the interest of Friends—He is not surely among the superannuated? If you see him pray congratulate him for us—I could fancy him with almost boyish glee beginning life again—then follows a sigh and a sad thought.—But I will not go on in this strain—and indeed in mercy to your eyes I would not fill my paper but that you might say this is no Rydal letter if there was not a word said of Rydal or Rydal Folks. William is well but much thinner than he used to be, and this makes him look old. He is thinking about a new Edition of his Poems (including

<sup>1</sup> He was 'superannuated' on March 29, with a pension of £450.

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the Excursion) in six Volumes. Mary has been on the whole very well since her return from Wales, but at the termination of our anxieties for your dear lamented Brother she was very much shaken, though, as one might have thought, entirely prepared for the event; and she has lately had a severe cold, so that I am sorry to say I have seldom seen her look worse. Doro is active and industrious and in good health and spirits, Poor Girl she has been a true mourner and carries about with her most tender remembrances of our dear Friend. She often talks with me about *you*, and would send her love if she knew of my writing. We were much surprized that Mrs Monkhouse should chuse to return to Clifton—I cannot think she will stay long there, though Miss Alice H. tells me that her sister Sarah thought she would be more happy at Clifton at present than anywhere else. Some people love to feed on sorrow; but that is not in her character, therefore one would have thought she would have far rather fixed on any other place. If you have as fine weather as we have it will make London more tolerable to you. We do not remember a finer season here. William and Mary beg their kind love. Believe me your affectionate Friend

Dorothy Wordsworth.

I wish my pen had been better; for in spite of good resolutions, I fear this letter will be very troublesome to your eyes.

Address: John Monkhouse Esq., 21 Budge Row, London.

MS.  
K(—)

738. *W. W. to Jacob Fletcher*

Rydal Mount Apr<sup>l</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> [1825]

Dear Sir

I fear you may have been uneasy about the arrival of your Parcel, especially as you have no copy of the MS., and I ask your pardon for not acknowledging earlier your kindness, for which omission I have no excuse except the fine Spring weather, and the wish to sit down to write at some length upon an urgent subject of a public nature. This I regard as my most pressing engagement and unfortunately, without being itself got rid of, it has prevented me discharging my agreeable duty to you. And

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first, for your obliging invitation: I should be well pleased to avail myself of it, but my visit to Wales in the course of next Summer, depends entirely upon a Friend who being advanced in life cannot of course be depended upon, and at all events, my motions must be regulated by his.

Your Tragedies I have read with much pleasure, they are in language, versification, and general propriety both as to sentiment, character, and conduct of story, *very much* above mediocrity—so that I think every one that reads must approve in no ordinary degree. Nevertheless I am not surprised at their not having attracted as much attention as they deserve. First, because they have no false beauties, or spurious interest, and next (and for being thus sincere I make no apology) the passions, especially in the former, are not wrought upon with so daring a hand as is desireable in dramatic composition. In the first play the tragic character of the story would lead you to expect that the interest would settle upon the father, who, in his joint character of Magistrate and Father became the Judge and executioner of his own Son—but it does not—the lady attached to Giovani undergoes the most dramatic feelings of any one in the Piece, there is a conflict in her mind in more than one scene that is sufficiently animated; but the incident which is the hinge of the whole, viz. the death of Giovani, is produced without design, and the Play moves throughout with too little of a prospective interest—so that you do not hang trembling upon the course of events, in part foreseen. The 2<sup>nd</sup> Play, though less poetical and elegant, has I think much more of *dramatic* interest—some of the situations are pregnant with anxiety and strong emotion, in particular the point where the youth arrives unexpected<sup>1</sup> by his Mother, and he himself being safe, has to blast her congratulatory joy by being the bearer of such miserable news as his Father's death. This is a fine reverse. The foster Brother's situation is also well suited to Tragedy, and indeed the general course of this story which involves in its nature a plot, things being done by design—an advantage in which, as I have already observed, I think the other deficient.—I am well pleased to possess your book, and more especially as coming from yourself.

<sup>1</sup> written unexpectedly.

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Now for your MS.—I find no fault with your Scottish Tour, but that you have given us too little of it. I am reconciled to your comparative judgement of the two Countries—now understanding it, which I did not before. I have seen much more of Scotland than you notice and particularly regret your silence upon Loch Linne, Glencoe, the Fall of Foyers, and those upon the river Bewley, with all of which I was delighted—but the pleasure given by these several scenes depends absolutely upon the weather, and upon accidents. When I wished to see the sublime Mountains of Glencoe a 2<sup>d</sup> time they were hidden by vapoury rain—Loch Linne, which looking seaward from Portnacreuch (excuse bad spelling) had presented to my eyes one of the most beautiful visions I ever beheld—appeared upon a second visit many years after, from a changed state of atmosphere only, with its islands and shores—cold, spotty, dreary, and forbidding. Waterfalls and close River scenes are full as much as extensive landscapes, dependent upon accident—you may have too much, or too little, water. Those of Foyers and Bewley I have only seen once—and in perfection.

You have been successful in clearing up my doubts as to your meaning upon the picturesque: it would occupy more paper than I have before me, and require more exertion than this languid *Summer's day* in April—(for such it is, the heat reverberated from our Mountains) would allow to establish my position—‘the sublime and beautiful cannot be felt in the same instant of time’—attaching such meaning to the words as I think they ought to bear. One is surprized that it should have been supposed for a moment, that *Longinus* writes upon the Sublime, even in our vague and popular sense of the word—What is there in Sappho’s ode that has any affinity with the sublimity of Ezekiel or Isaiah, or even of Homer or Eschylus? Longinus treats of animated, impassioned, energetic or if you will, elevated writing—of these, abundant instances are to be found in Eschylus and Homer—but nothing would be easier than to shew, both by positive and negative proof, that his *ὕψος* when translated sublimity deceives the English Reader, by substituting an etymology for a translation. Much of what I observe you call sublime, I should denominate grand or dignified. But

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as I wrote before we shall never see clearly into this subject unless we turn from objects to laws—I am far from thinking that I am able to write satisfactorily upon matters so subtle—yet I hope to make a trial and must request your patience till that time.

I cannot conclude without expressing a hope that the beauties of our Lakes may tempt you to revisit them, when you will receive a kind welcome from myself and family at any time—I am a little too old to be an active guide for things at a distance, but I would lead you to the most interesting points in my own neighbourhood with great pleasure.

ever sincerely I remain D<sup>r</sup> Sir &c

Wm. Wordsworth

I hope to be able ere long to return your MS. thro' a private channel.

MS.      739. *D. W. to Elizabeth Crump*

Friday Morning [late Spring, 1825]

My dear Elizabeth,

Mr William Jackson brought me your letter yesterday morning he having met your Brother at Ambleside on his way from Mr John Wakefield's where he had been spending one night. I hope John will be able to come to see us to-day, as Mr Jackson goes in the afternoon, but he said he was so busy that he could spare but little time; however he will certainly not set off for Liverpool without looking in on us, at least, at Rydal Mount, therefore I prepare a few lines for you, to be ready.

Jane Harden has told us that you were likely to be here on your way to Scotland and I cannot tell you how much I was pleased with the expectation of seeing you, and my disappointment was very great on learning from yourself that the journey was put off for another year. I have often thought of your kindness and of the quiet time we spent together two years ago. The same season of the year brings back vividly my recollections. Thank God, I am in much stronger health than at that time. When the air is clear I can walk nine or ten miles or more with as little fatigue as ever I did in my life. My Sister has had a very bad lingering cold, and has lately looked very ill. She is however now quite recovered and has enjoyed the delightful

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spring as much as any of us, though she is not yet able to take what I call a long walk. Poor Dora looks very ill, she has been worried with the toothache and at last had a tooth drawn. Since that time her appetite has been wretched and her stomach not in proper tone, yet she always says she is well, being, as you know, no complainer. She has an immense family of chickens, ducks, and turkeys—of great use at present as inducements to exercise without fatigue, walking does not at present suit her, and her pony has been lame. We hope it is almost well, and that daily rides will soon set her right. My Brother's eyes are certainly better. He can read by daylight. He is well and in good spirits. Willy just as usual as to liveliness and activity and his health good all winter. John left us on Wednesday for Oxford. In six weeks he will return with Miss Hutchinson who will meet him at Birmingham after an absence of two years and a half. She is at present assisting Mrs Hutchinson to settle in her new house, Brinsop Court, near Hereford. You know what a melancholy duty she had to perform in the autumn and winter attending our lamented Friend Mr Thomas Monkhouse. Mrs Monkhouse is now, I suppose, about to return to her Father's house at Preston. She and Miss Horrocks have been for some weeks at Clifton, where Mr M. died. They accompanied Miss Hutchinson to Mr Monkhouse's (The Stowe) in Herefordshire immediately after the funeral, and after three weeks stay there the poor widow went with Miss Horrocks and her child back to Clifton.

I wish, my dear Elizabeth, you could see how pretty the Chapel Tower looks from my bedroom, where I now write, and how charming the prospect. It would cheer your spirits which I am grieved to find are so drooping—indeed my dear Friend, your letter has given me much pain, along with the pleasure of hearing from you. But why not rouze yourself? Why lament for the Past? Rather should you rejoice in your escape for which I know you are thankful.

We are very sorry to part with Mr Jackson so soon. He seems to enjoy the quiet of this place and release from labour, yet is too zealous in the performance of his duties to consent to stay longer away from them. He is thin; but looks remarkably well,

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and we all think his health much improved. Mrs Luff is very busy beautifying Fox Ghyll. It will be a very pretty place, but nothing would have tempted me to undertake so much care, labour, and anxiety, were I, at my time of life, put into a situation similar to hers. I would have housed myself in a Lodging and been free to visit my Friends whenever I pleased. I must say however for Mrs Luff that she has an admirable talent for contrivance of Buildings etc, which I have not. She likes overlooking workmen—I detest it. My dear Elizabeth, this is another bad scrawl. I expect every moment to be summoned to walk with Mr Jackson to Spring Cottage where Mrs Luff now lodges. He is going to settle with her about the time of her going to Whitehaven to order furniture.

Mrs John Harden was much shaken by her Sister's death, and has since been very ill and looks wretchedly. The old lady too is far from well. Mr Harden is as gay as usual. No doubt you have heard of the decamping of their last tenants and of some of Mr Douglas's swindling tricks. You do not mention Louisa's health. How is she? and how are her spirits? Give my kindest love to your dear Father and Mother and to all your sisters. I hope John's health is pretty good, God bless you dearest Elizabeth, Believe me ever your affectionate friend,

D. Wordsworth.

I am sorry I have no hope of the school succeeding at Ambleside, as a Boarding School. Hartley has no concern in the Establishment except as classical teacher that is—he is to pay for his Board, and to be paid for his own scholars. This is well. No time to read what I have written, so excuse all blunders, etc. etc.

MS.                   740. W. W. to Samuel Rogers  
R.

[May 3 1825]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Rogers,

Pray forward the enclosed to Murray when you have looked it over. Copying from your letter, as you will observe, I have confined myself to the words 'responsible for the loss', without

<sup>1</sup> Dated by P.S., taken in conjunction with the next letter. For D. W. to H. C. R., April 12, 1825, v. C.R., p. 135.

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using the word expence—ultimate loss I believe there will be none, but there will be a heavy expence which the Sale of the books, if M. does not push, and the leading reviews and periodicals should not take a fit of praising, may be some years in discharging. When am I to become answerable for this?—this question I did not like to put directly to M. for it was suggesting a demand sooner than he might otherwise have been disposed to make it—and the new bargain will not eventually be advantageous to me, if I am to advance money and be long out of it.

Many thanks for your kindness on this occasion—I have been slow to reply, not from being insensible of your services but from the extreme dislike which I have ever had to publication, as it is then that the faults of my writings, to use a conversational expression of your own applied to beauties, ‘shine out’. How came I by this expression? Sir George Beaumont can tell.

You are as mute as a mouse about coming here, and everything else, except a brief remembrance from your Brother and Sister. I forgive you. A man so prompt in deeds may be sparing in words.

God bless you! and long may you be healthy and happy in your delightful habitation, which is distinctly before my eyes.

ever faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth

Yesterday I had the honor of receiving a book dedicated to my dear Self—by a Lady, a fair one I hope, but I have never seen her or heard of her before. She is clever—adieu.

#### 741. W. W. to Maria Jane Jewsbury<sup>1</sup>

*The Times*, Oct. 5, 1931.

Gillett.<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount. May 4<sup>th</sup>, 1825.

Madam,

Two days ago I received, and have since read your volume, in which I find so much to admire that it would have afforded

<sup>1</sup> Maria Jane Jewsbury (1800–33) began to contribute to the *Manchester Gazette* in 1821, and through the help of her friend Alaric Watts published *Phantaemagoria*, in 2 vols., in 1825, dedicated to W. W. She sent him an advance copy of vol. i in May with a letter of ‘respectful admiration’, to which this letter is the reply. For further information about her *v. subseq-*uent letters and *Maria Jane Jewsbury. Occasional Papers, selected, with a Memoir*, by Eric Gillett, 1932.

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me great pleasure to thank you for it under ordinary circumstances; but the accompanying letter and the avowal of your obligations to me in the Dedication, call for an acknowledgement which I should find difficult to express in terms suitable to my feelings. The honour you have done me puts me unavoidably on thinking a little about myself, which it would be spurious humility to say I should be averse to on such an incitement, did not the occasion seem to require that I should *say* something of myself also—but on this point a word shall suffice. I am not altogether free from reflections natural to my time of life, such as, that I have lived and laboured to little purpose,—assurances like yours are correctives of this mistake, for how can it be other than one, when I receive blossoms of such promise with declarations so fervent, yet evidently sincere!

I am afraid that it may give you some little pain to be told, that upon the whole, I prefer your Prose to your Verse; but the lines ‘to Love’ are so excellent that you need not be discouraged even should you coincide with me in thinking this opinion is just. In this Poem is a Couplet that is obscure ‘And I know what all have known’ should be ‘I shall know’ etc.—the rest is admirable, both in thought and expression, and the conclusion from ‘Bright-winged wanderer etc.’ appears to me quite original. In the Lines to Death there is much strength, but I will point to your notice a faulty Couplet for the sake of summoning you to rigorous examination, which I look upon as indispensable in verse—

Death thou art half disarm'd and even I  
Could find it then less terrible *to die*

There is confusion between *the person of Death and act of dying*—the process under two conflicting views—it ought to be, to meet thy dart—or, to submit to thy might—or something of that kind. But I might have spared these notices, since you describe yourself as deeply regretting defects and imperfections. Though I wished in this letter to benefit you in another way than my writings have yet done—a thousand times more agreeable to me is it to express my admiration of the good sense, the vivacity, the versatility and the ease and vigour diffused thro’ your very interesting volume. The Critical Essays, and those

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that turn upon manners and the surface of life, are remarkable; the one for sound judgment, and the other for acute observation and delicate handling, without exaggeration or caricature, and the episode 'the Unknown', highly to be commended for the conciseness and spirit of the style (as indeed is all you have written), shews an acquaintance with the human heart and a power over the feelings from which no common things may be augured. Yet while I express myself thus, let me caution you, who are probably young, not to rest your hopes or happiness upon Authorship. I am aware that nothing can be done in literature without enthusiasm, and therefore it costs me more to write in this strain—but of even successful Authors how few have become happier Men—how few I am afraid have become better by their labours. Why should this be? and yet I cannot but feel persuaded that it is so with our sex, and your's is, I think, full as much exposed to evils that beset the condition. It is obvious that you have a just sense of what female merit consists in—therefore I hope for you in a degree which I could not venture to do without this evidence of the depth of your feelings and the loftiness of your conceptions.

I am glad that Mr A. Watts<sup>1</sup> is interested in your Publication, his Poems have the stamp of genuine sensibility, and his opinions, as far as I am acquainted with them, are sound.

I am afraid that having entered so far into detail in this letter, I ought to have gone farther—not to have said so much, or to have said more—at all events I shall have proved that I am sincerely interested in your welfare. I shall look for your second volume with some impatience and remain meanwhile, Madam,

Your oblig<sup>d</sup> Friend and Servant,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

MS.  
K(—)

742. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

My dear Friend,

Rydal Mount, 4<sup>th</sup> May [1825]

An unusual event, a letter from Coleridge, impels me to take the pen immediately. He begins by requesting in the most

<sup>1</sup> Alaric A. Watts (1797–1864), sub-editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*

earnest language that I will use my interest with the Hoares of Hampstead, if I have any, and with Mr Clarkson, to promote an object that he has very much at heart. He then states that a Mr Harrison, a Quaker, is coming to settle at Highgate, and that he is most anxious that his friend, Mr Gilman, should be recommended to the said Mr Harrison, as his medical attendant. Now this matter, as nakedly stated to us, at this distance from Highgate, might seem of little importance; but to dear Coleridge, from his extreme earnestness, it is evident few things at this present time are of more. I will quote from his letter, and you shall judge for yourselves. But, by the bye, I must first explain that the letter (except the introductory sentence) was originally addressed to another Friend, who, he afterwards found, had no acquaintance with Mr Harrison; and Coleridge, not having time to write another letter to me, forwarded that which had been intended for his male friend.

'I hear that a neighbour of yours is coming to settle at Highgate, and I will venture to entreat you, in my own name, and as an act of friendship to me personally, that you would use your interest in recommending Mr Gilman as his medical attendant.' Coleridge then goes on to speak in high terms of Mr G.'s medical skill, and of his excellent moral character; and states that a Mr Snow has been recommended to Mr Harrison by one of the 'religious'; and, from what C. says, it appears that he is apprehensive of a formidable Rival in this Mr Snow, who is favoured by certain denominations of religious persons. And this will throw some light upon Coleridge's wish that his Friend should attend Mr Harrison's Family. We live in a strange world. What can be so stupid as to choose a medical adviser from any other considerations than professional skill, humanity, and integrity! To these points Coleridge speaks decidedly in Mr Gilman's favour, and all Coleridge's friends think highly of him. Therefore Mr Clarkson (being ever ready to serve worthy people) will I am sure if he have the means, and can use them in 1818, editor of the *Leeds Intelligencer* in 1822, when he published his *Poetical Sketches*. In 1825 he moved to Manchester, where he edited the *Courier*. In 1824 he edited, and from 1826 to 1838 was sole proprietor of, the *Literary Souvenir*, the first of those literary *Annuals* which had so wide a vogue at this period.

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with propriety do his utmost to recommend Mr Gilman to Mr Garrison. Coleridge speaks of Mr Snow, as a man not respectable in private life—and very ignorant—but of this part of C's communication it would be improper to take any notice. And now my dear Friend a word or two concerning ourselves—but I am much hurried—This letter must go off to-day to prevent loss of time. We are all well—William's eyes better than for years past —He reads often for hours by day-light. Willy strong and lively—but poor thing! his mother is often haunted by inward fears, and I cannot get rid of them. He is pale with a yellowish hue—and thin—and does not grow much—and wakes every morning with a sour taste in his mouth, and the tongue streaked down the middle with one broad dark coloured line. Does not this indicate that all is not right within? I fear a disarrangement of the Liver. God grant there may be no organic disease. He studies under Mr Carter (the Clerk). Dora has been poorly but now is well and recovering better looks. John returned to Oxford. Mrs Coleridge and Sara went home 10 days ago after 3 weeks and 3 days happy stay—They both enjoyed themselves much. Sara's translation of Bayard's Life<sup>1</sup> is published; the style and execution very good. She is to go to London in Autumn. Her eyes are not worse, but no better. Mrs Coleridge was very pleasant. Worrying is of no use with her Children; and she is now satisfied to be quiet, and does not fret and flurry as she used to do. Adversity is the best school, I believe, for the best of us; and poor Mrs Coleridge has had enough of it, in the shape of humiliation and disappointed hopes concerning the talents of her Sons. Dear Sara is a sweet creature, so thoughtful and gentle, patient and persevering—and in conversation not disputatious as she used to be. Southeby in May goes to Holland—Bertha is coming home; and Edith will perhaps stay in the South till her Father returns. Mrs Luff and Mary are just passing across the front 'What message to Mrs Clarkson?' 'Say that I am in a peck of troubles,' says Mrs Luff. Dear Soul! I believe she many a time wishes she had never meddled with these

<sup>1</sup> *The Right Joyous and Pleasant History of the Facts, Tests, and Prowesses of the Chevalier Bayard, the Good Knight without Fear and without Reproach: by the Loyall Servant.* 2 vols., 1825.

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troubles; but as it has been all her own doing she bears up wonderfully—Her strength is surprizing—yet sometimes she almost sinks, after a long day of labour—interspersed with vexation—workmen going away—fresh jobs rising up—etc. etc. etc. We do all we can to chear her—praising most sincerely the beauties of her little plot of ground and the fresh proofs of her skill which appear almost daily—She is an admirable contriver—I only wish she had a purse of a thousand guineas—but if I had such a purse I would employ it differently. The Farquhars kindly offer her all needful assistance. It is very long since we have heard from you—Pray do write—My letter is called for, so I must ask no questions, but you know that all you can *tell will be interesting* My dearest Friend ever your affectionate D. W.

My Love to Mr Clarkson.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk.

C.            743. *W. W. to Sir George Beaumont*  
K.

Rydal Mount, May 28<sup>th</sup> [1825]

My dear Sir George,

It delights me indeed to receive a Letter from you written in such a happy state of mind. Heaven grant that your best wishes may be realised; and surely the promises from this alliance are of the fairest kind. What you say of George gives me great pleasure. I hope he will enter into your feelings and Lady Beaumont's in respect to Coleorton, with a becoming spirit; so that your views may not be frustrated. This I have much at heart. The place is worthy of the pains you have taken with it, and one cannot breathe a better wish for him, as your successor, than that his duties there should become his principal pleasure. How glad should we be to hear that Lady Beaumont is tranquillised; I wish we could transport her hither for a week at least under this quiet roof, in this bright and fragrant season of fresh green leaves and blossoms. Never, I think, have we had so beautiful a spring; sunshine and showers coming just as if they had been called for by the spirits of Hope, Love, and

Beauty. This spot is at present a paradise, if you will admit the term when I acknowledge that yesterday afternoon the mountains were whitened with a fall of snow. But this only served to give the landscape, with all its verdure, blossoms, and leafy trees, a striking Swiss air, which reminded us of Unterseen and Interlaken.

Most reluctantly do I give up the hope of our seeing Italy together; but I am prepared to submit to what you think best. My own going with any part of my family must be deferred till John is nearer the conclusion of his University studies; so that for this summer it must not be thought of. I am truly sensible of your kind offer of assistance, and cannot be affronted at such testimonies of your esteem. We sacrifice our time, our ease, and often our health, for the sake of our friends (and what is friendship unless we are prepared to do so?). I will not then pay *money* such a compliment, as to allow *it* to be too precious a thing to be added to the catalogue, where fortunes are unequal, and where the occasion is mutually deemed important. But at present this must sleep.

You say nothing of painting. What was the fate of Mont Blanc? and what is the character of the present Annual Exhibitions? Leslie,<sup>1</sup> I hear, has not advanced. John Bull<sup>2</sup> is very bitter against poor Haydon, who, it is to be apprehended, is not making progress in the art.

I never had a higher relish for the beauties of Nature than during this spring, nor enjoyed myself more. What manifold reason, my dear Sir George, have you and I to be thankful to Providence! Theologians may puzzle their heads about dogmas as they will, the religion of gratitude cannot mislead us. Of that we are sure, and gratitude is the handmaid to hope, and hope the harbinger of faith. I look abroad upon Nature, I think of the best part of our species, I lean upon my friends, and I meditate upon the Scriptures, especially the Gospel of St. John;

<sup>1</sup> Charles Robert Leslie, 1794–1854, R.A. 1826. His chief gifts lay in historical and humorous illustration. Several of his pictures may be seen at the National Gallery and at S. Kensington.

<sup>2</sup> John Bull, a ‘scurrilous, facetious, and potent journal’, founded in 1820 to counteract the popular enthusiasm for Queen Caroline. The editor was Theodore Hook (1788–1841), known as the prince of lampoonists.

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and my creed rises up of itself with the ease of an exhalation, yet  
a fabric of adamant. God bless you, my ever dear friend.  
Kindest love to Lady B.

W. Wordsworth.

MS.

744. D. W. to Sir Walter Scott

Rydal Mount near Kendal May 30<sup>th</sup> 1825.

My dear Sir Walter Scott,

My vivid remembrance of your kind reception of me, along with my Brother, at Liswayde, above twenty years ago, of our meeting under the Matron's Roof at Jedburgh, and of our pleasant travels together afterwards on the Banks of the Tweed makes me feel that I have still some claim upon your kindness, and, though it is many years since I had last the pleasure of seeing you I count on your not having forgotten me, and shall therefore make no apology for this unexpected intrusion, especially as you are the only person now in existence who can solve a dispute—(be not alarmed, it is not of a very serious nature) between my Brother and myself.

It is, I think, sixteen years since you visited us at Coleorton in Leicestershire;—we were then residing in a house belonging to Sir George Beaumont—you were going to Lichfield and do you not remember that my Brother and I accompanied you thither? Now we come to the point in dispute—Did we go with you to Miss Seward's house? Did we see Miss Seward? If your memory enables you to give a decisive answer to these questions, perhaps you may also recollect some other little circumstances in connexion with the half-hour—for I think it was not more—that we spent together at Lichfield, and if so, you will take the trouble of noting *them* also in your answer, which may help to clear up the recollections of the one of us twain that are at present mistified.

We hear of you and yours from time to time, but how long is it since you travelled this road! We were then living at Grasmere. My Brother and Sister beg me to say that it would give them great pleasure—so it would me too—and others of the Family, whom you have only seen as children, if you would yet

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again halt among the Lakes on your way southward—or come on purpose—with Lady Scott or any part of your household at liberty to accompany you.

Probably you have heard that my Brother has of late years suffered much from weakness and occasional inflammation of the eyes—I am happy to tell you that for many months past his eyes have been much stronger in general, and he has had no attack of inflammation. He begs to be most kindly remembered to you, and adds again ‘how glad I should be to see Sir Walter Scott here and any of his Family’.

Pray present our united regards to Lady Scott, and believe me, dear Sir Walter

Yours faithfully and with great respect  
Dorothy Wordsworth.

*Address:* Sir Walter Scott Bart, Abbot’s Ford, Melrose, Scotland.

K(—)

*745. W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

May, 1825.

It rejoices me to see the Lowther name and the Lowther interest in the minority.<sup>1</sup> I have not seen the reports of the evidence before Parliament, only certain extracts in newspapers, and passages quoted in the debates. But whatever may be the weight of such evidence, it cannot overbalance in my mind all that I have read in history, all that I have heard in conversation, and all that I have observed in life. As far as I can learn, it is in a great degree a measure *ex parte*; but were not this so, I must own that, in a complex and subtle religious question, as this is, I should reckon little on formal and dressed-up testimony, even upon oath, compared with what occurs in the regular course of life, and escapes from people in unguarded moments. Little value, then, can be put upon committee-evidence, contradicting (as here) men’s opinions in their natural overflow. From what may be observed among the Irish and English Romanists, it is justly to be dreaded that there is a stronger disposition to

<sup>1</sup> The Catholic Relief Bill was carried in the H. of C. by 248 to 227. It was rejected by the Lords (178 to 130).

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approximate to their brethren in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and elsewhere, than to unite in faith and practice with us Protestants. . . .

The majority of the people of England are against concession, as would have been proved had they been fairly appealed to, which was not done because the laity were unwilling to take the lead in a matter (notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary) eminently ecclesiastical; and the clergy are averse from coming forward except in a corporate capacity, lest they should be accused of stirring up the people for selfish views; and thus the real opinion of the nation is not embodied.

I ventured to originate a petition from the two parishes of Grasmere and Windermere, including the town of Ambleside. There were not half a dozen dissenting voices. . . .

K(—)

746. W. W. to Lord Lonsdale

June, 1825.

. . . I hear that Mr Marshall is a member of the London College Committee, and active in all the *improvements* now going forward. It cannot be doubted that a main motive with the leaders of this and similar institutions is to acquire influence for political purposes. Mr Brougham mentions, as a strong inducement for founding the proposed college, that it will render medical education so much cheaper. It is clearly cheap enough. We have far more doctors than can find patients to live by; and I cannot see how society will be benefited by swarms of medical practitioners starting up from lower classes in the community than they are now furnished by. The better able the parents are to incur expense, the stronger pledge have we of their children being above meanness, and unfeeling and sordid habits. As to teaching Belles Lettres, Languages, Law, Political Economy, Morals, etc., by lectures, it is absurd. Lecturers may be very useful in Experimental Philosophy, Geology, and Natural History, or any Art or Science capable of illustration by experiments, operations, and specimens; but in other departments of knowledge they are, in most cases, worse than superfluous. Of course I do

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not include in the above censure *College Lectures*, as they are called, when the business consists not of haranguing the pupils, but in ascertaining the progress they have made. . . .

MS.            747. W. W. to Sir Robert Inglis<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount June 11<sup>th</sup> 1825.

Dear Sir Robert

Without recollecting that I had ever the honor of being introduced to you, I was strongly inclined, when I read the report of your excellent Speech in the Newspapers—to thank you for it by letter; and was only prevented from doing so by apprehension that I should seem to be setting too great a value on my own good opinion. The arrival of your Packet by this morning's Post, allows me to repeat the acknowledgments which I begged Mr Southey to make in my name, and calls upon me to thank you for this agreeable mark of your attention.

I have re-perused the Speech; if possible, with additional conviction that it is unanswerable—and I ardently wish that, along with other productions to the same effect, it might be universally read. The fate of the Bill in the House of Lords had afforded time for the eyes of the ignorant being opened, and for Zeal being awakened in the minds of the indifferent; and I earnestly hope that the opportunity may not be lost. The ground of a mitigation in the bigotry of the Romanists is not tenable, nor is any answer attempted to your proof of this, from facts of which neither the evidence was to be denied, nor the force to be eluded; and as a question of expediency you shewed that regulating our expectations of Men's future conduct by their past, there was no ground for hoping that the discontented in Ireland would be satisfied with the proposed concessions—

<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Inglis (1786–1855), an old-fashioned Tory of rather limited intelligence; in May 1825 he strenuously protested against the third reading of Burdett's Catholic Relief Bill; in Nov. 1828 he opposed Lord Russell's motion for repeal of Test and Corporation Acts; in 1829 he beat Sir Robert Peel as parliamentary candidate for Oxford University and again spoke against the third reading of the Catholic Relief Bill; in 1831 he opposed ministerial plans for parliamentary reform; in 1833 he protested against the Bill for Reform of the Irish Church; in 1834 against a Bill for Jewish relief; in 1845 he opposed establishment of Queen's Colleges in Ireland as godless education.

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from their own declarations, it was clear that they would not.

With many classes among the Friends of this bill, it seems to be of no use to argue—for they treat the matter merely as Party Advocates; but certain Individuals from the Offices they hold, can only, one would think, be interested in it, as a great State question; and surely it is not too much to expect from them to treat it fairly and candidly: with sorrow must we observe this has not been done—and that the dangerous principle of the end justifying the means, has had its full influence over Men who ought to have been above its reach. How, otherwise, could we have seen a Minister of State attempting to reconcile us to Papacy, by endeavours to prove that in points of Faith and practice, Protestantism stands pretty much upon a par with it—or another Person in Office roundly asserting, that it was absurd to expect the Reformed religion would gain upon the Unreformed by any measures that could be adopted. No opinion dropt in the whole debate was, I humbly think, so ominous as this. Are not the same Arguments that induced our Forefathers to withdraw from the Roman faith 300 years ago still applicable? And if they were able to produce such effects then, what may we not expect from them now, strengthened by 300 years experience of the superiority of one faith over the other, as demonstrated by the condition of Roman Catholic, as contrasted with Protestant Countries—in Arts, in Morals, and in general prosperity.

Were we to abandon the hope of gaining upon the Romanists, we must be prepared to admit the evil of their gaining upon us. Protestant Ascendancy must be renounced, and sooner or later will be substituted Catholic domination—the two religions cannot coexist, in a Country free as ours upon equal terms. For my own part while I condemn as founded in ignorance, I reprobate as of the most injurious tendency, every Measure that does not point to the maintenance of Protestant ascendancy, and to the diffusion of Protestant principles: and this doctrine I hold not more as a friend to Great Britain, than to Ireland.

Papacy is founded upon the overthrow of private judgement—it is essentially at enmity with light and knowledge; its power to exclude these blessings is not so great as formerly, tho'

its desire to do so, is equally strong; and its determination to exert its power for that effect to the utmost, is not in the least abated. But persecution must go hand in hand with ignorance—a sincere Romanist is *by duty* a persecutor. The ambition of the papal priesthood, pursuing their own ends by the exclusion of knowledge, might have been far more successfully opposed than it has been by the very *Members* of that Church, had not the Church contrived to enlist the disinterested passions of human nature on its side by establishing a conviction that there is no safety out of the pale of that Church:—hence humanity is abused, if I may say so, to make Men inhuman.

I have met with many Persons who thinking as unfavourably as you and I do of Papacy, and acknowledging that what the Romanists are now seeking can neither be required upon principles of abstract justice, nor positive convention, are nevertheless persuaded, that by excluding them from political power we make them more attached to their religion, and unite them more strongly in support of it. Were this true to the extent insisted upon, we should still have to balance between the unorganized power which they derive from a sense of injustice, real or supposed, and the legitimate organized power which concession would confer. But it is a deception and a most dangerous one to conclude that if a free passage were given to this torrent it would spread and lose by diffusion its ability to do injury. The checks, which after a time are necessary to provoke other Sects to activity are not wanted here; this Church stands independent of them thro' its Constitution, so exquisitely contrived, and thro' its doctrines and discipline which give a peculiar and monstrous power to its Priesthood. Take the injunction of Celibacy alone, backed by auricular Confession, Indulgences, Absolution and penance;—the Celibacy separating the Priesthood from the body of the Community, and the practise of Confession—making them Masters of the conscience, while the doctrines give them an almost absolute power over the will. To submit to such thralldom men must be bigotted in its favour, and that we see is the case in Spain, in Portugal, in Austria, in Italy, in Flanders, in Ireland and in all Countries where you have Papacy in full blow: and does not

History prove, that however other Sects may have languished under the relaxing influence of good fortune—Papacy has ever been most fiery and rampant when most prosperous.

What then must be done, if from these, and other causes, Concession is to be resisted? The difficulties on that side it did not fall within your plan to treat, nor did you give the sanction of your judgment as to the course to be pursued. Allow me to submit a few thoughts upon this part of the subject to your consideration, with a hope of being corrected, if my views appear to you erroneous. The condition of Ireland is, and long has been wretched; lamentable is it to acknowledge that the mass of her people are so grossly ignorant and from that cause subject to such delusions and passions that they would destroy each other were it not for the restraint exercised upon them by England; this restraint it is that protracts their existence in a state which otherwise the course of nature would provide a remedy for, by reducing their numbers thro' mutual destruction. So that English civilization may fairly be said to be the Shield of Irish barbarism. If then these swarms of degraded people could not exist but thro' us, how much does this add to the awfulness of the responsibility under which our Govt. lies in respect to that unhappy Country; and how much more strongly does it call for every exertion that can be made, for removing those evils of which its own misapplied power is in so great a measure the source.

The chief proximate causes of Irish misery and ignorance are twofold—Papacy and the tenure and management of landed Property; and both these have a common origin, viz, the imperfect conquest of the Country. There are two ways in which a Country may be improved by being conquered. The Countries subjected by the ancient Romans afford striking instances of the one, and those that in the Middle Ages were subdued by the Northern Nations of the other. The Romans from their superiority in Arts and arms, and—in the earlier period of their History—in virtues, may seem to have established a moral right to force their Institutions upon other Nations, whether declined or existing in primitive barbarity; and this they effected, as we all know, not by overrunning Countries as Eastern Conquerors have

done, and Buonaparte in our own days, but by completing a local and regular subjugation, with military roads and garrisons which were centres of civilization for the surrounding district: and I am not afraid to add, tho' many would catch at the fact as bearing strongly against the general scope of our argument, that both Conquerors and Conquered owed much to the participation of civil rights which the Romans liberally communicated. The other mode of beneficial conquest, i.e. *that* pursued by the Northern Nations—as the Franks in Gaul, the Goths in Spain, the Huns in Italy, the Normans—first in Normandy, and afterwards in England and Sicily, brought about its beneficial effects by the settlement of a hardy and vigorous people among the distracted and effeminate Nations against whom their incursions were made: the conquerors brought along with them their independent and ferocious spirit, to animate exhausted communities, and in their turn received a salutary mitigation, till in process of time the Conquered and Conqueror were lost in each other. To neither of these modes was unfortunate Ireland subject, and her insular territory by physical obstacles, and still more by moral influences arising out of them, has greatly aggravated the evil consequent upon independence lost as hers was lost. The writers on the time of Queen Eliz. have pointed out how unwise it was to transplant among a barbarous people, not half subjugated, the institutions that Time had matured among those who considered themselves as the Masters of that People.

It would be trespassing on your time, and presumptuous to advert in detail to the causes of the exacerbations and long-lived hatreds which have prevented the development of morality in Ireland,—obstructed religious knowledge and prevented a participation in English refinement and civility. It is enough to observe that the Reformation made little progress there, and that the soil became, thro' frequent forfeitures, mainly the property of Persons whose hearts were not in the Country.—As we have hitherto chiefly considered the evils produced by the religion of Ireland, I will dispose of that part of the subject, by submitting to you my notion of what is called for here, discarding as unworthy of notice the commonplaces, not to say cant, about the cruelty and injustice of hindering Persons from wor-

shipping God in their own way. I concur with those who maintain that the Romanists, in matters of religious liberty have no grounds for complaint whatsoever—but I go further and contend that the liberty which the Ministers of the religion have, and the powers which they exercise far exceed those allowed to the Functionaries of the Protestant Establishment. For the benefit of the Roman Catholics themselves, I would abridge this power, if it be found to be as grievous a burthen as many temperate Observers are persuaded that it is. Parliament ought to enquire into the real character of Penance, as now administered in these Realms under the Popish Clergy—What restrictions they exercise over the body, and to what pains they subject it. How far it is possible for legislation to interfere for the punishment of those who abuse the power of inflicting spiritual terrors I do not enquire,—being well aware how delicate is such a matter. But the grosser parts of their discipline are surely fit subjects for public investigation. The Popish priesthood ought to be prevented from punishing such of their Flock as they may find possessed of the Holy Scriptures, or putting themselves in the way of deriving knowledge from attending Protestant places of worship, or communicating for religious instruction with those whom they call Heretics. If Nunneries are to be allowed at all, no one ought to be received under the age of 21 at the least; nothing can be more cruel than to take advantage of the inexperience of a Child, to entrap her into a course of life by which Nature is counteracted and religion distorted. I do not insist upon this so much for the sake of saving the poor victims, as from the indirect influence these sacrifices have in giving undue value in the eyes of the multitude to that Faith for which the sacrifice is made; of this influence the Romish Priesthood (wise men in their generation compared with the liberalists in our house of Parliament and to those out of it) are thoroughly conscious. In these and divers other points the power of that Church ought to be curtailed. A measure very different from that of supporting the Priesthood by Parliamentary grant in the plenitude of their present usurpations over the dignity of human Nature. This course would lead to placing us firmly upon the true ground which some have been weak

enough to abandon. As a most important measure of the same tendency, we ought actively to set about breaking up as far as possible, that consolidation of Parishes, which by withdrawing Protestant Clergymen altogether from large tracts of the Country, has removed an obstacle to the increase of Popery, and furnished an opening to the lowest order of Priests, who find even poverty, inasmuch as it is favourable to ignorance, favourable to their views,—for no one is so poor but, if superstitious, he will spare something to his Priest. If the stipends of the protestant parochial Clergy have been dilapidated so as not to allow of their Ministers being distributed over the Country with an adequate maintenance, what belongs to the Church by just right, should be recovered wherever possible; whatever clamor this might occasion it would be a much more salutary expedient than that of paying out of the public purse popish priests for inculcating doctrines which as Christians we condemn, and by such enactment creating a political Monster with two heads that must in time throw out as many as the Hydra herself. By these means—by correcting all the abuses in the Irish Protestant Church—by a distribution of its dignities upon patriotic principles—and strictly enforcing Residence upon all Ecclesiastics and by the establishment and judicious regulation of Protestant Schools, we may confidently expect that Protestantism may be seen gaining ground upon Papacy in Ireland.

But when I look to the one religion gradually supplanting the other, which I trust is the intention of Providence, I place no dependance upon any thing that has thus far been recommended unless in conjunction with political arrangements—the first step must be to place Person and Property in security. The Advocates for the relief bill tell you that this will be effected by removing civil disabilities, and that content and tranquillity will be the result. These men dread nothing from the aversion of the Papists to the Protestant establishment, which if civil equality was established, while they insist upon the disproportion in the several numbers of the two communities—and in the wealth of the respective Churches with regard to those numbers they forget that that disproportion must be the same and possibly much increased after their object is gained. But enough of this

—especially to you. Tranquillity in Ireland is not to be secured by aiming at Conciliation in this way. We must have in Rulers competent to conduct this arduous business—No luxuries of sentiment—none of those persuasions that flatter the feelings at the expence of the understanding—no self-applauding liberality that fixes a doating gaze on one side of the question, and will not vouchsafe a glance at the other. We require Men that can look steadily and sternly at both—in a word, it is vigour and not indulgence that must serve us.

The path recommended by the Concessionists is according to their view, so very smooth, easy, and flowery that to continue the allegorical strain one is surprized they have never suspected that it must mislead and terminate in a quagmire or a precipice. Great embarrassments can never be got out of, by easy courses—Persons and property then must be placed in security in Ireland at whatever cost, whether of civil Police, or, if necessary, of military Power; without the said protection the Absentees cannot be expected to return nor can we require Proprietors to look after their lands and to remodel the occupation of them. Under this protection the rents of Ireland would in a great measure be kept in the Country—and English Capital would flow into it, with English Persons to manage and apply it—English Arts, Manners, refinements and aspirations—thus would the grovelling Peasantry be raised, they would become discontented with, and ashamed of their nakedness and raggedness—of their peat-bogs, and their hovels; and the destitution of household accommodation, in which they *breathe* rather than live.

It is not then upon the purity of the reformed faith merely that I rely for making its way into the hearts of these oppressed Creatures—but upon the manifestation which may in course of time thus be given them of the social blessings which Protestants have acquired by being delivered from Spiritual thralldom. In proportion as a disposition was thus excited to accumulate property, the Irish Peasantry would be less and less liable to become the tools of agitators and aspirants, whether political or religious—they would be attached to tranquillity. The increase of vicious population would be stopped, and here I would observe, that instead of reversing [ ] course of grounding a

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demand for political power upon numbers merely, without regard to property or condition, we ought to reckon the very existence of such swarms, as one of the greatest evils of the Country and every political inducement for keeping up, or adding to those numbers should be removed as far as possible. Part of the population now existing might for its own benefit be got rid of by extensive schemes of colonization, which would allow space, and opportunity for the people of the two Countries intermixing, for mutual advantage. Knowledge Industry, Riches, would spread accordingly, and along with these dispositions to loyalty and good order.

What the contrary course may lead to, it is impossible to foresee, but I entirely agree with you, that we risk far too much in entering upon it—much of the evil which we forbode may, thro' the blessings of Providence be prevented ; and Concession may possibly after all be the best course to take ; but, sure I am that it is not justifiable by the reasons which in Parliament have been brought forward in support of it. Providence will prevent evil and deduce good by agency hidden from our limited faculties. Happily for us Protestantism is at present paramount, and while it is wanton by our laws to attempt the subjugation of the Protestant succession, we have the satisfaction of knowing that in defending a Government resting upon this basis, which say what they will, the other Party have abandoned, we are working for the welfare, and supporting the dignity of Human Nature.

*MS. 748. D. W. and W. W. to Sir Walter Scott*

Rydal Mount, near Kendal

June 18<sup>th</sup>, 1825.

My dear Sir Walter,

Accept my best thanks for your speedy reply to my questions. On that score my pleasure was great on breaking the seal of your letter, and in reading it I was truly gratified by your kindness towards us, the inmates of Rydal Mount, and by your interesting communications respecting yourself and Family. Yet we should have been better pleased had you held out hopes that your

travels this summer might have led you into Westmorland. Should you, on your return from Dublin, land at Liverpool, this might be ; but one can hardly hope you will chuse that route, the Steam-boats of Glasgow bringing you so near home. We had heard of your Son's marriage ; and, a few days after you had told us of your intention of going to see him, we had the pleasure of meeting with a record in the newspapers of his gallantry and courage in saving the Life of an individual at the risque of his own—*him I saw a Boy in petticoats at Liswayde.* For the sake of that remembrance I was the more gratified by this honorable mention of the young man, your Son, though, perhaps, when you hear the whole history of the Seward Dispute you will say I have little cause to rely upon my memory as a helper to present gratifications.

And now to the point. A few days before I wrote to you, in conversation with my Brother I chanced to say ‘When you and I saw Miss Seward<sup>1</sup> at Lichfield’—nothing doubting ; when he exclaimed—‘Saw Miss Seward! I *never* saw her!’ Observe, Mrs Wordsworth was present, and she declared that the impression on her mind was that we *had* called on Miss S. with you. As for myself, never did I seem to recollect any thing more distinctly, except the subject of conversation, which, as the visit was short, could hardly have been important—the room in which we sate—upstairs—not a large room—Miss Seward’s appearance—rather a short woman when I had expected to meet a tall one—disappointed in her beauty—for I had gone with that foolish forgetfulness that Ladies whom we hear spoken of as very handsome do not remain the same during their whole lives—her manners lively—but not extravagantly complimentary, as I had expected they would be—her dress—I *think* a white gown—certainly a small black Bonnet. We were mortified that our visit was so short ; had not time to enter the Cathedral—looked in at the West door—which I think was fastened within by a little Gate, otherwise we should have not seen up the Centre to the painted window or would certainly have gone forward. The

<sup>1</sup> Anna Seward (1747–1809), known as the ‘Swan of Lichfield’, an indefatigable correspondent of Scott’s, to whom she bequeathed her poetry. Scott superintended its publication in 3 vols. in 1810, *v. Lockhart, Life of Scott, ch. xix.*

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whole appearance of the Building struck me much, and this is all I recollect—except wall-flowers growing on the old walls in the town—and a general pleasing effect of antiquity. Your letter finds me with these impressions fixed on the mind, yet my Brother's testimony—so different, and yet so clear—at times made me fancy the whole (as far as relates to the *interview* with Miss Seward) but a dream—made up of some real dream and of reports and descriptions concerning that celebrated Lady. I now try to believe it so—So it must be. Yet the conclusion is mortifying, and will principally tend to make me doubt my internal testimony respecting past events connected with external objects.

I wish your recollections had been more distinct. We certainly did go to Lichfield—as my Brother will convince you. There are yet one or two questions which I must put to you. Was Miss Seward accustomed to sit in an upstairs Room? Was the Room not a large one? Was the entrance by a Door at the left hand near the head of the stairs? Now if your answers to the above Queries are discordant with my supposed recollections, the evidence will be conclusive against me, and *therefore* most satisfactory to my mind; but if on the contrary, Miss Seward *did* sit in an upstairs room—with a door on the left hand, etc, etc. I may have heard these particulars from some one who had visited her, and I must still be turning to this subject, haunted with a troublesome obscurity and doubt.

I beg your pardon for having taken up so much of the Paper, which I ought to have left for my Brother: but cannot conclude without heartily thanking you and Lady Scott (to whom I beg to be kindly remembered) for your friendly invitation to which my Brother will reply particularly, only I must add that I should be loth to be left at home if a Party were going from Rydal Mount to Abbotsford.—I remain, dear Sir Walter, with great Respect, your obliged Friend,

Dorothy Wordsworth.

*W. W. writes :*

My dear Sir Walter,

There can be no doubt that we went with you as far as Litchfield. There was a talk of our waiting along with you on Miss S.: but it went off, as you say. I remember your saying that Mr

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Southey would be a much more welcome visitor than either you or me, for she was his enthusiastic admirer. But though I was averse to intruding, the reason why we did not see Miss S. was this: The Post Boy insisted on returning to Tamworth to bait his Horses, and allowed us only  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an hour to stay in Litchfield, to our great disappointment, as we were particularly desirous to inspect the Cathedral, of which, as my Sister says, we had only a glimpse. Your testimony, though negative only—and inferential—tends to establish the truth of my recollection, which is that we did not see Miss S. You must have seen Tutbury when you had left Lichfield, on your way Northward. The Castle stands on a bold situation overlooking the vale of the Dove. In one point of your Letter your admirable memory has failed: it was not Southey, but Sir Humphrey, then Mr Davy, who went with us from Patterdale to the top of Helvellyn,<sup>1</sup> where he left us and hastened on to the vale of Grasmere.

You say you are not so active for Climbing as you then were, I should much regret this did you not add that your health is so excellent. Being very thin I am able as ever to mount Helvellyn, but in many things I am admonished of the Non sum qualis eram, particularly my eyes. I do not require spectacles except for Maps, my sight not being worn as most people of my age find them: but the organ with me is very irritable, and hot rooms, candlelight, and much reading I cannot bear. May you be blest, like your good mother, with power to read as late in life as she could. Thanks for your invitation to my children, who will be proud at some time or other to avail themselves of it. I have but three, one at Oxford; a girl, *now*, I ought to say a Woman, at home; and a Boy who was some years at the Charterhouse where his health failed, and is now with me preparing for Oxford. Though you overlook my invitation to West<sup>nd</sup> which would shew you Southey also, I live in hope of seeing you one day at your own abode of which I have heard much. Most distinctly do I recollect it and the then state of the grounds, as shewn by your delightful daughter, now Mrs Lockhart; in particular the filial pride with which she conducted me to a well, decorated with architectural Fragments from Melross.

<sup>1</sup> v. *E.L.*, p. 521.

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With kind remembrances to Lady Scott, in which Mrs W. unites,—I remain my dear sir Walter, most cordially your Friend,

W. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Sir Walter Scott, Bart., Abbotsford, near Melross, Scotland.

K.

749. *W. W. to Alaric Watts*

Kent's Bank, August 5, 1825.<sup>1</sup>

Dear Sir,

The interest which you kindly take in the publication of my poems, as expressed by Miss Jewsbury, encourages me to trouble you with a letter upon the subject. A proposal was made to Mr John Murray, the publisher, by Mr Rogers, to print seven hundred and fifty copies of six volumes, including *The Excursion*, the author incurring two-thirds of the expense, and receiving two-thirds of the profits. Upon Mr Murray agreeing to this, I wrote him to inform me what would be the expense; but to this letter, written three months ago, I have received no answer; and therefore cannot but think that I am at liberty, giving due notice to Mr Murray, to make an arrangement elsewhere. Could a bookseller of spirit and integrity be found, I should have no objection to allow him to print seven hundred and fifty or a thousand copies, for an adequate remuneration, of which you would be a judge on whom I could rely.

My daughter will have thanked Miss Jewsbury in my name for her two interesting volumes, *Phantasmagoria*.<sup>2</sup> Knowing the friendship which exists between you and that lady, it would gratify me to enlarge upon the pleasure which my family and I have derived from her society, and to express our high opinion of her head and heart. It is impossible to foretell how the powers of such a mind may develop themselves, but my judgment inclines to pronounce her natural bent to be more decidedly toward life and manners than poetic work.

If I have ever the pleasure of seeing you at Rydal Mount, I

<sup>1</sup> For D. W. to H. C. R., July 2, 1825, v. C.R., p. 139.

<sup>2</sup> v. Note to letter of May 4, *infra*.

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should be happy to converse with you upon certain principles of style, taking for my text any one of your own animated poems, say the last in your *Souvenir*, which along with your other pieces in the same work I read with no little admiration. With many thanks and high esteem,

I remain

your obliged servant,

Wm. Wordsworth.

750. W. W. to John Murray<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, Aug. 6. [1825]

Upwards of three months ago I think, in consequence of a letter from Mr Rogers, expressing the terms on which you would print 750 copies of my poems in 6 vols. I wrote to beg you would inform me what would be the cost etc., as, without that knowledge, I would not close the bargain. Having waited so long for an answer, I conclude it is not convenient for you to enter upon this undertaking and therefore feel myself at liberty to make other arrangements should an opportunity occur.

Some time ago I was much concerned to hear through Mr Southey that you had been unwell but were then recovered; had it not been for this indisposition, I should have written to you sooner.

MS. 751. W. W. to Maria Jane Jewsbury  
(with fragment by Dora W.)

[Early August 1825]

Dear Miss J—

A thousand thanks for your services towards procuring me a fair remuneration through Mr Watts for my labours—You know how ignorant I am in these matters, and still better how experienced your Friend is—so that I regard this opening as very promising—ever most faithfully yours.

W. W.

My very dearest Friend,

My best thanks for the half letter—we are all much disappointed that your Friends did not think you looking better.

<sup>1</sup> From *The Autograph Album*, published by Thomas F. Madigan, N.Y., June 1933.

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I am sure you were growing quite rosy before you left this place<sup>1</sup> and it is the worry and bustle of Manchester that has thrown you back—and your poor dear Sister we most sincerely hope to have more favorable reports of her health.

MS.

752. *W. W. to ?*

Lowther Castle. near Penrith.

August 11<sup>th</sup> 1825

Dear Sir,

Relying upon your formerly experienced kindness I am about to address you rather abruptly—This day I have met Mr Courtenay who tells me that the Rock shares have fallen to 4.15—and that the office is now closed—I have not an opportunity of consulting at this place the letter you were so good as to address to me upon this subject, but according to the best of my recollection it instructed me not to look for such an event as the closing of the office for sale of these shares till about the Autumn of 1826—But perhaps I am mistaken in this—May I presume so far as to beg you would favour me with the Letter, letting me know whether Mr Courtenays information be accurate—or any thing you deem likely to be useful to me or my concern with this office. As soon as I return to Rydal Mount I shall consult your Letter which is there—

Hoping you will excuse this Liberty I remain my dear S<sup>r</sup>

Your very obliged

Ser<sup>nt</sup>

Wm Wordsworth

P.S. Be so good as to address me under cover—to the Honble —Col<sup>n<sup>l</sup></sup> Lowther M.P. Lowther Castle near Penrith Cumberland.

K(—)

753. *W. W. to Alaric Watts*

Lowther Castle, August 18, 1825.

. . . I do not wish to dispose of the copyright of my works. The value of works of imagination it is impossible to predict. . . .

<sup>1</sup> M. J. J. had been staying with the W.s at Kent's Bank during July.

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MS.  
R.

754. *W. W. to Samuel Rogers*

Lowther Castle  
August 15<sup>th</sup> [1825]

My dear Rogers,

Month after month elapses and I receive no answer from the grand Murray. I will not pay him the Comp. to say I am offended at this; but really it is so unpromising for my comfort in carrying six Vols. through the Press, and also for the question of ultimate profit, that I have determined not to proceed in the Arrangement; and now write to thank you for your kind exertions which have proved so fruitless. I have sent off a Letter to Murray telling him that I have given up the arrangement with him; and shall look out elsewhere. I am persuaded that he is too great a Personage for any one but a Court, an Aristocratic or most fashionable Author to deal with. You will recollect the time that elapsed before you could bring him to terms—for the pains you then took I again thank you. And believe [me], my dear Rogers,

Faithfully your obliged Friend,

Wm. Wordsworth

If I succeed in another quarter I will let you know. Everybody is well here.

K(—)

755. *W. W. to Alaric Watts*

September 5, 1825.

My dear Sir,

The offer of Hurst and Robinson<sup>1</sup> is anything but liberal, and, sharing your opinion, I decline it. Mr Longman, on his recent visit, opened the conversation by observing that Messrs Hurst and Robinson were about to publish my poems. I answered, no; that, through a friend, I had opened negotiations with them, but that their offer had not satisfied me. He asked me to name a sum; and I told him I could not incur the trouble of carrying

<sup>1</sup> A. W. was treating with H. and R. for the publication of W. W.'s poems. They made a better offer afterwards (*v. C.R.*, p. 160), and negotiations were going on in the following January, *v. letter of Jan. 19, 1826, and note.*

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the work through the press for less than £300 for an edition of a thousand copies, twenty to be placed at my own disposal. He made no objection, and proposed to lay my offer before his partners. Mr Longman behaved perfectly like a gentleman, and had I to deal with him alone there would be no obstacle. . . .

I am, dear sir,

Your obliged friend and servant,

Wm. Wordsworth.

K.

756. W. W. to Alaric Watts

Rydal, September 5, 1825.

My dear Sir,

Allow me to introduce to you Mr Quillinan, a particular friend of ours, who is just leaving us. He is merely passing through Manchester, but I think you will be pleased with each other, however short the interview. I forgot to thank you for the favourable notice you took of the intended edition of my poems in your journal. I have this moment received my annual account from Longman. *The Excursion* has been more than a year out of print, and none of the *Poems* are left. I find that for forty-nine copies of the four volumes I have received £25-14-6 net profit, great part of which would have been swallowed up in advertisements if I had not forbidden them a year ago.

Ever most faithfully,

Your obliged friend and servant,

Wm. Wordsworth.

Pearson.  
K(—)

757. D. W. to William Pearson<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, Sept. 30<sup>th</sup>, 1825.

My dear Sir,

My brother is much interested by your simple and affecting report, concerning the character of Mr Smith's deceased wife, and desires me to say that he is not hopeless of being able to

<sup>1</sup> W. P.'s intimate friend, Thomas Smith of Gorton, a silk-weaver, had lost his wife in July, less than a year after marriage. He had applied to W., through W. P., to write an epitaph.

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throw off a few lines at some time or other, in contemplating so interesting a character; yet he can by no means promise for himself. There are, however, two points which you have omitted to name, and which are essential in the composition of an epitaph—namely, her age and the date of her decease; therefore, be so good as to inform us of these particulars by the next post after your receipt of this. The day of my brother's departure is not fixed; but I think it will not be later than Thursday, and I very much wish to hear from you before that time, as during his journey it is not unlikely that his thoughts may take the turn which might lead to the accomplishment of his and your wishes. . . . I must not omit to tell you that we have read your journal with great pleasure. There are two or three passages which throw light upon some imperfect recollections of my own, which I shall, with your permission, take the liberty to copy. . . .

and believe me, Dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

D. Wordsworth, Sen<sup>r</sup>.

MS.

758. D. W. to Robert Jones

Rydal Mount near Kendal.  
October 7<sup>th</sup>. 1825.

My dear Mr Jones,

My Brother has commissioned me to write to you respecting a matter in which he supposes there may have been some mistake; but which I solve otherwise; however I am not sorry for the opportunity it gives me of inquiring after you, and of telling you something of our goings-on. But first to the point in question. Did you, or did you not remit to Masterman & Co the little sum (I believe about £8) which you owed my Brother? If you *have* done so there is an error in our Banker's accounts for no mention is made of it in my Brother's last half-yearly statement from them. I tell him (but he is not satisfied with my explanation) that surely enough the money has never been paid—that you are no more of a man of business than himself—and that you have intended coming this summer, and settling all

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in a much pleasanter and more convenient way than through the medium of Bankers—yourself by the fireside at Rydal Mount.—Well, however this may be, I hope it will secure us the pleasure of a letter from you—by *us* I mean my Niece and myself; for she and I are now sole housekeepers, and her Brother William is our only companion. John set off for Oxford this morning, with his Father and Aunt (Miss Hutchinson) who are to meet Mrs Wordsworth at Sir George Beaumont's in Leicestershire; where they will all stay a full month, except that my Brother talks of taking a week out of it for Cambridge, leaving my Sister and Miss H. at Coleorton; but I think it is more likely they will all go the round together, which, if it be done, will a little prolong their absence. The whole party are in good health, only my Brother's eyes not quite so well as during the summer. Your Friend Dora was much out of health in the spring and summer, but is now as stout and strong as ever I saw her. We hope you will take next *spring* for your long-promised visit to us—arrange for the supply of your Church in good time, and come as early in May as possible. We really were not sorry that you did not arrive in the course of last *summer*; for you would have had no *quiet* enjoyment, and you are not made for *bustling* pleasures. We never in our lives had so many visitors. The newspapers (for I suppose newspapers are not excluded from the Valley of Meditation) will have announced to you the names of some of them—Mr. Canning, Sir Walter Scott &c. &c.; but if we had kept a private register of the names of others of less note you would really have been astonished with their numbers. Dora regrets that she did not do so. Many thanks for your kind wish to see me in N. Wales. It is a country wholly unknown to me, [ ] you, if ever my wish of seeing it be gratified. [? It would be] no small addition to my pleasure to visit you, and your good Family at Plasy-llan—a place of which I have heard so much in the days of my youth. My Brother has promised me, if all be well, and if no other scheme of travelling elsewhere prevent him, that he will take me the round of Snowdon next summer; but it is too soon to talk of this. We shall hope to see you in the spring, and then perhaps some arrangement may be made.

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Dora begs her love to you, and kind remembrances to all her Friends in North Wales. Believe me, dear, Sir,

Yours faithfully

D. Wordsworth.

Will you trust yourself again to my guidance to the Top of one of our Mountains? Or did I give you too much of it the last time? For myself—and I am thankful for the blessing—I can walk as well as when but twenty years old, and can climb the hills better than in those days. The pure air of high places seems to restore all my youthful feelings.

*Address:* The Revd. Robert Jones, Llan Fehangel—Glyn Myvor,  
Caery druidion North Wales.

K.

759. *W. W. to Alaric Watts*

Coleorton Hall, Ashby-de-la-Zouche,  
October 18, 1825.

My dear Sir,

Messrs Longman & Co. declining my proposition, offer £100 on publication, £50 when an edition of five hundred copies shall have been sold, and the printing of five hundred more to be optional on the same terms. This I have declined; but have proposed to allow them to print an edition of five hundred copies, they paying me on publication £150, and placing twenty copies at my disposal. Mr Longman acknowledges that there is no doubt of a thousand copies being ultimately sold, but he says that the last edition of five hundred copies took five years to go off. This is not quite accurate. The *Poems* and *The Excursion* were both ready for publication in the autumn of 1820, and, if I am not grossly mistaken, they cleared the expense of printing in less than a year; and in June, 1824, there were none of *The Excursion* on hand, and only twenty-five copies of the *Miscellaneous Poems* remaining. Mr Longman says that six volumes cannot be sold for less than £2-8.

I am desirous to hear something of your *Souvenir*. I should be very insensible not to be wishful for its success, and sincerely

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regret that the restrictions under which I am, do not allow me to make an exception in its behalf, without incurring a charge of disingenuousness.

I remain, my dear sir, very sincerely,  
Your obliged friend and servant,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

MS. 760. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

October 18<sup>th</sup> Tuesday. [1825]

My dear Friend,

After your last letter full of interesting intelligence—happy and mournful—I ought not to have been so long silent—nor should I had I thought *inquiries* were necessary. I satisfied myself that if any important change should take place in your poor Niece's state you would write. As I have heard nothing I feel no doubt of her being still among the living; but cannot hope that she is likely to be restored to her Family, for you would have been ready to make me a sharer in your hopes. The last news we have had of you was through my Brother, who as Tom will have told you, had a hearty shake of his hand in Carlisle Streets—a few hasty words and both were off. Then again they met at Dinner (I believe at Rose Castle)—were at different parts of the Table—drank a glass of wine together—and when my Brother looked about for him at the stirring of the Party—lo! Tom had disappeared and he never saw him again. My Brother thought he looked harassed and pale, and he said that the heat affected him a good deal with the bustle of the Circuit. I was on the look-out for T's appearance after the Lancaster assizes—John W and I were then the sole housekeepers—William, Mary, Dora and Willy had been a month by the sea-side. He (my Brother) left them there, and they in the mean time came home with Mrs Hutchinson, who stayed a month here—then Mary W accompanied her to Harrowgate, where the Invalid threw off her maladies. Mary W and she travelled together to Derby. There my Brother and Sara Hutchinson met them, and the whole party proceeded to Coleorton where they found Thomas H ready to escort his Wife home, after two whole days spent with

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our good Friends, Sir G and Lady Beaumont. Sara writes in excellent spirits concerning Mrs H. She says she looks quite well and is growing fatter. It will be a fortnight on Thursday since Dora and Willy and I were left alone—thoroughly alone—for Mrs Luff accompanied them to Manchester on her way to London, summoned thither by the dangerous illness of Lady Farquhar. She found her out of danger; but very weak, as all persons must be in recovery from a violent fever. John went to Oxford at the same time. You will be truly glad to hear that Dora is now in perfect health. We were very anxious about her in the summer, but the right course was hit upon—change of air and horse-exercise. Willy has taken to growing and has no symptoms of derangement except a pale face—and a black tongue at waking in the morning. I wish that appearance of the tongue could be satisfactorily explained. We have had the finest weather, and the most bustling summer ever remembered. No dinner-parties, it is true, except such as have been made up of chance comers and our own Family; but that has often been large. Callers innumerable. I have never been from home except on a few days excursions—and for a week at Mr Marshall's beside Ullswater. I then called at Eusemere. How I wished for you! The place is very pretty—nothing wanted but the axe. In some places it would be very useful in bringing out the good trees—in others, having been so much neglected, it would not do much good. I saw Betty Wilson and *Hannah* Walker, for the first time—What a beauty Hannah is! She is a perfect specimen of beauty in old age. They talked much of Tom (whom they had just seen) and of all of you—and of old times. Miss Honeyman<sup>1</sup> has been staying with us a fortnight—very happy—She has had a whole summer of quiet rambling, and returns with pleasure to her winter duties at Penrith. She has a small house there—has a comfortable independence of her own making, and is able thoroughly to enjoy it. Her good religious and moral principles, and her great desire to be useful provide her with constant employment, so she is not like one put out of place by

<sup>1</sup> It was to Mrs Honeyman that Sara Green was sent to lodge for three years on leaving the W.'s in 1810, *v. George and Sarah Green*, Oxford, 1936, p. 32.

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relinquishing the labours of her Business, and I find her an excellent companion.

I think we had the last of our Lakers on Sunday. The weather is now so unsettled, that none will now be tempted to linger. Sir James Mackintosh and his Daughter called on Saturday—and on Sunday came to sit with us at Chapel and stayed *their* Luncheon—*our* dinner—a cold one—set out while we were at Chapel. Sir James looks wonderfully well, considering the wearing life he has led—politics—Law—India—house of Commons wrangling! Miss M is very pleasing—a little woman [? with] spectacles. Dora took much to her, she [was] so natural and unaffected—with very good sense. No doubt you want to hear of Mrs Luff's Cottage—I can only say it is as pretty as it can be and as well contrived—but it is not made for an income of £150. It is a good thing for women in general to have a *master*, and Mrs Luff should always have had one—I mean a *loyal master*; for she *will* have her own way now that he is gone who had the sole *right* to manage her. Through her kind Friends the Farquhars I trust she will never suffer any serious privations for having involved herself in the cares of keeping up a house that must necessitate more expense than was needful for her. God Bless her! She is a good and charitable creature and has so much pleasure in doing kind actions that I chiefly grieve that she has deprived herself of the power of feasting in that way—in a hundred instances where the privation will cause positive pain. My dearest Friend this is a rambling dull letter—and no word of inquiry or congratulation. You will supply this want and tell me everything that concerns you and yours. Mary Clarkson will be a delightful Daughter for you, and I am sure an excellent wife for your Son. They must know each other thoroughly—faults and failings no less than excellences. My best Love and best wishes attend them. How is dear Mr Clarkson? and pray speak particularly of your own health. Sara Coleridge has the hooping cough severely—Edith has not caught it—All the younger have it slightly. Hartley's school is done up. He writes for Magazines—at Ambleside. Adieu dearest Friend,

Ever yours D. W.

Address: Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk.

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MS.

761. W. W. to Lt.-Col. Pasley

Rydal Mount near Ambleside, 9<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> 1825<sup>1</sup>

My dear Sir

It gives me great pleasure to learn that you are about to publish,—a pleasure which is encreased by your kind remembrance of me on this occasion.

Your Book will not be long in reaching me if addressed to Messrs Longman for Mr Southey, with an under Cover, for me.—I waited a day or two for the opportunity of a Frank or you would have heard from me instantly on the receipt of<sup>2</sup> yours

Believe [me] with  
sincere regard  
faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

Address: Lt Col. Pasley, Chatham.

MS.

762. D. W. to Jane Marshall

K(—)

Rydal Mount, December 23<sup>rd</sup> [1825]

My dear Friend,

A few days ago I should have saved you the expence of Carriage to Halifax had my Brother then done with Mr Water-ton's Book.<sup>3</sup> When I wrote to Mrs Rawson by her Nieces, I did not think he would have so speedily looked it over again; otherwise I should not have troubled her with a long message to you, which probably you may not receive for some time after the arrival of the parcel.

I was very much obliged to your Sister for her letter, and to you for the Book, which has interested us very much. I only wished that the narrative had been a little tighter bound together; but probably had the Author been more of an Author

<sup>1</sup> For D. W. to H. C. R., Nov. 8 and Nov. 26, 1825, v. C.R., pp. 143–50.

<sup>2</sup> MS. for.

<sup>3</sup> Charles Waterton (1782–1865), traveller and naturalist, had just published his *Wanderings in S. America, the N.W. of the United States and the Antilles in the years 1812, 1816, 1820, and 1824*. Sdney Smith reviewed it in the *Edinburgh Review* of Feb. 1826. Whether De Quincey reviewed it or not, he referred to it in his *English Mail Coach*. W. was a Yorkshireman.

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his Book would have been less interesting. The interspersion of Yorkshireisms—and occasional incorrectness of style did not at all disturb us. Had he been afraid of these he would not perhaps have written so eloquently as he has often done. His enthusiasm as a traveller, his simple undisguised manner of displaying his sentiments and feelings—and the accuracy and spirit of his descriptions of Birds and other animals are not seldom really delightful.

I wish we could have helped Mr Waterton to a favorable Review; but we think it would be too bold to send a Book to Southey for that purpose in which he is so severely abused.

While writing the last sentence, a thought has struck me. Perhaps Mr de Quincey (who after a long absence is returned to Rydal) will review it. No one is more able to do it well—or more likely to discern Mr Waterton's merits; but he is a sad procrastinator, and, however willingly he may promise, I cannot depend upon him—but I will limit him as to time, and with a hope that the work may be done I will not send the parcel with this letter, as I intended when I began to write to you.

Have you heard the sad news of our intended Dismissal from Rydal Mount? I think you will recollect my telling you when last at Hallsteads, that another year had been granted, though at the same time with a warning that Mrs Huddlestane might want the place. This we thought little of and considered it as almost as good as secure possession, Mrs Huddlestane having expressed that she neither wished to leave Temple Sowerby nor to live here. But through the Crackanthorps, (not to speak of general rumour), we had been informed that Mrs Huddlestane did really intend to live at Rydal Mount. My Brother took his resolution immediately (he and all of us being so unwilling to leave Rydal) and purchased a piece of Land on which to build a house—and the next morning wrote to Lady le Fleming to know if the reports were true and informing of his intentions, in case it was true that R Mount would, as was reported, be wanted for Mrs Huddlestane. He then told her he should much prefer staying here, apologised for applying so long before the time, and added that his excuse must be the necessity for making preparations for building—that his family might not be

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without a house to remove to. Lady Fleming's answer was a verbal one, that Mrs Huddlestone was coming in 1827.

The piece of Land which my Brother has bought is just below Rydal Mount, between the Chapel and Mr Tillbrook's—commanding a view as fine as from our Terrace (Mary Anne will recollect the view—she sketched the same from the wall of Rydal Mount Field.)

Well! if the Dwelling which Dora has already sketched upon paper would '*rise like an exhalation*' without expense or trouble I should comparatively be little distressed at the thought of leaving Rydal Mount. We should still have the command of most of those objects so long endeared to us. But the expense, the anxiety, and the trouble are *awful*—yet I tell Wm, (the Patterdale estate paying such poor interest for the money it cost) if he could sell *that*, he might feel himself not much poorer (considering the present Rent of Rydal Mount) than at present. It strikes me as possible that Mr Marshall might buy this little Estate as lying near his Property in Patterdale. Pray, with my kind regards, mention this hint to him. I am sure my Brother would be willing to sell if it could be done advantageously. Still, however, we have a hope that we may be allowed to stay where we are—that Mrs H. (who we know must have unwillingly yielded to importunity in giving her consent) may change her mind—that her Son may dissuade her—or that something may happen to prevent her coming. We think that in such case Lady Fleming can not be so cruel as to turn us away: besides, even if she has a particular dislike to us as tenants, it would not be less disagreeable to have us as neighbours, in a house of our own, so close to her Chapel and her Hall.

It is good policy, as you will see, in this state of the matter, to say as little as possible, therefore we do no more, when any one makes inquiries, than just state that my Brother intends to build unless Mrs Huddlestone and Lady Fleming change their minds, in which case we should much prefer staying at Rydal Mount.

My dear Friend, you must forgive this long story. You will I am sure do so, being in[te]rested in whatever concerns our comfort and happiness[s].

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I am anxiously expecting news from Halifax of the settlement of anxieties among the Bankers and Merchants. I hope, as it is not likely that Mr Marshall is immediately connected with any of the failing Banks, that his Loss may not have been serious, and I have the like hopes for our Friends at Halifax. There has been a Run upon Kendal; but fears are subsiding here. All in this Family are well. My Brother's eyes continue better.

Tomorrow I begin keeping Christmas by dining with our Friend Mrs Elliott, who is at Ambleside.

I was sorry to hear of poor Thomas Cookson's illness, which I fear may make his return to Leeds undesirable. Dora begs her Love to you all, especially to Cordelia. Give my best regards to your Sisters. I will write soon to Miss Pollard.

Do not forget my message to Mr Marshall. It would, indeed, be a relief to my mind, if (in case my Brother *does* build) that property were sold to meet the expense.

Adieu, my dear Friend. Wishing you and yours a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year. I am ever your affect<sup>e</sup>

D. Wordsworth

Excuse haste in penmanship with a bad pen—

Address: Mrs Marshall, Headingley, near Leeds.

K.

763. M. W. to Alaric Watts

Rydal Mount, December 27, 1825.

Dear Sir,

From your continued silence, we cannot but be apprehensive that some demur, which is causing you trouble on the part of Messrs Hurst and Robinson, has taken place. At the same time Mr Wordsworth feels it his duty to request that he may be informed how the matter stands, it being both disagreeable and *very* inconvenient to remain in this state of uncertainty. I feel the more sorry thus to trouble you, having heard through Miss Jewsbury how very much you had been harassed; and nothing short of the peculiar injury which this delay occasions to Mr W., giving him time to exhaust himself by attempting *needless*

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corrections, at least what we presume to consider such, could justify my having expressed myself so strongly.

I need not tell you how much the enjoyment of the very pleasant day we passed with Mrs Watts would have been heightened had we been so fortunate as to have found you at home.

I remain, dear Sir, with high respect,  
Your obliged servant,  
M. Wordsworth.

*MS.*      764. *W. W. to Thomas Kibble Hervey*<sup>1</sup>  
*K(—)*

[? late 1825]

Sir

Your Letter, this moment received, reminds me of an un-performed Duty which I am happy to avail myself of this occasion to discharge, viz—that of thanking you for the agreeable present of your Vol of Poems, which I received through the hands of Mr Southey some time ago. I read your Australia with much pleasure; it comprehends whatever is most interesting in the subject; and the verse is harmonious and the language elegant. The smaller pieces are not unworthy of their place.

A rule which I have invariably adhered to prevents me from complying with the request you make.<sup>2</sup> Mr Relph applied to me himself some time ago, and in language so creditable to the delicacy of his feelings, that I certainly should have made an exception in his case, could it have been done without hurting or offending old Friends who have interests of the same character.—My determination has been thus far, to have no connection with any periodical Publication—if ever I set it aside it will be

<sup>1</sup> T. K. Hervey entered Trin. Coll., Camb., in 1823 and began a poem for the Chancellor's Medal on the subject of *Australasia*. Changing the title to *Australia*, he published it, with other poems, in 1824: it was so favourably received that a second ed. appeared in 1825, of which he sent a copy to W. W. In the next year he took over the editorship of *Friendship's Offering*, an annual published by Lupton Relfe (v. Letter to L. R., July 25, 1826), and it was probably soon after his appointment that he applied to W. for a contribution. He resigned the editorship in 1827 owing to ill health.

<sup>2</sup> K. prints part of this letter *To Correspondent unknown*, and dates it 1821.

<sup>3</sup> As the later correspondence will show, W. did not rigorously adhere to this rule in the future.

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probably in the instance of the Retrospective Review; which if it kept to its title would stand apart from Contemporary Literature, and the injurious feelings which are too apt to mix with the critical part of it.

I am Sir, very sincerely your  
obliged Servant Wm Wordsworth

MS.

765. *W. W. to Sir Walter Scott*

Rydal Mount Jan<sup>ry</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> '26.

My dear Sir Walter,

When I was in Leicestershire a few weeks ago, I received from Alan Cunningham the agreeable notice that your Bust had been despatched to Rydal Mount; and on my arrival here had the pleasure of finding it in its place—a noble copy, done I have no doubt with the best care that could be bestowed upon it. Do you recollect where Mr Southey's stood, under an arch in the Book-case at the end of the room in which you breakfasted? there you are—Mr Southey being supplanted to make room for you. This will startle you as being very unhandsome, and so it would have been were there not, as the Lady says in the Play, very pressing reasons for it. Your Bust is nearly twice the size of the Laureate's and therefore required the larger space; and in the larger apartment is seen to better advantage, and it is so much better executed,—that as a work of Art, it has a claim upon the best light. Mr Chantrey had hopes a few years back that at some future time Mr Southey might permit him to work upon his head—deeming him then too young for the purpose—happy should I be to add him and Mr Coleridge to what I possess from the same admirable Sculptor. On Christmas day my daughter decked the Laureate with the appropriate wreath—and stuck a sprig of Holly in your Mantle, and there it is ‘with its polished leaves and berries red’ among the other indoor decorations of the Season.

I have not seen Southey since my return from Leicestershire. My last news of him thro' Mrs Coleridge was that he was suffering, with others of his family, from a severe influenza—the plaguey erysipelas had left him.

JANUARY 1826

On Saturday I was skating along with my eldest son, on the margin of our Lake—yesterday the short-lived frost departed, and to day we have rain, and what in Cumberland and West<sup>d</sup>, with the true old border spirit, is called ‘Scotch mist’.

With the best wishes of the Season from this Household to yourself, Lady Scott, and all your family, I remain, my dear Sir Walter,

most faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

My eyes having lately been much inflamed, I think still prudent to employ Mrs Wordsworth’s pen, which you will excuse.

*Address:* Sir Walter Scott, Bart., Abbotsford, near Melross.

MS.

766. *W. W. to Robert Jones*

Jan<sup>y</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> 1826.

My dear Friend

The warmth of your letter was highly gratifying to me. I thank you for it, and my acknowledgements would have been returned instantly could I have met your wishes and my own in regard to the proposal it contained; but that was out of my power. In the first place I must mention what you will readily comprehend, that the political disturbances which Mr Brougham and his friends have created in our two Counties have much contracted the limits of my Friends’ Patronage—they are obliged to look far more than otherwise would have been necessary, to local circumstances; so that no one who knows to the degree that I do how they are situated, would easily venture to request their interference in a matter of this kind. You are mistaken in supposing that Lord Lonsdale has property in Northamptonshire, at least none that I ever heard of—he lives a good part of the year in Rutlandshire but he *rents* the Place, so that no application could be made upon the ground you suggest. I have also very lately troubled my friend twice on my own account, therefore the time of your application is unfortunate. All that I could have done in the case would have been, had I been favoured with an opportunity, to mention it in conversation.

With Mr Justice Littledale, my acquaintance, tho' of long standing, is not sufficiently intimate to allow me to address him by letter; besides as a quondam Fellow of his own College, and probably not unknown to him you will have a much better ground for applying to him in your own Person, which if it is not too late, might be done—though I cannot say with what prospect of success. I am much mortified that I cannot be of use on this occasion, as I am thoroughly aware of your excellent character both as a loyal Subject, a sound minded Politician, an orthodox Minister, and what is more than all these, a good and kind-hearted Man—to all these points and many more, most happy shall I be to speak whenever an occasion presents itself and with this sincere declaration, accompanied by regret which your own feelings will enable you to appreciate, I dismiss the subject.

Mr Goulbourn<sup>1</sup> seems determined to stand, and the Master of Trinity supports him, with a view to the ultimate triumph of the Anti Catholic cause in that representation. I regret however that G. did not content himself with merely declaring his intention to come forward upon a future vacancy—which will take place on the elevation of Sir J. Copley either to the Chief-Justiceship or to the Woolsack. Some think it an objection to him as a Candidate that he is likely to be speedily removed but you will probably concur with Lord Lowther in deeming it a great advantage to connect a Person, having such prospects, with the University. Goulbourn I cannot but think ought, for the general interest of the cause, to have given way to him, who stood forth at the last Election and resigned his pretensions only to the Speaker and to Banks—who—having been already elected—has a strong claim. I hear with some little indignation that the Johnians with the Master at their head—are co-operating with the Trinity Whigs, to return Lord Palmerston. But it is

<sup>1</sup> H. Goulburn (1784–1858), Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1828, and an intimate friend of Peel. Before the general election of 1826 the members sitting for Cambridge Univ. were Palmerston and W. J. Bankes, in 1826 they were opposed by Sir John Copley and Goulburn. Palmerston and Copley were elected, and Copley became Chancellor, being raised to the peerage as Lord Lyndhurst. Goulburn was elected M.P. for Cambridge in 1831.

JANUARY 1826

thought that this unnatural union will disgust so many that they will be no gainers by it. Again I thank you for your vote. Had *you* not taken that course, I should have hardly expected that any Johnian would have had public spirit to do so.

We are all very well except for some floating colds—one of which has fallen upon my Daughter; who never thinks of you but with pleasure—On Saturday I was skating along with my Son upon the edge of the lake [ ] to day we have a storm of rain.

With every good wish of the season, I remain my dear Jones  
most faithfully yours

W. W.

all join in best wishes to yourself and family.

*Address:* The Rev<sup>d</sup> Rob<sup>t</sup> Jones, Glynmyfryn, near Carig y  
Druidion, N.W. (by Salop).

K.      767. *W. W. to William Crackanthurpe*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, 17<sup>th</sup> January, 1826.

My dear Sir,

I reply to your letter instantly, because I am able to decide upon general grounds, long ago established in my mind. But first let me thank you for addressing yourself directly to me. This procedure adds to the esteem which I have always entertained for you. My answer must be unfavourable to your wishes, as it would be to those of any one similarly circumstanced. The opinion, or rather judgment, of my daughter must have been little influenced by what she has been in the habit of hearing from me since her childhood, if she could see the matter in a different light. I therefore beg that the same reserve and delicacy which have done you so much honor may be preserved; that she may not be called to think upon the subject, and I cannot but express the hope that you will let it pass away from your mind.

<sup>1</sup> William Crackanthurpe (1790–1888) of Newbiggin Hall, son of ‘Uncle Kit’, W. W. and D. W.’s guardian. The late Mr Gordon W. was my authority as to the addressee of this letter, but the suggestion that he had not a sufficient fortune makes this improbable. W. C. was certainly a suitor for Dora’s hand about this time, but perhaps this letter was addressed to some other suitor.

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Thus far I have been altogether serious, as the case required. I cannot conclude without a word or two in a lighter tone. If you have thoughts of marrying, do look out for some lady with a sufficient fortune for both of you. What I say to you now, I would recommend to every naval officer and clergyman, who is without prospect of professional advancement. Ladies of some fortune are as easily won as those without, and for the most part as deserving. Check the first liking to those who have nothing.

Your letter will not be mentioned. I have a wretched pen and cannot procure a better, or I should be tempted to add a few words upon Rydal topics; but I must content myself with adding my sincere and ardent wishes for your health and happiness. I remain,

Very faithfully your friend and cousin,

Wm. Wordsworth.

MS.

768. W. W. to Alaric Watts

Jan<sup>ry</sup> 19 1826

My dear Sir,

In consequence of a Paragraph I have just read in the New Times the object of which is to correct some exaggerations, real or supposed, that had appear'd [ ] in *The Times*—respecting certain acknowledged difficulties of the firm of Hurst and Robinson,<sup>1</sup> I beg you would not proceed in going to the Press with the volume which I sent to Manchester by my Son yesterday to be delivered thro' Miss J.<sup>2</sup> to yourself. I do not know how far any thing that has yet past is binding in law or honour under the present change of circumstances, nor perhaps is it worth while to advert to this—it would be no satisfaction to me to accept the guarantee you so generously offered. My wish is that the business should be suspended till we see our way more clearly—and pray let me hear from you by return of post. Most likely the

<sup>1</sup> H. and R. were the London agents of Constable, Scott's Edinburgh publishers. In the previous year Lockhart had reported to Scott their instability. In Scott's Diary under Jan. 16, 1826, is the entry: 'Hurst and Robinson have suffered a bill to come back on Constable, which I suppose infers the ruin of both houses.'

<sup>2</sup> Miss Jewsbury.

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House in the present juncture would be glad to suspend the bargain—at least.

I remain my dear Sir your much obliged  
Friend and S<sup>vt</sup>

Wm Wordsworth

K.

769. *W. W. to Alaric Watts*

January 23, 1826.

My dear Sir,

Accept my cordial thanks for the care you have taken of my interests, and the prudent precautions your good sense and regard for me have led you to employ. Be assured that I never imputed remissness or negligence to you, and I cannot but admire the delicacy of your reserve in regard to persons of whose insolvency you had no proof. Truly do I sympathise with your probable losses upon this occasion. I will not detain you longer than to express a hope that the day may arrive when I shall be able to show, by something more substantial than words, in what degree

I am your sincere and obliged friend,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

P.S.—Pray give our best regards to Mrs Watts.

*Pearson.*  
K.

770. *W. W. to William Pearson*

Rydal Mount, Monday.  
[p.m. March 6, 1826]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Sir,

If I am not mistaken, I lent you some time ago a copy of my little tract upon the Lakes, which contains a corrected copy of a sonnet upon ‘Long Meg and her Daughters.’<sup>2</sup> These alterations I want for the new edition of my poems. I should be glad if you would be kind enough to copy them for me, and send them.

Ever most sincerely yours,  
W. Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> For D. W. to H. C. R., Feb. 24, 1826, v. C.R., p. 155.

<sup>2</sup> Oxf. W., p. 477.

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MS.

771. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

Brinsop Court, near Hereford

April 1<sup>st</sup> [1826]

My dear Friend,

You will have heard from Tom of my being at Brinsop and I am sure will be glad of some tidings of this good Family as well as of myself, and I have no chance of hearing from you if I do not write. Perhaps this last (selfish) motive may have some influence upon me; however the other has its weight. I left home on the 8<sup>th</sup> of February, stayed till the 10<sup>th</sup> at Kendal, where I found and left our young Friend Miss Cookson in the same state in which she has been for three years, nearly confined to her bed—yet I cannot think her case hopeless as she grows no worse. She was, before her illness, a good-humoured, sensible, pleasant Girl—rather too fat and stout—She is now perfectly elegant in her appearance, and her face is beautiful—her countenance angelic—and indeed her patience and cheerfulness are an example for all who have an opportunity of seeing her. On the 10<sup>th</sup> I went to Manchester, where I stayed a few days with a Miss Jewsbury, who was introduced at Rydal Mount last summer—Dora and she became much attached to each other, and we were all exceedingly pleased with this young Lady—She is but four and twenty. Her Father was a wealthy man, became a Bankrupt when Miss J. was but 15 years old, and about the same time her Mother died and she was left at the head of a large Family. She has remarkable talents—a quickness of mind that is astonishing, and notwithstanding she has had a sickly infant to nurse and has bestowed this care upon the rest of her Brothers and Sisters, she is an authoress. She has published two Miscellaneous volumes entitled Phantasmagoria—which, before she had seen my Brother, she dedicated to him. If they chance to fall in your way do read them. They shew uncommon aptitude in discerning the absurd or ridiculous in manners—rather too much of that—you would conclude her to be a very satirical person—yet without ill-nature—therefore pray read with charity and remember too—what I know to be true—that most of the things in those two volumes were written in ill health—Book-

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sellers urgent—Children sickly so that she wrote in a sick room, and often sate up till three or four o'clock to enable her to do so.—I liked Miss Jewsbury at Rydal Mount, and still more at her own home at Manchester. This you will think much in her favor. She has many very valuable Friends at M— But you are wanting to hear of Brinsop—so no more wanderings! I took the Coach from Manchester to Worcester where I slept—Next day travelled outside to Hereford—a delightful journey over the Malvern Hills—found Joanna Hutchinson waiting for me with a Cart, which brought us and my Luggage (six miles) to Brinsop. All the Family received me joyfully, and happy was I to find dear Mary Hutchinson plump (*for her*)—and healthy-looking—old Mrs Monkhouse able to stir about, to knit and sew, and enjoy a joke—the four Children delightful—they are all very small but perfectly healthy—steady at their Books in school hours and always interested in what they read at other times—yet remarkably fond of play—Be winter warm or cold it is all one to them—they run about and play lovingly together—never creep in to the fire—not a word of complaint do you hear—and when play-time is over they return cheerfully to their Books. Their dear Mother is certainly the best manager of Children I ever saw, combining firmness and steadiness with the utmost tenderness. As to her health I know not what to say—I should pronounce her perfectly well if she were not with Child—but *she is*, and that may account for the entire cure which seems to be wrought at present of her stomach disorders. She is fat in the face—but that is natural to her—Her limbs and Body are still very thin, and it was a full gown (Company dress, for there happened to be a party on the day I came) which made her appear fat to me at first. As to size—no one would suspect her situation—yet she is *at least* 5 months gone with child—and there is a weakness about her which makes me anxious. Every month she is threatened with miscarriage. So it has been constantly since her return to Brinsop from Harrowgate.—She went with me in a Gig to the Stowe 4 weeks ago—drove me about there—was quite well—and at last we took a longer drive than usual. It was 10 days before the time when she intended to rest and lay by—The journey seemed not to fatigue her at all—

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however the next day she was unable to quit her Bed—So continued for several days—Then came on her monthly discharge—very severe—we both expected a miscarriage—Judge how uneasy I was!—and how anxious after it went off to get her safe home. Last Saturday we accomplished her return—without fatigue, and she has since been strong, active, and perfectly well. She stirs about the house as usual and takes daily a short walk—but will not venture again in a Gig—and at the month's end will keep herself perfectly still. I hope a miscarriage will thus be avoided; but am fearful of a sickly Child—And, for herself, poor Creature! perhaps the stomach complaints may return—Yet she being so cheerful, her Friends naturally are cheerful around her. All seem fearless—and I put away my apprehensions as well as I can, knowing how ignorantly we both hope and fear—and how very seldom it happens that the thing we most dread comes to pass—or at least if it does come, the means are totally different from what we have foreseen.—Joanna is well—though anxious respecting her Columbian Bonds—She was tempted by great interest and bought 1700£—6 per cents at 92!—There is I fear little chance of their ever rising so high again; but she would be contented to sell out if they should come to 70 or 80; however, her present anxiety is chiefly on account of the interest, but she is encouraged to expect regular payment in future.—We do not know whether the Jersey Dividends are to be looked for only from Goldsmidts assignees, or how it will be. Can you tell us? I find Tom is a Holder of Columbians, so from him you may perhaps know all about them, and if you can send her any comfort I know you will. I must, however, do her the justice to tell you that she is quite above fretting after money. The Stockton Bankruptey is a sad affair—and I fear it will be very long before matters are settled. Thomas Hutchinson likes his Farm very much, and he cannot help doing well upon it—unless produce should go on sinking. He says it is high enough now. He sold his Cattle at Hereford fair on Wednesday at a fair price he says (He breeds them)—but John Monkhouse (he purchasing cattle) was a loser—Sold his, bought in Autumn, for 1£ a head less than they cost—and Oh! the grievous losses of Farmers! The other day he had 70 sheep worried by his Land-

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lord's Dogs.—We spent our time most agreeably at the Stowe—John Monkhouse is never dull, notwithstanding his imperfect sight.—He is exceedingly fond of reading—and that makes his chearfulness the more admirable—he does, however, read a good deal—indeed I think he tries his eyes too much in that way. You will be glad to hear that the Failures of the neighbouring Banks have not affected him or the Hutchinsons—*directly*. Every one who has any thing to sell—of course feels the effects *indirectly*.—Is it really the Son of Mr Wakefield, the Brinsop Steward, who ran off with Miss Turner? Never was there surely so horrible a case of the kind—Richly indeed does Mr Edward Gibbon Wakefield deserve the severest punishment that the Law can inflict. It must be an overwhelming distress to the Father and Family. I do not know much of the Character of Mr Wakefield himself, except that he has behaved very handsomely to Mr Hutchinson—and in as much as he has done so, I am sure has also been a just Steward to Mr Ricardo; for Mr Hutchinson would require nothing that would not in the end be a mutual benefit. The house is excellent, and very convenient.

Mary desires me to say that she hopes you will come to see her.—*You* were the first of your Family who promised her—when she was Mary Monkhouse, and are the only one who has not been under her Roof. She would be delighted to see you, and you would be charmed with her and her Children. All well at Rydal Mount.—*There* I hope we shall stay; for I have no pleasure even in *talking* of building. Others have, yet all partake with me in the desire to remain quietly at the Mount. I only differ with them in having more hope that it will end so, and in preferring any house to one of our own building. Not to speak of expense—the anxiety, trouble, and unrest are what I dread. William talks of meeting me in North Wales for a Tour about Snowdon—a most agreeable plan to me; but I hope he will put it off till June or even the beginning of July, as I feel I shall not be ready in May (the time we talked of) to bid adieu to my dear Friends here, and to this pleasant country. The weather is very cold—grass yellow that was green three weeks ago—in short all is wintry, but the garden borders and a few budding trees.

My dearest Friend, I have left no room for inquiries after you

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and yours—but you will tell me every thing I want to know. When is Tom to be married? and how is dear Mr Clarksons health? How do his limbs bear him in this cold weather? Joanna H. has got rid of Rheumatism—are you settled with Servants? Mrs Luff is I suppose now at Fox Ghyll—what a pity she should have spent so much money there! She *would* do it. Now, I pray you write immediately. God bless you—believe me ever your most affect<sup>e</sup> D W—

Address: To Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk.

772. *W. W. to C. W.*

*Elizabeth Wordsworth.<sup>1</sup>*

April 9, 1826.

Depend upon it, my dear Brother, that if it pleased God I should survive you, I shall not be wanting in rendering every service in my power to your sons. It would be no less my duty than my gratification to do so. They are fine young men, and I feel strongly attached to them.

*MS.* 773. *W. W. to Robert Jones*

Rydal Mount May 18<sup>th</sup> [1826]<sup>2</sup>

My dear Jones,

I have been very busy about the threatened contest for West<sup>d</sup>, that is no excuse for not writing to you earlier; in fact I have no hope of visiting Wales this spring or summer; we have received notice to quit Rydal Mount and I am entangled in preparations for building a house in an adjoining field purchased at an extravagant fancy price. I enter upon this work with great reluctance and w<sup>d</sup> fain hope that some turn of fortune may yet prevent it going forward; if so I go into Ireland with a friend and perhaps my Sister, and if this be, we will have a peep at you going or returning—it is now time to express the regret of the whole family at not seeing you here this spring, we looked for you with no little confidence. How comes it to be so difficult to procure clerical substitutes in y<sup>r</sup> part of the world? we have

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in *William Wordsworth* by Elizabeth Wordsworth, 1891.

<sup>2</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., March 28, April 27, and May 1826, v. *C.R.*, pp. 159–69.

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plenty of them in this—do come and see us, we are growing old and ought to make the best of our time to keep up long tried affections. My Sister is still in Herefordshire wishing to avoid the bustle of our approaching election; when she went thither in Feby our plan was that I was to meet her in the Vale of Clwydd at the end of this month as you know—but this is impossible both on account of the possible building, and the election.

Dr Wordsworth, you will be sorry to hear, has been seriously ill—he takes too much out of himself—studies hard and applies as sedulously to business, and both together are more than he can bear. Remember the Cambridge election, what a pity there should be three anti-Catholic candidates. My Daughter is my amanuensis, an office she is pleased to perform as it brings her into the society of her old and much esteemed Friend—we often talk of you and your good nature at Barmouth—and your calm and even temper so enviable compared with mine.

Mr Brougham's support of the Catholics has done him harm among the electors of W<sup>std</sup> and the nation seems opening its eyes upon this question.

We have had here dry weather for many weeks—the middle of the day hot, the evenings sharp and frosty, which has made colds too plentiful in this house and elsewhere—I am the last sufferer but am getting better—my eyes have felt the bad effects. Grass of course here makes little progress—corn has not suffered—we have little but oats and we sow late.

My son John is still at Oxford, reading I hope industriously—he takes his degree December next or rather goes up for examination—if he comes away a good scholar I shall be satisfied. I think we could have succeeded in getting him made fellow of Merton but he is not eligible on account of his birth-place, so that he will be thrown for advancement and maintenance upon his own exertions—my younger son still continues with me—his constitution has been so shatter'd by maladies the foundations of which were laid at the Charterhouse, that [ ]<sup>1</sup> he is however pretty [ ] with m[ ] joins with my D[ ] Jones your faith[ ]

<sup>1</sup> The last quarter of the second sheet has been torn away.

JUNE 1826

K(—)

774. *W. W. to Alaric Watts*

Lowther Castle, June 18, 1826.

My dear Sir,

... I will with pleasure speak to Mr De Quincey of your wish to have him among the contributors to your *Souvenir*; but, whatever hopes he may hold out, do not be tempted to depend upon him. He is strangely irresolute. A son of Mr Coleridge lives in the neighbourhood of Ambleside, and is a very able writer; but he also, like most men of genius, is little to be depended upon. Your having taken the *Souvenir* into your own hands makes me still more regret that the general rule I have laid down precludes my endeavouring to render you any service in that way....

I remain, my dear sir,

Your much obliged friend,

Wm. Wordsworth.

MS.

775. *W. W. to Basil Montagu*

July 25 [1826]

Dear Montagu,

Your valuable present of 4 Vols: of your advancing Edition of Lord Bacon's Works<sup>1</sup> was brought me by my excellent young Friend, Strickland Cookson, during the hurry of the West<sup>nd</sup> Election; but he carried it on with him to Kendal, and I did not set eyes upon the Book, till my return from that scene of bustle and noise to this quiet abode. It is a beautiful Book, the Paper and print excellent, and promises to be every way worthy of its illustrious Author. It was particularly acceptable to me as an evidence of the leisure which your busy profession allows you, and of the dignified manner in which you employ it.—The only collection I have access to of Lord Bacon's works belongs to Coleridge. I possess indeed many of his best things in separate shapes, but I have long felt uncomfortable at having no complete Collection of my own; your Book will supply this deficiency and in the most agreeable way.

<sup>1</sup> Montagu's edition of Bacon's works was published 1825-36 in sixteen volumes, of which the first four had lately appeared.

JULY 1826

You have heard most probably of Southey's late affliction in the loss of his youngest Daughter,<sup>1</sup> a most beautiful and delightful child, who made a pair with her next Sister, being in fact somewhat taller. They were the admiration of every one who saw them ; and the envy, I do not use the word in an unfavorable sense, of all Parents who looked upon them. One is fled—and with her more than half the attraction, and I fear all the security that in the parents' minds [? hang] about the other. Southey is a Christian, and cannot want consolation. Farewell. God bless you

faithfully your obliged friend

W. Wordsworth

Address: Basil Montagu Esq<sup>re</sup>, Bedford Sq., London.

MS.

776. W. W. to Lupton Relfe<sup>2</sup>

Rydal Mount 25<sup>th</sup> July 1826

Dear Sir,

I have to thank you for an elegant large Copy of your Friendship's Offering, and for an accompanying letter dated far back, though I only received the parcel a week or two ago, and have since been too much engaged to do justice to a work of such promise. I have however read most of the Poetry, and have been much pleased with several pieces both of the Editor<sup>2</sup> and the Contributors. Your Book is designed principally for the sofa Table, and appears to me admirably adapted to that purpose—both in its embellishments and the mode in which the Authors have executed their part of the Task. It would be, as you will conjecture, something more to my particular taste, if it were less for that of the *fine* world—if it pressed closer upon common life—but this would not suit the market—therefore you will do well to go on as you have begun under the auspices of the present

<sup>1</sup> Isabel Southey (born Nov. 1812) died on July 16, 1826 ; the 'next' sister, Bertha, had been born in 1809.

<sup>2</sup> v. Letter 764 and note. The editor was T. K. Hervey, who included nine of his own poems in the volume ; among the contributors were L. E. L., Bernard Barton, W. L. Bowles, Miss Mitford, Barry Cornwall, Southey, Galt, Milman, Jane Porter, Allan Cunningham, and Tom Hood ('I remember, I remember').

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able Editor. Will he excuse me if I mention that the arrangement of miscellaneous poems is of consequence—it either may greatly aid or much spoil their effect—For instance, Mr Montgomery's serious and even solemn Lines are unluckily followed by a smart jeu d'esprit of one of the Smith's, and the two poems,<sup>1</sup> though both very good in their several ways, strangle each other. Another Poem, one of Mr Hervey's, has many sweet lines, but it is unfortunately entitled on a Picture of a *dead* Girl—instead of a Girl since dead. Such a title reminds one of Pictures of dead Game—these are trifles, but of most importance to the class of readers whom your Book will best suit, with many thanks for this obliging token of your remembrance I remain dear Sir

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

Address: L. Relfe Esq<sup>re</sup>, Cornhill, London.

MS.            777. D. W. to John Monkhouse

[Brinsop, late July, 1826]

My dear John,

I must confess I never expected much from the Bullingham seminary and have been anxious for some time that G.<sup>2</sup> should be removed, but did not like to interfere.

Mary calls on me to finish—I calling on her to read a letter from Sara, which I have just brought home with the Turtle Doves.

The packet (written since that letter) came a few days ago—it will tell the sad story to you of poor Isabel Southeys death. It was somewhat of a relief to my mind, I confess, when I found that it was not the Boy that had been taken away—

<sup>1</sup> 'Questions and Answers', by James Montgomery. The poem ends

Q. O death where ends thy strife?

A. In everlasting life.

Q. O grave, where is thy victory?

A. Ask him, who rose again for me.

It is followed by Horatio Smith's 'Discretion the better part of Valour'.

<sup>2</sup> George Hutchinson (b. 1818), son of Mary and Thomas H., and nephew of J. M.

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which I had supposed—yet I know not whether the Father and Mother will not be more afflicted that the fair knot of Girls is snapped. Southey has always looked on the Boy as but *lent* to him for a short time.

To take up Mary's story—not with her instructions, but from my own head. There is a school at Richmond in Yorkshire of which we have the Advertiz<sup>mt</sup>. We hope much from it and I shall make inquiries in my next letter; but perhaps may not have satisfactory answers; however depend on it, when I go to Rydal I will hunt out a true character of the school.

We shall be right glad to see you next week. I have at length fixed to leave dear Brinsop on or about the 21<sup>st</sup> and *fear* I shall not see you again at the Stowe. At all events it must be a week taken after the 21<sup>st</sup> if I can manage it at all. Adieu my dear Friend—ever your affectionate

D. W.

778. *W. W. to Maria Jane Jewsbury*

*The Times, Oct. 5, 1931.*  
*Gillett.*

Marston Moor. [July–August 1826]

My dear Miss Jewsbury,—

Having an opportunity of a Frank which rarely occurs here but at this season, I write a few words to congratulate you upon the turn of the tide of health in your favor. It gave me I assure you inexpressible pleasure to learn that a streak in the East was appearing after the long night of sickness. Two days ago Mrs W. and I were at Mrs Barlow's, and through her we learned from your excellent Friend Miss Bayley that you were gaining strength, and as you have yet so much summer before you much may be hoped from warm weather—Heaven grant it may restore you!

Dora will give you the little news that occurs here. A book was put into my hands the other day, entitled 'Diary of an Ennuyée'<sup>1</sup>—it purports to be the work of a Lady deceased, though many passages lead me to suspect it is a forgery; and I mention it merely for the peculiarity that the Author, whoever

<sup>1</sup> By Anna Jameson, published 1826.

JULY 1826

She or He may be, seems as familiar with my Poems as yourself, quoting them at every instant. Perhaps when you are sufficiently recovered to be able to read books of mere amusement, it might be worth your while to turn it over.

Does your health allow you to communicate occasionally with Mrs Hemans? if so, pray tell her how much I regret having been prevented from fulfilling my intention of visiting North Wales. I should have made a point of seeing her had I gone; but I was engaged in the turmoil of a County Election, and harassing speculations, of which the text was—‘To build or not to build’ etc.

I will now release you from this Scrawl penned with glimmering eyesight, and a little of an achey head—Heaven bless you my dear Friend, and believe me with prayers for your recovery,

most faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth.

MS.

779. W. W. to Benjamin Dockray

17<sup>th</sup> Oct<sup>r</sup> 1826

Dear Sir,

I am much obliged by your Letter, and will not fail to set the matter right in another Edition.—What I have asserted was upon the authority of a near Relative of Mr. Walker, but certainly the expression is very inaccurate.<sup>1</sup> As you justly observe to refuse to be *distrainted* upon was what they could not have done; the thing would have [been] nugatory. But allow me to observe, that though the expressions I have reported are lax, the spirit of the fact as mentioned by me is not thereby affected.—Dues that could not be had from a Brother Christian without the intervention of legal process, a clergyman of Mr. Walker's temper would not desire however necessary for his maintenance.—It was to place this feature of his character in full light, that

<sup>1</sup> In the edition of 1820 W. had written: ‘certain persons . . . had refused to pay, or be distrained upon, for the accustomed annual interest due from them among others, under the title of church stock’. Owing to Dockray’s letter this was altered to: ‘certain persons . . . had refused to pay annual interest due under the title of church-stock’, and a note appended, as Oxf. W., p. 914.

OCTOBER 1826

the circumstance was introduced; and I thank you for a communication that will enable me to do it with less injustice to a body of Christians for whom I entertain a most high respect.

It gave me pleasure to hear that any Persons of sensibility have visited the Duddon among its mountains. No one who has not done so has an adequate idea of the varieties of this district of the Lakes—Wastdale should be seen also by every one who has time and strength to spare—

I remain very sincerely  
Your obliged Friend,  
W. Wordsworth.

Address: Benjamin Dockray Esq<sup>re</sup>, Lancaster.

MS.<sup>1</sup>

779a. W. W. to ?

Rydal Mount, Oct. 17<sup>th</sup>

Sir

In reply to your letter received this morning I have to say that my intention was to point out the injurious effects of putting inconsiderate questions to Children, and urging them to give answers upon matters either uninteresting to them, or upon which they had no decided opinion.

I am Sir your obed<sup>t</sup> Servant  
W. Wordsworth.

780. W. W. to Jane Marshall

Keswick,  
Friday [late Oct. 1826]

Dear Mrs. Marshall,

Many thanks for your obliging letter. My visit here was to Mr. Southey, whom I had not seen before since the death of his child.<sup>2</sup> But Sir G. Beaumont and Mr. Rogers are both here, and

<sup>1</sup> Printed in *The Eagle* for 1920 (p. 225). There is no clue to the year of composition, but the writing seems to be Dora W.'s, which would suggest a date between 1825 and 1841.

The reference is to the *Anecdote for Fathers* which, until 1845, had the sub-title 'Showing how the art of lying may be taught'. <sup>2</sup> v. p. 250.

OCTOBER 1826

I am committed with them and Mr. Southey, to-day we go to Buttermere, and I could not get off an engagement to-morrow. I shall however call at Halsteads towards the latter part of next week, and then perhaps we may settle when I can have the pleasure of paying a visit in which I have been thus far disappointed. Dora, I am happy to learn, is considerably better, so that I hope she may be trusted over the mountain.

I am truly sorry for Mr. Marshall's accident particularly so in this most beautiful weather.

I promise myself a good deal of pleasure in [ ] the neighbourhood of Buttermere.

I remain dear Mrs. Marshall  
faithfully your obliged  
W. Wordsworth.

My sister is at present at Sir G. Beaumont's.

K(—)

780a. W. W. to ?

[Date ? ]<sup>1</sup>

... You will probably see Gifford, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*. Tell him from me, if you think proper, that every true-born Englishman disallows the pretensions of the *Review* to the character of a faithful defender of the institutions of the country, while it leaves that infamous publication, *Don Juan*, unbranded. I do not mean by a formal critique, for it is not worth it—it would also tend to keep it in memory—but by some decisive words of reprobation, both as to the damnable tendency of such works, and as to the despicable quality of the powers requisite for their production.

What avails it to hunt down Shelley and leave Byron untouched? I am persuaded that *Don Juan* will do more harm to the English character than anything of our time; not so much as a book, but thousands, who will be ashamed to have it in that shape, will fatten upon choice bits of it in the shape of extracts. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Date uncertain; ascribed by K. to 1822.

OCTOBER 1826

MS. 781. W. W. to F. Mansel Reynolds<sup>1</sup>

Halsteads Oct<sup>r</sup> 24<sup>th</sup> [1826]<sup>2</sup>  
near Penrith.

My dear Sir,

I deferred answering your very obliging Letter till my visit to this place should give me an opportunity of a Frank.

I am truly sensible of the kindness of your enquiries, and of the interest which you take in my case.—It gives me great pleasure to say, which I do with gratitude, that I have derived, I am persuaded, great benefit from your remedy. The Blue stone was applied by Mrs W. to my eyes, five or six times; it distressed them not a little for the time; but they have not been anything like so well for many years as since. It is but justice to ascribe this to the virtues of the Stone; though it is proper to say that my having about the same period entirely left off wine (fermented or spirituous liquors have never made a part of my beverage) it is probable that this change may have concurred in producing the beneficial effect. At all events I am thankful, and shall always feel greatly indebted to your advice. If my Life were thoroughly regulated as to diet, and exertion of body and mind, I have reason to think that I should henceforth have comparatively little reason to complain of my eyes.—If they become deranged again, depend upon it I will persist in the use of the Blue Stone, and this will be the best way of acknowledging my obligation to you.

I am further obliged by your offer of service in<sup>3</sup> London, which I shall not scruple to accept should there be occasion. Let me add that I shall always be glad to see you, if you are again tempted to visit Westmorland. And believe me with compliments from Mrs W.

most sincerely your obliged friend and serv<sup>t</sup>  
W. Wordsworth

<sup>1</sup> Editor of *The Keepsake*, a Christmas Annual which first appeared in 1828.

<sup>2</sup> The date proved conclusively by a letter from S. H. to E. Q. of Sept. 25, 1826. In it she states that 'W.'s eyes have been magically cured by the blue stone'.  
<sup>3</sup> MS. of.

OCTOBER 1826

Hutchins. 782. M. W. to John Kenyon

Oct 27<sup>th</sup> [1826]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Sir,

Your friendly and very agreeable present arrived at Rydal Mount yesterday. I have not yet opened the Cask, but doubt not that the sugar is in excellent condition; and it could not have come more opportunely than now, when we are threatened with a serious rise in the price of an article, which, as Christmas-pies will ere long be called for, must be in great requisition. I lose no time in thanking you for this your kind remembrance, though, barren as a letter just now from me will be, I should have been loth to trouble you with one, had I not the temptation of procuring a frank, and probably an additional note from William, who is at present either at the house of the Member for Yorkshire, Mr Marshall, or at Lowther.

W. is paying his last summer visits for this season—our latest lingerers after pleasure have departed, Miss Wordsworth we expect at home (she having been an Absentee for 10 months) in the course of the next fortnight—so that after the rejoicings for her return are over we look forward to a quiet and industrious winter—without any harassing fears that we are to be turned [out] of our favoured Residence—a fear that haunted us, if I remember right, the last time I had the pleasure of writing to you.

I can now look forward to the hope that, as soon as you like after the Cuckoo arrives, you will not let another season pass without introducing Mrs Kenyon to us—if not, I shall begin to suspect that you think the influence of Idle Mount may interfere with, and have a bad effect upon the more industrious habits of your good wife, and that you had best keep her out of the way of that Castle of Indolence.

Dora has had a long illness, a sort of bilious fever, which has left her looking ill and very weak; but we consider her as convalescent. She and my sister Sarah and Willy join me in best remembrances to yourself, Mrs K. and to your good Br when you write to him—and believe me, my dear Sir, ever to remain very sincerely yours,

M. Wordsworth.

Address: John Kenyon Esq<sup>re</sup>, Bath.

<sup>1</sup> Hutchins misdates 1822.

NOVEMBER 1826

MS.  
K(—)

783. D. W. to Thomas De Quincey

Rydal Mount,

Thursday, 16<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> [1826]

My dear Sir,

A letter of good tidings respecting Mrs de Quincey and your Family cannot, I am sure, be unwelcome,<sup>1</sup> and besides, she assures me that you will be glad to hear of my safe return to Rydal after a nine months' absence. I called at your cottage yesterday, having first seen your Son William at the head of the school-boys; as it might seem a leader of their noontide games, and Horace among the tribe—both as healthy-looking as the best, and William very much grown—Margaret was in the kitchen preparing to follow her Brothers to school, and I was pleased to see her also looking stout and well, and much grown. Mrs de Quincey was seated by the fire above stairs with her Baby on her knee—She rose and received me chearfully, as a person in perfect health, and does indeed seem to have had an extraordinary recovery; and as little suffering as could be expected. The Babe looks as if it would thrive and is what we call a nice Child—neither big nor little.

Mrs de Quincey seemed on the whole in very good spirits; but, with something of sadness in her manner, she told me you were not likely very soon to be at home. She then said that you had at present some literary employments at Edinburgh; and had, besides, had an offer (or something to this effect) of a permanent engagement, the nature of which she did not know; but that you hesitated about accepting it, as it might necessitate you to settle in Edinburgh. To this I replied, ‘Why not settle there for the time at least that this engagement lasts. Lodgings are cheap at Edinburgh, and provisions and coals not dear. Of these facts I had some weeks’ experience four years ago.’ I then

<sup>1</sup> Since De Q.’s marriage in 1817 there had been some coolness between De Q. and the ladies of the W. family (*v. M.Y.*, p. 778); but in July 1825 De Q. wrote to D. W. in great distress, begging her to visit Mrs De Q., who was in a state of anxiety and depression. Doubtless D. W. went, and this letter records another visit made to Mrs De Q. within ten days of her return home after ten months’ absence.

NOVEMBER 1826

added that it was my firm opinion that you could never regularly keep up to your engagements at a distance from the press; and, said I, 'pray tell him so when you write.' She replied, 'Do write yourself.' Now I could not refuse to give her pleasure by so doing, especially being assured that my letter would not be wholly worthless to you, having such agreeable news to send of your Family. The little cottage and everything seemed comfortable.

I do not presume to take the liberty of advising the acceptance of this engagement, or of that—only I would venture to request you well to consider the many impediments to literary employments to be regularly carried on in limited time, at a distance from the press, in a small house, and in perfect solitude. You must well know that it is a true and faithful concern for your interests and those of your Family that prompts me to call your attention to this point; and, if you think that I am mistaken, you will not, I am sure, take it ill that I have thus freely expressed my opinion.

It gave me great pleasure to hear of your good health and spirits, and you, I am sure, will be glad to have good accounts of all our Family except poor Dora, who has been very ill indeed—dangerously ill; but now, thank God, she is gaining ground, I hope daily—Her extreme illness was during my absence, and I was therefore spared great anxiety, for I did not know of it till she was convalescent. I was, however, greatly shocked by her sickly looks. Whenever weather permits she rides on horseback. My Brother's eyes are literally quite well. This surely is as great a blessing, and I hope we are sufficiently thankful for it. He reads aloud to us by candlelight, and uses the pen for himself. My poor Sister is a little worn by anxiety for Dora, but in other respects looks as well as usual, and is active and cheerful.

I cannot express how happy I am to find myself at home again after so long an absence, though my time has passed very agreeably, and my health been excellent. I have had many very long walks since my return, and am more than ever charmed with our rocks and mountains. Rich autumnal tints, with an inter-mixture of green ones, still linger on the Trees.

NOVEMBER 1826

Make my Respects to Mr and Mrs and Miss Wilson, and believe me, dear Sir,

Yours affectionately,

D. Wordsworth.

My Brother and Sister do not know of my writing: otherwise they would send their remembrances.

Excuse a very bad pen and haste.

*One o'clock Thursday.*—I have been at Grasmere, and again seen your Wife. She desires me to say that she is particularly anxious to hear from you on her Father's account. The newspaper continues to come *directed* to my Brother, though before Dr Stoddart left England my Brother wrote to request that it might not. The new Editors no doubt have wished to continue the connection with you; but we think that it would be much better that Mrs de Quincey should write to order it not to be sent, at least until your return to Grasmere, especially as at present you are not likely to contribute anything to the paper. She agrees with me in thinking it right so to do; and will write to the Editor, unless you order to the contrary. Perhaps you will write yourself. Pray mention this matter to him when you next write to him. My Brother is uneasy about it, fearing a Bill may be sent to you or to him.

*Address:* To Thomas de Quincey Esq<sup>re</sup>, at Professor Wilson's, Edinburgh.

MS.  
K(—)

784. W. W. to John Taylor<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount 21<sup>st</sup> Nov<sup>br</sup> 1826

My dear Sir,

Having an opportunity of a Frank by this Post I avail myself of it to thank you for your obliging Letter, this moment received. It gave me much concern to hear from Sir G. B. how ill you had been used—it is some consolation however when one supposed Friend<sup>1</sup> has betrayed you to find that he has created

<sup>1</sup> v. E.L., p. 268 note. On the sale of his paper *The Sun*, in 1825, J. T. seems to have been cheated by his partner.

NOVEMBER 1826

an opportunity for so many true ones to give proof of their good wishes. I shall be glad and proud to have my name enrolled in this list,<sup>1</sup> upon the present occasion. It becomes me also to thank you for your obliging Letter and the elegant Sonnet with which you have honored me: My Vols<sup>2</sup> have long been out of print, but I believe a few Copies of the Quarto Edit: of the Excursion are in Mr Longman's hands, and it is my wish to present you with one—be so kind therefore as to forward to Mr L. the slip of paper on the opposite page, and I have no doubt that he will readily comply with my request.

I had the pleasure of seeing much of our common Friend Sir G. B. who (along with Mr Rogers) was down here last summer. He was wonderfully well, and enjoyed his old haunts with a freshness most enviable.

Believe me, my dear Sir, with kindest regards in which Mrs W. unites

very faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

M.  
K(—)

785. W. W. to Edward Moxon<sup>3</sup>

[Dec. 8, 1826]

Dear Sir,

It is some time since I received your little volume, for which I now return you my thanks, and also for the obliging letter that accompanied it.

Your poem I have read with no inconsiderable pleasure; it is full of natural sentiments and pleasing pictures: among the

<sup>1</sup> i.e. list of subscribers to his projected volume of *Poems* which appeared in 1827.

<sup>2</sup> *Miscellaneous Poems of W. W.*, 4 vols., 1820.

<sup>3</sup> Edward Moxon (1801–58) had been introduced to W. by Lamb in the previous September ('pray pat him on the head, ask him a civil question or two about his verses and favor him with your genuine autograph'). His 'little volume' appeared in this year dedicated to Rogers. He was in Longman's business, but in 1830 Rogers advanced him £500 to start publishing on his own account in New Bond St.; in 1833 he moved to larger premises at 44 Dover Street. In 1834 he brought out a selection of W.'s poems, and in 1835 published for W. jointly with Longman; in 1836 he became W.'s sole publisher. In 1833 and 1835 he published his own sonnets, and dedicated Part II, 1835, to W.

DECEMBER 1826

minor pieces, the last pleased me much the best, and especially the latter part of it. This little volume, with what I saw of yourself during a short interview, interest me in your welfare; and the more so, as I always feel some apprehension for the destiny of those who in youth addict themselves to the composition of verse. It is a very seducing employment, and, though begun in disinterested love of the Muses, is too apt to connect itself with self-love, and the disquieting passions which follow in the train of that our natural infirmity. Fix your eye upon acquiring independence by honourable business, and let the Muses come after rather than go before. Such lines as the latter of this couplet,

Where lovely woman, chaste as heaven above,  
Shines in the golden virtues of her love.

and many other passages in your poem, give proof of no common-place sensibility. I am therefore the more earnest that you should guard yourself against this temptation.

Excuse this freedom; and believe me, my dear Sir, very faithfully,

Your obliged servant,

Wm. Wordsworth.

MS. 786. W. W. to W. Strickland Cookson<sup>1</sup>

[p.m., Dec. 26, 1826]<sup>2</sup>

My dear Sir,

Thanks for the Inscription, it had need to be taken care of, being so expensive.—

I am quite at a loss to know what I have gained by the Bonus of which so much used to be said—It would be adding to the many obligations I owe you if at your perfect leisure and convenience you could learn this, and state it to me in a way that would be intelligible to one of my slender comprehension for things of this sort.

We expect John in two or three days. He was to take his degree last Monday, having passed his Examination ten days ago with much credit. You perhaps know that the failure of his

<sup>1</sup> Son of the Cooksons of Kendal; W.'s solicitor, and later his executor.

<sup>2</sup> For D. W. to H. C. R., Dec. 18, 1826, v. C.R., p. 170.

DECEMBER 1826

Health, when he returned to close study last August, rendered it necessary that he should give up aiming at Honors, which we are assured he would otherwise have attained, so that we are quite satisfied with his University Career.

Miss Hutchinson has just returned from a visit of a month to Kendal.

Dora who has long been in a poorly way, we hope is better; but still very weak and incapable of exertion, and wholly unfit for any kind of ex[?].

With many thanks for your attention and all the kind regards of the season from all here I remain

my dear friend

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

Address: W. Strickland Cookson Esq, 6 Lincoln's Inn.

MS. 787. W. W. to Messrs. Longman

Kendal. 2<sup>nd</sup> Jan<sup>y</sup> 1827

Gentlemen

I have sent by this night's Manchester Mail, Swan with two necks, Lad Lane, a parcel, containing the 1<sup>st</sup> Vol of my Poems,<sup>1</sup> and a portion of the Excursion and a Letter for you—Should it not come punctually be so good as to enquire after it.

sincerely yours

Wm Wordsworth.

MS. 788. W. W. to William Jackson<sup>2</sup>

26<sup>th</sup> Jan. [? 1827]

My dear Friend,

In consequence of your letter just received we have thought it best that John<sup>3</sup> should set off for Oxon. this day.

<sup>1</sup> Messrs. Longman, having agreed to W.'s terms, were now printing the 5-vol. (1827) edition, the first complete edition to include *The Excursion* (v. C.R., pp. 174, 175, 177).

<sup>2</sup> Rev. William Jackson (1792–1864), son of Thomas Jackson, the late Rector of Grasmere. W. J. married Julia Crump, daughter of the owner of Allan Bank, and was Rector in succession of Whitehaven, Penrith, Cliburn, and Lowther. In 1855 he became Provost of Queen's Coll., Oxford.

<sup>3</sup> John W. had taken his degree at Oxford in the previous December, and was now preparing to take Orders.

JANUARY 1827

I shall be much obliged if you give him any advice and occasional attention that might tend to make his mind more firm and resolute in respect to the Profession which he is about to undertake; and to point out any thing respecting his course of study that would be useful.

I write in a great hurry—so you will excuse this abrupt scrawl. Should there be an opening in any corner, as at Magdalen, for him I should be well pleased; and I doubt not that you will be so kind as to keep your eye upon that point.

John will tell you everything about us. Farewell and believe me very faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

MS. 789. W. W. to F. Mansel Reynolds

Rydal Mount near Ambleside  
[? Feb 1827]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Sir,

I drop you this Note by a Friend going to London to thank you once more for the service your application has done my eyes. They have been infinitely better than I ever expected they would be; indeed all but quite well, and perhaps if I had more courage in applying the remedy they would be entirely without inconvenience. I can now read two or three hours by candle-light, a practice I had been obliged to abandon all together previous to the use of your remedy.

I could not deny myself the gratification of once more thanking you, and letting you know this. Be assured that if ever I go to London one of my first calls shall be to you, to repeat my acknowledgements, and for the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with one to whom I consider myself so much indebted.

Mrs W. and all my family join in kind remembrances and believe me my dear Sir

Very faithfully  
yours  
W. Wordsworth

<sup>1</sup> For D. W. to H. C. R., Jan. 6 and 29, and Feb. 18, and W. W. to H. C. R., Jan. 29, v. C.R., pp. 173–83.

FEBRUARY 1827

M.  
K.

790. W. W. to Robert Southey

[Feb.-March 1827]

My dear Sir,

Edith thanked you, in my name, for your valuable present of the 'Peninsular War'.<sup>1</sup> I have read it with great delight: it is beautifully written, and a most interesting story. I did not notice a single sentiment or opinion that I could have wished away but one—where you support the notion that, if the Duke of Wellington had not lived and commanded, Buonaparte must have continued the master of Europe. I do not object to this from any dislike I have to the Duke, but from a conviction—I trust, a philosophic one—that Providence would not allow the upsetting of so diabolical a system as Buonaparte's to depend upon the existence of any individual. Justly was it observed by Lord Wellesley, that Buonaparte was of an order of minds that created for themselves great reverses. He might have gone further, and said that it is of the nature of tyranny to work to its own destruction.

The sentence of yours which occasioned these loose remarks is, as I said, the only one I objected to, while I met with a thousand things to admire. Your sympathy with the great cause is every where energetically and feelingly expressed. What fine fellows were Alvarez and Albuquerque; and how deeply interesting the siege of Gerona!

I have not yet mentioned dear Sir George Beaumont.<sup>2</sup> His illness was not long; and he was prepared by habitually thinking on his latter end. But it is impossible not to grieve for ourselves, for his loss cannot be supplied. Let dear Edith stay as long as you can; and when she must go, pray come for her, and stay a few days with us. Farewell.

Ever most affectionately yours,

W. W.

<sup>1</sup> The second vol. of S.'s *History of the Peninsular War* had just appeared (vol. i, 1823).

<sup>2</sup> Sir George B. died on Feb. 7 of this year.

MARCH 1827

MS.  
R.

791. W. W. to Samuel Rogers

Rydal Mount: 10<sup>th</sup> March, 1827.

My dear Rogers,

I am going to address you in character of Churchwarden of little St. Clement's, East Cheap: how came *you* by this odd distinction?

My friend Mr. Johnson<sup>1</sup> is Minister of that Church, and having heard that certain pictures, and a fund for the purchase of pictures, exist at the disposal of the British Institution for the decoration of Churches, he has got a notion that, through your influence, one might be procured for his own church, and has begged me to intercede with you for that purpose. I have therefore readily complied with his request, though I should fear he may be too sanguine in his expectations.

And now, my dear friend, let me condole with you on the loss we have sustained in the death of Sir George Beaumont. He has left a gap in private society that will not be filled up, and the public is not without important reasons to honor his memory and lament his loss. Nearly five and twenty years have I known him intimately, and neither myself nor my family ever received a cold or unkind look from him. With what tender interest do I think of the happy hours we three spent together last summer.

I prized every hour that went by  
Beyond all that had pleased me before;  
And now they are passed and I sigh  
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

The printing of my poems is going on pretty rapidly.

Ever, with kindest regards from all here,  
most faithfully yours,

W. W.

Dora is improved in health, but the severe weather confines her to her room.

Address: S. Rogers Esq<sup>re</sup>, St James Place.

<sup>1</sup> v. M.Y., p. 445.

MARCH 1827

K. 792. W. W. to *Basil Montagu*

[p.m., March 20, 1827]

My dear Montagu,

First I received four volumes of your Lord Bacon,<sup>1</sup> and then separately, through the hands of Mr Strickland Cookson, I believe, the fifth. No more have reached me; if the sixth has been sent through the same channel as the fifth it ought to be inquired after; otherwise a set may be broken. I had a letter from Mr S. Cookson about a fortnight ago and he made no mention of another volume having reached him.

I have nothing important to observe on your preface. It is judicious and written with spirit. The head of 'Ignorance' as an objection to change is not, I think, so well treated as the rest. 'Habit' ought to have been distinctly stated as giving an undue weight to the reasons which may exist for continuing practices for which better might be substituted. Weighty must habit be when it has anything of reason to aid it, if the poor Italian<sup>2</sup> can through its influence alone be so absurd as your story represents. Are you aware that the horrid practice of wife-sacrifice in India is the result of the policy of the polygamist husband to guard his own life from the attacks of the malcontents among his numerous wives, by making it a point of honour that such sacrifice should take place upon his decease? The natural dread of death gives the whole band an interest in prolonging his existence.

Ever sincerely yours,

W. W.

MS.  
K.

793. W. W. to *Jacob Fletcher*

Rydal Mount near Ambleside

12<sup>th</sup> April 1827

Dear Sir,

It was gratifying to be remembered after your long and interesting wandering—I shall take care of your obliging Letter, and

<sup>1</sup> v. Letter of July 25, 1826; K. prints 'Byron' for 'Bacon'.

<sup>2</sup> The preface referred to is in vol. v (1826). Under the head of 'Ignorance' M. refers to the practice of some Italian peasants who load the panniers with vegetables on one side and stones on the other, because their forefathers had done the like.

APRIL 1827

if my fortune should ever prove favourable to my wishes by allowing me to revisit the Alps I trust I shall profit by some of your notices. I wish you had been a little more particular upon the scenery of the Appennines about which there is much disagreement of opinion.—

In alpine Switzerland I think there is a good deal of sameness—Switzerland must be taken altogether—the Jura, its vallies and the views of the Alps and the intermediate plain from its eminences never can be forgotten and in thinking of the Alps one should always bear in mind both their Helvetian and Italian features, otherwise great injustice is done to this region which is the pride not of Europe only but of the globe—fine scenery is more widely spread perhaps than you are willing to allow—though not in Europe—yet think of the Pyrenees, and many parts of Portugal and Spain—never scarcely was any region so overpraised as La Belle France—its climate is good but all the interior is tame—it has been well compared to a Shawl of which the beauties are all in the border.—I have heard indeed the bold coast, and deep inlets of Norway praised as the finest things in Europe—Sir Humphrey Davy was particularly lavish in extolling them—I write in haste. Let me beg that if you should be drawn this way you would favor me with your company, when we may talk over these things—with warm thanks I remain dear Sir

ever sincerely your obliged  
W. Wordsworth.

MS.

794. W. W. to Jacob Fletcher

Rydal Mount April 30<sup>th</sup> [1827]

My dear Sir,

With many thanks for the pleasure your Journals have afforded me, I avail myself of what I deem a safe opportunity of forwarding them to you, and shall be glad to find the packet reaches you.

ever sincerely  
Your obliged Servt.  
Wm. Wordsworth

JUNE 1827

MS.

795. W. W. to G. H. Baird<sup>1</sup>

Sir,

Rydal Mount June 15<sup>th</sup> 1827

Your Letter of the 6<sup>th</sup> Inst<sup>nt</sup> I did not receive till yesterday on my return home from an absence during which I was moving about, so that it could not be sent after me.—

The interest I take in all that concerns the welfare of the Church of Scotland would have induced me to make an attempt at producing some thing which might have suited the plan you have explained in a manner and with a care that proves the importance you attach to it, if I could have entertained the least hope of success. But I assure you Sir with frankness and sincerity, that I am unequal to the task. My own devotional feelings have never taken in verse a shape that connected them with scripture in a degree that would encourage me to an effort of this kind. The sacred writings have a majesty, a beauty, a simplicity, an ardour, a sublimity, that awes and overpowers the spirit of Poetry in uninspired men, at least this is my feeling; and if it has deterred me in respect to compositions that might have been entered upon without any view of their seeing the light, how much more probable is it that I should be restrained, were I to make the endeavour under a consciousness that I was writing with a national purpose! Indeed, Sir, I dare not attempt it.—

Tusting that I shall stand excused after this explicit avowal, and wishing that your application may be successful in quarters where there is less apprehension and more ability,

I remain Sir

very respectfully

Your obedient Ser<sup>nt</sup>

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* The Rev<sup>d</sup> G. H. Baird D.D., University of Edinburgh.

<sup>1</sup> Mr W. J. Lee, to whom I am indebted for this letter, writes: 'The letter was written to Dr Baird (1761–1840), Principal of the University of Edinburgh, as Convener of a Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland appointed "for enlarging the collection of Translations and Paraphrases from sacred scripture, and otherwise improving the Psalmody", in reply to an application for Wordsworth's assistance. Among others applied to were Campbell, Southey, and Sir Walter Scott, none of whom contributed. The scheme was afterwards abandoned.'

AUGUST 1827

MS. 796. W. W. to Messrs. Taylor & Hessey<sup>1</sup>

Lowther Castle August 24<sup>th</sup>, 1827

Gentlemen,

Would you have the kindness to direct and forward the Enclosed to the Authors of Guesses at Truth,<sup>2</sup> which I received [ ] you came some little time ago.

Accept my thanks, and believe me

Gentlemen

Sincerely yours

Wm Wordsworth.

Hutchins.  
K.

797. M. W. to John Kenyon

August 28, 1827.

My dear Friend,

Having lost sight of you for so long a time, we had concluded that you and yours were in progress towards the immortal City, until the letter, received on Sunday, proved to us that you are still on this side the channel—yet so near that I should not be surprised to hear, at any moment, that you had taken flight across. Dover must be a tantalizing situation to those whose desires have so long dwelt upon foreign travel—to see those Steamers daily fuming backwards and forwards! How can you resist them? otherwise those ever varying scenes must be a constant source of amusement and interest, and we think you could not have made a better choice, unless indeed you had pitched your tent, for a time, among the Lakes and Mountains. But we think you have some prudential considerations for delaying to introduce Mrs K. to people of our stamp. As far as we are concerned the dreams of Italy are passed away, but they may, and I hope will, revive again for you; I hope that no untoward event may stand in the way of the accomplishment of your wishes next year.

<sup>1</sup> The well-known firm, publishers of the *London Magazine*, Keats's *Endymion* and *Poems* of 1820, &c.

<sup>2</sup> *Guesses at Truth*, by two Brothers (Augustus and Julius Hare), had just been published.

AUGUST 1827

From Idle Mount, which just now well supports that title, I have nothing but good to communicate—and to begin with the best of good things, let me tell you, which I do with a thankful heart, that W.'s eyes are quite well—how this good work was wrought you shall hear when we meet.

Dora, whom you so kindly inquire after, is no longer an invalid—she is become as strong as I ever remember her to have been, but this happy state is only to be depended upon so long as the beautiful weather lasts; she is a complete *air gage*; as soon as damp is felt the trouble in her throat returns—something connected with the trachea, that causes a cough and other inconveniences. To keep this enemy aloof, she is not to winter in our weeping climate; therefore before the next rainy season sets in, perhaps in a very few weeks, she with myself for her attendant are to quit our pleasant home and friends—but we mean to go to others, and make ourselves as joyous as we can. Our first and longest sojourn will be with my brother at Brinsop Court, near Hereford (had we met you in the Cathedral, or wandering upon the Wye, how lucky we should have thought ourselves).

We shall visit Mrs Gee near Bristol, and, had you not so rashly given up your home at Bath, we should not have been so near without partaking for a few days of your and Mrs Kenyon's hospitality. You will say, what is to become of Mr W. all this time? this thought I do not encourage, except when we plan a scheme for meeting at Coleorton, or for his joining us in Herefordshire.

We are looking for Miss Wordsworth's return home, after a two months' absence, towards the end of the week. She will be stationed throughout the winter at R. M., as will also, I believe, my sister Sarah, John, and Willy—Willy grown, as you suspect, amazingly, though he has not yet reached his Father's height. John intends to take Orders as soon as he can meet with a Curacy—should you hear of any vacancy in a good neighbourhood, where the duty is not too heavy for a novice to undertake, you perhaps will be kind enough to let him know, and you might also say a good word for him.

My sister Sarah, Dora, and Mr Quillinan, who has been our guest for the last few days, have ridden over to Keswick this

morning. Southey's family are all well. I, together with Dora, spent a week very pleasantly with them since the commencement of the present month, and we also had a picnic meeting under Raven Crag by the margin of Wytheburn—the families of Greta Hall and Rydal Mount, with other vagrants, making a party of about 30—a merry group we formed, round a gypsey fire upon the rocky point that juts from the shore, on the opposite side of the lake from the high road.

Dr Wordsworth's three *distinguished* sons are now at Bowness, reading with several other Students and their Tutor. Except after the business of the week is over, on the Saturdays and Sundays, we see nothing of them. They are delightful youths, and have learnt, or rather time has taught them, to enjoy this country, which they thought little of when they were last in it, the summer you were here, I think. Tillbrook made but a short stay, and was very unlucky, having imprudently taken too long a walk, to show the view *into* Langdale to a young friend, and fatigued himself so much as obliged him almost to keep to his sofa during the remainder of his stay; he was but twice up the hill.

The Bishop of Chester<sup>1</sup> and his Lady took possession of Ivy Cot about 3 weeks since, and mean to make it their headquarters until October. The bishop is a delightful companion, and is indefatigable in the duties of his high Office; he preaches every Sunday, often twice, in some or other of the neighbouring churches,—a grand feast for us, who are so often doomed to feed on such a slender meal as our Westmorland divines lay before us. Mrs Blomfield, too, is a pleasant agreeable Person, but they are so much engaged among the grandees of the neighbourhood that we do not see much of them; besides, she is delicate, and the 'Hall bank' is too much for her.

The House at the foot of the hill is at present empty, but Fox Ghyll beautified by Mrs Luff is a delightful residence. Spring Cottage, the second house under Loughrigg upon the river, is occupied by two Maiden Ladies, who are admirers of *Scenery*, and understand the *ologies* (in the latter we do not participate, the sciences do not flourish at Idle M<sup>t</sup>); thus you see that if the

<sup>1</sup> v. M.Y., p. 513.

AUGUST 1827

Travellers did not steal our industrious propensities from us, our neighbours would.

Here you must refer to the numerals for directions how to proceed, for, till I had written to the end of the third page, I did not discover I had turned over two sheets, after reaching the bottom of the first; and to this blunder you owe this long letter, for I should not have ventured beyond a single sheet, although I can command a frank.

With best regards to Mrs K. and kindest remembrances from all, believe me to be, very sincerely yours,

M. Wordsworth.

*Address:* John Kenyon Esq<sup>re</sup>, Dover.

*MS.*              798. *W. W. to Samuel Rogers*  
*R(—)*              (*with p.s. by D. W.*)

Rydal Mount 20<sup>th</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup> 1827

My dear Rogers,

Some time ago I heard from you in acknowledgement of the Receipt of my last Edition. Its contents you appear to esteem in a way which cannot but be highly flattering to me. I am now writing to consult you about a small matter of Virtù, in which I am inclined to incur a little expense.

An advertisement has been forwarded to me, of the Prints of the Stafford Gallery at one third of the original price.—Are they well executed—and are they likely to be good or at least fair impressions, and not refuse? The advertisement says that the public is secured against inferior impressions, by the limited number. Do you know if this be true, or would you procure me a copy fairly [? pulled]? Or lastly would it be at all an eligible purchase for one of my slender means, who is a passionate lover of the Art? If you think so have the goodness to select me one; we have no works of art near us, and must therefore be content with shadows.

My Wife and Daughter are flown into Herefordshire where they will remain till the first Swallow returns, for the sake of a drier climate, which my Daughter's health requires. I hope your journey to Italy will be deferred for one year—it would

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admit the *possibility* at least of my meeting you there. What a treat! How goes on your Poem?<sup>1</sup> The Papers spoke of a new edition being intended with numerous engravings, which, if executed under your presiding taste cannot but be invaluable.

I was at Lowther a week lately—I *missed* you and dear Sir George by the side of that beautiful Stream. The weather was exquisite;—and one solitary ramble through the Elysian fields and onwards I shall never forget. Could you believe that a flock of Geese, tame geese, could on land make an interesting Appearance. Yet that day so they did, reposing themselves under an umbrageous oak,—thirty at least all carefully shaded from the bright and over warm sunshine, and forming groups Reubens would have delighted in—with attitudes as various and actions still more so, than Cattle enjoying like comfort.

My Sister, Sons, and Miss Hutchinson are here—all unite in kindest regards—I wish you would join us for a week or two—ever faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

D. W. adds:

The Stafford Gallery complete in 4 volumes Folio, half bound, uncut, 12£-12s. Published at 35£-14s. Sold by Sam<sup>1</sup> Leigh, 18, Strand.

My Brother has desired me to copy the above from the advertisement, and with pen in hand and the blank page before me I cannot help saying a word of friendly and affectionate remembrance to yourself and Sister. The season is so far advanced that I fear there is no chance of your being moved hither by my Brother's hint of the pleasure it would give us to see you, yet I will add, if you do come, you must bring Miss Rogers along with you, or I should not be half satisfied. My Brother, I see, says nothing of his intention of meeting Mrs W. at Coleorton—nor of a still larger scheme that he has of visiting London. I was very sorry not to see you at Coleorton—the last week of my enjoyment of dear Sir George Beaumont's society.—Adieu, dear Sir,

Believe me yours truly  
D Wordsworth.

Address: Sam<sup>1</sup> Rogers, Esq<sup>re</sup>, St. James's Place, London.

<sup>1</sup> Italy

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799. W. W. to William Rowan Hamilton<sup>1</sup>

*Hamilton.*

M(—) G. K(—)

Rydal Mount, near Kendal,  
September 24, 1827.

My dear Sir

You will have no pain to suffer from my sincerity. With a safe conscience I can assure you that, in my judgment, your verses are animated with true poetic spirit, as they are evidently the product of strong feeling. The sixth and seventh stanzas affected me much, even to the dimming of my eye, and faltering of my voice while I was reading them aloud. Having said this, I have said enough; now for the *per contra*.

You will not, I am sure, be hurt, when I tell you that the workmanship (what else could be expected from so young a writer?) is not what it ought to be; even in those two affecting stanzas it is not perfect:

Some *touch* of human sympathy find way,  
And whisper that while Truth's and Science' *ray*  
With such serene effulgence o'er thee shone—

Sympathy might whisper, but a '*touch* of sympathy' could not. 'Truth's and Science' *ray*', for the *ray* of truth and science, is not only extremely harsh, but a '*ray shone*' is, if not absolutely a pleonasm, a great awkwardness; a '*ray fell*' or '*shot*' may be said; and a sun, or a moon, or a candle shone, but not a *ray*. I much regret that I did not receive these verses while you were here, that I might have given you, *viva voce*, a comment upon them, which would be tedious by letter, and, after all, very imperfect. If I have the pleasure of seeing you again, I will beg permission to dissect these verses, or any other you may be inclined to show me; but I am certain that, without conference with me, or any benefit drawn from my practice in metrical

<sup>1</sup> W. R. Hamilton (1805–65), mathematician and Professor of Astronomy at Trinity Coll., Dublin, a post to which he was appointed while still an undergraduate (1827). He was knighted in 1835, and was President of the Royal Irish Academy in 1837. He was an enthusiastic lover of poetry and throughout his life wrote much verse. His visit to Rydal in 1827 was the beginning of an intimate friendship with W., who affirmed that Coleridge and Hamilton were 'the two most wonderful men, taking all their endowments together', that he had ever met.

composition, your own high powers of mind will lead you to the main conclusions; you will be brought to acknowledge that the logical faculty has infinitely more to do with poetry than the young and the inexperienced, whether writer or critic, ever dreams of. Indeed, as the materials upon which that faculty is exercised in poetry are so subtle, so plastic, so complex, the application of it requires an adroitness which can proceed from nothing but practice; a discernment, which emotion is so far from bestowing that at first it is ever in the way of it. Here I must stop; only let me advert to two lines:

But shall despondence therefore *bleench* my *brow*,  
Or pining sorrow sickly ardour o'er.

These are two of the worst lines in mere expression. ‘Bleench’ is perhaps miswritten for ‘blanch’; if not, I don’t understand the word. *Bleench* signifies to flinch. If ‘blanch’ be the word, the next ought to be ‘hair’. You can’t here use *brow* for the *hair* upon it, because a white brow or forehead is a beautiful characteristic of youth. ‘Sickly ardour o’er’ was at first reading to me unintelligible. I took ‘sickly’ to be an adjective joined with ‘ardour’, whereas you mean it as a portion of a verb, from Shakespeare, ‘Sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought’, but the separation of the parts, or decomposition of the word, as here done, is not to be endured.

Let me now come to your sister’s verses,<sup>1</sup> for which I thank you. They are surprisingly vigorous for a female pen, but occasionally too rugged, and especially for such a subject; they have also the same fault in expression as your own, but not I think in quite an equal degree. Much is to be hoped from feelings so strong, and from a mind thus disposed. I should have entered into particulars with these also, had I seen you after they came into my hands. Your sister is, no doubt, aware that in her poem she has trodden the same ground as Gray, in his Ode upon a Distant Prospect of Eton College. What he has been contented to treat in the abstract she has represented in particular, and with admirable spirit. But again, my dear sir, let me exhort you (and do you exhort your sister) to deal little with modern

<sup>1</sup> A poem entitled *The Boys’ School*.

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writers, but fix your attention almost exclusively upon those who have stood the test of time. You especially have not leisure to allow of your being tempted to turn aside from the right course by deceitful lights. My household desire to be remembered to you in no formal way. Seldom have I parted—never I was going to say with one whom after so short an acquaintance, I lost sight of with more regret. I trust we shall meet again, if not [ ]<sup>1</sup>

Postscript. Pray do not forget to remember me to Mr Otway. I was much pleased with him and with your fellow-traveller Mr Nimmo,<sup>2</sup> as I should have been, no doubt, with the young Irishman, had not our conversation taken so serious a turn. The passage in Tacitus which Milton's line so strongly resembles is not in the 'Agricola', nor can I find it, but it exists somewhere.

W. Wordsworth.

*MS.*            800. *W. W. to Mr Longman*

[October 15, 1827]

D<sup>r</sup> Sir

I fear you may have thought me inattentive to these papers but I did not like to return them till they had been revised by a friend, whom I could not see till to-day—

I am very truly

Yours

Wm Wordsworth.

*Address:* Messrs L. & Co., A. Spottiswode Esq Jr., London.

*MS.*            801. *W. W. to Dora W.*

Friday afternoon [Oct. 26, 1827]

My dearest Dora,

Never was this House so poor in franks. I have I know not how many Letters to forward to your Mother and to you—and I know not how to ask Lord Lonsdale. I promised you a letter and meant to write at length but have been deterred, partly by

<sup>1</sup> A line has been cut away here: probably for the autograph.

<sup>2</sup> A civil engineer connected with the ordnance survey of Ireland.

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the little prospect of a frank and partly by engagement, as the mornings I have been here have been spent with Dr Satterthwaite and the after luncheons in going out with parties. We left Rydal on Wednesday morning—Aunt Wordsworth accompanying us two thirds up Kirkstone, but we did not get to Penrith till six in the evening, the roads were so bad and heavy. Ullswater was beautiful. Poor Aunt S. had a bad headache, and we have just seen her off from Ullswater on her way. I never had so tiresome a journey in my life. I found here Mr and Miss Senhouse and Miss Wood, and the two Misses Havell, and your old partner O'Gallagher.—Observe, dearest Dora, I do not call this a Letter, if possible I will write to-morrow—if not I will write from home whither I hope to return on [ ? ] day, and my present intention, tell your dear Mother, is to leave Ambleside Monday week for Coleorton,—if I go by Liverpool I should be there on Wednesday Evening, if by Nottingham not till Thursday Morning, so that your dear Mother will be there on Wednesday Evening if possible. I know not what has been written to you so that when I sit down to write I shall scarcely know what topics to select. Do tell your Mother I have paid Dr Harrison's Bill. Mrs Ellwood expects me at Penrith to-morrow but I fear I must return without seeing her. How sorry I shall be to be so near you in Leicestershire and have to set my face Northward without seeing you, and part with your Mother into the bargain. I am quite sad about it. I have strange clouds hanging over me. Do take care to get well that nothing of this sort may occur again. Poor Mr Gee! I was sadly shocked at his death. Farewell again and again. Love to your dear Mother and your Aunt S.

Your [ ? ] W. W.

*Address: Miss Wordsworth, Brinsop Court, Hereford.*

*MS.*

*802. W. W. to Dora W.*

Lowther Castle, Sat. Morn. [October 27, 1827]

My dearest Dora,

This scrawl may perhaps reach you as soon as one written last night—I am a good deal disappointed having hoped I might have written you a tolerably entertaining letter from this place

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—but I have wasted both franks and time—I expected to have returned by the Pony chaise to-morrow—but Aunt Sara has taken it to Appleby—and means to keep it there. I have this moment heard from her of the date of yesterday, she has got rid of her headache by medicine, and tells me Mrs Ellwood will be sadly disappointed if I don't go over to Penrith to see her—which must be this morning. I think I have at least 10 Letters which I want to get franked, several that we have received since you went, and three that your Aunt has sent me this morning which I must take back.

I hope to return to-morrow either by Patterdale or in some conveyance of Lord Lonsdale's, or what I should like better accompanying the Lowthers as far as Keswick, where I might see Southey, from whom I have had a note this morning; he says that his health is greatly improved, but does not write in good spirits, concluding with this remarkable expression—having said that his Uncle could not be expected to live through the winter he adds ‘and I have thorns in my side not of my own planting’—what this alludes to I cannot guess.

He and the family are going to Nether Hall and Tallentire, for ten days. I have met here Mr Ingram Receiver General for Cumberland. He tells me with no little indignation that his situation is far from a bed of roses—take for instance this fact,—he is obliged to send to his board an account of every Letter he receives on his business, from whom and whence it is, what is the subject of it, and what the Postage,—and all this from apprehension that he may charge letters he has no right to charge. What then can we expect from the new Inspectors, one of whom by the bye is Ingram's nephew.

Mr I., when he was with the Board in Town remonstrated against this want of confidence and received for answer ‘What could they do?’ Mr [ ? ] was in Parliament and all those things were dragged thither; What does your Mother think of such proceedings? Now for something less disagreeable.—The morning I left home we received a Letter from Mrs Cookson, saying she had just had a word from Mr Anthony Yates who had been at Levens that Mrs Howard of L. had been so charmed with my works that she was anxious to see me there, and begged

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that Mr Yates would conduct me—Mr Yates had described himself as knowing me most intimately, and yesterday I received a Letter in Form from her to the same effect. I do not like these things and I have answered, that I quit home so soon after my return from this place that I must decline the honour of being presented to Mrs Howard, which would give me much pleasure at a more favourable opportunity—My note, be assured, was not wanting in respect to Mrs H. I do not know if I shall be able to add any more scrawl.

[*unsigned*]

*Address:* Miss Wordsworth, Brinsop Court, Hereford.

MS.                  803. *D. W. to Edward Quillinan*

Friday Nov<sup>br</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> 1827

My dear Friend,

This morning's post brought us a letter from Mrs Wordsworth which informs us that you are likely to be in Herefordshire the 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup> week of this month, and that therefore, if my Brother do not change the plan of his journey to Coleorton she will be disappointed of the pleasure of seeing you. He has therefore determined not to leave home until Monday the 13<sup>th</sup>, and will not reach Coleorton until the Thursday Evening or Friday Morning, which he hopes will give you and her the pleasure of each other's company; and he is truly sorry that he cannot also be of the party: but reconciles himself the more easily as he hopes to see you in London in the Spring. It is his present intention when Mrs W. returns to Brinsop to accompany her thither from Coleorton, and stay about a fortnight—whereas, if he had adopted Dora's plan of going to fetch her Mother he could not have stayed so long on account of his engagement with Lady B.

My object in troubling you with this hurried scrawl is to transmit a request from my Brother that you will hasten your journey to Brinsop as much as possible. I have just written to Lady Beaumont to inform her of the week's delay.

We are all well—Miss Hutchinson gone to Appleby. The weather is delightful—clear, cool and sunny. I had a charming

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walk this morning with my Brother on Loughrigg Fell. We looked down upon the Ivy Cottage, but it is transformed into a *green Box*, being absolutely *cased* in ivy—and did not even look pretty, though burnished with sunshine. The rest of the Village—Rydal Mount especially—was enchanting—when we could get rid of the full staring view of the Hall.

I was very glad of Mr E. Brydges's establishment at Denton. Can you hear of a Curacy for 'our John'? William is quite well. His thoughts turn (I fear constantly) on the Army. What have you to say for and against the profession? Not I expect much for it.—And he seems little inclined to listen to the contra side. His health is now excellent—growth wonderful—and looks much improved.

If you could favour me with one of your pleasant letters from Brinsop I should be very grateful—and with details respecting your dear little Girls. When am I to have the good fortune to meet you again? I was sadly grieved at missing you last summer.

Miss Hutchinson will not return in less than five or six weeks.  
adieu. In greatest haste, ever your affec<sup>te</sup> Friend

D. Wordsworth.

Give my respectful and affec<sup>te</sup> remembrances to Capt<sup>n</sup> Barrett.

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup>, 12 Bryanston Street, London.

R.

804. W. W. to Samuel Rogers

Coleorton Hall [December 1, 1827]

My dear Rogers,

Ten days ago Mrs W. (she from the neighbourhood of Hereford, and I from the North) met at this place, which we quit Saturday, 8<sup>th</sup> of next month, going together into Herefordshire, where Mrs W. will remain with her daughter till the warm and dry weather of spring returns. Thus is our little family broken up by the troublesome indisposition of my daughter, an affection of the throat, which returns along with a cough on rainy and damp days.

Lady Beaumont was not well a few days after our arrival here,

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but she is now in good health and as little altered in appearance as could have been expected. She employs herself much in the concerns of this place, and has great resources in reading and religious meditation. You will be aware how much Mrs W. and I miss Sir George in this house and in the grounds about. There is a little picture on the easel in his painting room as it was left on his seizure there with a fainting fit, the commencement of his fatal illness, which lasted no more than eight days. Lady B. begs that you will be quite easy on the subject of your not answering her letter, as she did not look for a reply, being in general as averse to letter-writing as you are. It seems that it was a consolation to her under her suffering to write to Sir George's friends. I sincerely believe that she did so without wishing for, or thinking about, any notice of her effusion. She took up the pen from impulse, and it was a relief to her.

I am pleased to hear that the Stafford Gallery is thought a bargain, but I will not trouble you any more on the subject. Before I had heard from you I mentioned to Mr Page, whom I think you saw at Lowther, that I had named this subject to you, and he engaged to knock at your door to learn whether you were at home or in England. I thought you might be gone to Italy. Whether he found you or not, he obligingly offered to inspect the prints himself, and report to me accordingly. I have not yet heard from him; at all events let the purchase be suspended at present. I know, and have often admired, the Rubens Lord Stafford has given to the British Gallery; it would be worthy of you to follow his example and enrich the same repository, either during your lifetime or by bequest, with some choice work of art, for the public benefit, and thus to connect your name, already distinguished in one of the fine arts, with another of the sisterhood. Think of this, and by so doing, and in fulfilling the prophecy I often made to Sir George when he was talking of giving his pictures to the nation, that his example would be followed by many others, and that thus, in course of time, a noble gallery would be produced.

Italy, alas! is to me an *ignis fatuus*; every year the hope dances before me only to obstruct my sight of something else that I might attain. Were there no other obstacle, I could not

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think of leaving England for so long a time till I had disposed of my younger son, who, as I have just learned from him, is bent upon being a beggar either in the honourable character and profession of a soldier or of a farmer. Could you suggest to me anything better for this infatuated youth—any situation in a counting-house or a public office? He dislikes the thought of the University because he sees nothing afterwards open to him but the Church, which he does not think himself fit for, or that he ever can be made so. Excuse this weary epistle, and believe me ever, with true affection,

Yours,

W. Wordsworth

K(—)

805. W. W. to C. W.  
(with postscript to C. W. Jun'.)

[Early Dec. 1827]

My dear Brother,

. . . I have a proposal to make. We quit this place Saturday week, meaning to stop two days at Birmingham, two at Worcester with Miss Wills, Lady B.'s cousin, and one at Malvern if the snow be not on the ground. Our earnest wish is, that you should join us at Brinsop Court, Mr Hutchinson's, about six miles from Hereford, where I will meet you with a gig. My stay will be prolonged in that country sufficiently to allow of our passing a week together, divided between Mr Hutchinson and Mr Monkhouse, who lives at no distance from him on the banks of the Wye. You would have a saddle horse or a gig at command, while in that part of the country. . . .

Most affectionately yours,

W. W.

(Postscript to C. W. Jun'.)

My dear Chris.,

. . . As to the Virgil,<sup>1</sup> I have no objection to its being printed if two or three good judges would previously take the trouble of

<sup>1</sup> Evidently his translation of part of the first book of the *Aeneid*, published in the *Philological Museum* in 1836. The passage quoted below does not occur in what is printed in the *Philological Museum*.—K.

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looking it over, and they should think it worth while. Could Mr Hare find time for that purpose, he or any others? On the other side I have given you a few corrections, and shall be glad of any of yours, or those of anybody else. . . .

Most affectionately your uncle,  
W. Wordsworth.

(*The following is crossed over the page*):

This way and that the { vulgar } many are inclined,

Split into parties by the fickle mind.

Where hast thou tarried, Hector? from what coast  
Com'st thou long-wished for? After thousands lost,

Thy kindred and thy friends such travail borne

By all that breathe in Troy, how tired and worn  
We who behold thee! But why *thus* return?

These gashes whence? This undeserved disgrace!

Who first defiled that calm majestic face?

My heart misgave me not, nor did mine eye

Look back till we had reached the boundary  
Of ancient Ares.

Have the goodness to insert the above correction in your copy,  
if not for preference at least for choice.

W. W.

MS.

806. W. W. to Alexander Blair

Birmingham 11<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1827

My dear Sir

Being in Birmingham for a couple of days, I have of course called on your excellent Friend Dr Delys, from whom I learned that you intend offering yourself as a Candidate for the Professorship of English Literature in the London University. This information gave me much pleasure, and I heartily wish you success, persuaded as I am that this employment will be gratifying to yourself, and convinced that you are eminently qualified by your talents and attainments to do credit to it. I am lately come down from a neighbourhood<sup>1</sup> which reminded me of the

<sup>1</sup> Coleorton.

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pleasure which many years ago I enjoyed in your society, talking over with you the principles of taste, and discussing the merits of different Authors, during our pleasant ramble on the banks of the Trent.

We were agreed I think upon everything of importance, and I do not think it likely that your subsequent studies will have made any very important change in your notions, so that if you are elected to this important office, I am persuaded you will deal with our Mother tongue feelingly and reverently. Excuse this short Letter penned in great haste; in an hour or two I quit this place for Worcester and then I am going to Brinsop Court near Hereford to see my Daughter, who went there I am sorry to say on account of deranged health; but she is now, I may say, well.— With kind regards from Mrs W. who is with me I remain my dear Sir, faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

*Address:* Alexander Blair Esq., Church Lane, Fulham, London.

*MS.*      807. *D. W. to John Marshall Jun<sup>r</sup>.<sup>1</sup>*

Rydal Mount, near Kendal  
December 23<sup>rd</sup> 1827

My dear Sir,

You will, I hope, before this reaches you, have received a parcel *for your Mother* and directed *to your care*, which a Friend of mine, going to Leeds, was so kind as to take charge of. That parcel consists of two school-books, specimens of the handwriting etc. of George Green, a Son of the late Mr Green of Ambleside, and, if Mrs Marshall be not yet arrived at Headingley, I beg you will be so kind as to open it, and look over the Books. I am aware that you are much more concerned in the matter, which I am going to lay before you, than your Mother, yet I should not have troubled you with it, except through her, had it not been of importance not to lose time.

A few weeks ago I wrote to inform your Mother and Aunts

<sup>1</sup> The second son of John and Jane Marshall of Headingley, Leeds, and Hallsteads on Ullswater. A few years later he became M.P. for Leeds: he died in 1836.

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of the death of Mr Green's eldest unmarried Daughter, who was the main prop of the Family, and of a plan which had been set on foot for their relief by raising a Subscription, to which I received a most kind and satisfactory reply. But it is not on that subject that I address you.

Some years ago you kindly offered to take Hartley Green, an elder Brother of George into your Factory, which he declined, having other views. This circumstance encourages me to hope that you may, if you have any opening for such a youth, be willing to take *George*, who is exceedingly desirous of obtaining the situation—or indeed *any* situation which through industry and a desire of improvement may hereafter insure a creditable independence; but, above all things he seems to wish that it may be possible for you to take him into a situation similar to that which was offered to his Brother.

George Green will be sixteen years of age next March. From the Books which I have sent, you will be able to judge of his hand-writing and perhaps also of his progress in arithmetic. To this I will add that he is a Boy of modest and pleasing manners, and is in all respects very well thought of in Ambleside and the neighbourhood. He is a dutiful Son and of very industrious habits. His Mother tells me that he is of a mechanical turn, and I know that he has made some progress in mathematics. He has, besides, always been reckoned a 'good Scholar' among the Schoolboys at the Grammar School at Ambleside: and has the appearance of being quick and clever. In short, there is something very prepossessing in this youth, with a pleasing modesty in his address.

Many kind Friends interest themselves in George Green's behalf, and I find that by this day's post an application has been made for a specimen of his hand-writing etc. and a hope held out of a situation (in a Counting house, I believe), but if you were willing to take him, and if it could be arranged in other points, he would greatly prefer being in your establishment to any thing else.

Hartley Green, the elder, is about to establish an academy at Manchester, and might find employment for his Brother, but he wishes rather to make his own way.

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And now, my dear Sir, having said this much on behalf of this deserving Youth, I must beg to assure you, that, however zealous my wish to be the means of serving him and his poor Mother, I do not wish, *on that account*, to influence you—Quite the contrary—I know that in similar cases, your benevolent views have been disappointed, and, perhaps, you have consequently made arrangements for the Future which may render it ineligible to take any youth in the same way as proposed to his Brother—even if you have at present—or are likely in course of a year or two—to have a vacancy. At all events, I shall be much obliged to you if you will write to me as soon as possible—in order that, if you do not hold out any hope, he may not lose time, and if you do, that you may receive further information; and he be put into the way of preparing himself, according to your wishes, for the situation. I *ought* to have said, that though not a stout young man, he has always been very healthy, and has no dread of confinement.

Excuse this long letter and believe me, dear Sir, your affectionate Friend,

Dorothy Wordsworth.

Address: John Marshall, Jun<sup>r</sup>, Esq<sup>re</sup>, Headingley, Leeds.

MS.

808. W. W. to John Bowring<sup>1</sup>

Brinsop Court, near Hereford

Dec<sup>r</sup> 29<sup>th</sup> 1827

Dear Sir,

A protracted absence from home is the cause of my not having earlier received your obliging Letter of the 4<sup>th</sup> Inst<sup>tnt</sup>, containing Professor Schwartz's translations of two little pieces of mine. Of one, 'We are seven', it is mortifying to me to say that I can form no opinion, not being able to read the German handwriting—I once knew something of it, but through long disuse have forgotten it; the other Translation seems very happily executed.—

<sup>1</sup> John Bowring (1792–1872) traveller, &c., remarkable linguist. His chief literary work was the translation of the folk-songs of many European nations. In 1824 he was appointed Editor of the *Westminster Review*. He was knighted in 1854.

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As I have Friends who are acquainted with German character, I shall avail myself of the first opportunity to read the other with their assistance. You will be kind enough to say to Professor Schwarts for me whatever is becoming under these circumstances. As the German People are such discerning judges, I cannot be indifferent to anything that introduces my attempts to their Notice—

It gives me pleasure to see that you continue transplanting the flowers of foreign Poetry into our tongue.

I remain dear Sir

very sincerely yours

Wm Wordsworth

Address: John Bowring Esq<sup>re</sup>, No. 2 Queens Square Place,  
Westminster.

*MS. 809. D. W. to John Marshall Jun'*

Rydal Mount January 8<sup>th</sup>, 1828.

My dear Sir,

I have delayed replying to your kind letter, wishing to give Mrs Green and her Son time for deliberation, and for that reason, and because I wished to leave them to an unbiassed choice I have not seen them since the receipt of it until yesterday. They beg to return their sincerest thanks for your friendly disposition towards them, in which I heartily join.

George Green is exceedingly desirous to enter into your service, and, if we can have your answer in time, he would depart at the beginning of next week with his Brother-in-law, Mr Fenton, (I believe of Thorpearch) who is now here. But there are one or two queries, put to me by Mr Benson Harrison and Mr Carr, the managers of the subscription lately raised, the answers to which will probably decide whether the thing can be accomplished or not. i.e. What is the probable expence of board and lodging?

For what period would he be likely to have to serve at the rate of seven or eight shillings per week? What the progressive rate of wages afterwards? Mr Harrison is aware that the latter

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questions cannot be answered precisely, as much must necessarily depend on the Youth's ability, good conduct, and the degree of his usefulness: but perhaps you may be able to give us a notion of probabilities, both in this respect, and as to future permanent establishment. I fear, unless he can be boarded for less than 15/- per week (the price paid by Thomas Cookson) (the additional expence of cloaths being considered)—it may be more than can be managed—yet the Friends of Mrs Green would, I know, strain the point as far as could be done, for the sake of putting the Boy in the way of an honourable maintenance, with the chance of establishing himself permanently through industry, diligence, and integrity.

He has been very healthy all his life, but is not *strong-bodied*, or muscular. I should, however, imagine that great strength is not needful for the actual bodily labour, and therefore, if confinement and the entire change of air have not an injurious effect, I should not be fearful on that score. Neither the dust of the Mill, nor the noise, nor the confinement, seem to daunt him in the least, in short, I never saw a more spirited Boy, and he is most desirous of obtaining the situation, and very anxious that there may be no unsurmountable difficulties. Will you *therefore*, and also on account of the opportunity of accompanying his Brother-in-law, who would be useful in fixing him in lodgings—be so good as to reply as soon as possible?

You kindly say you would take him for three months' trial, but Mr Harrison would by no means hold this out to the Boy. He says there is nothing like plunging into certainty at once. At the same time, should the situation not suit *him*, or *he* the situation, he would be glad to give it up, and *you* to part with him at the end of three months.

I think I have no more to say on this subject, and shall expect your answer with some anxiety. I cannot, however, help again thanking you for your zeal in a cause so interesting to myself.

It has grieved me much not to see any of your family during the last twelve months. I was in Yorkshire when you and your Brothers were at Hallsteads, but my Brother and Sister were disappointed that none of you made your way over Kirkstone. I believe they were indebted to you for a large Cargo of Game

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from the Scottish Mountains. Your [ ] late reports of the state of Mr Marshall's health have been very satisfactory, and I trust we shall see him next summer on the banks of Ullswater at the head of his happy Family. My Brother is still in Herefordshire: but we shall look for him at home by the end of next week, or the beginning of the week following. He purposes to rejoin his Wife and Daughter in April at Cambridge, whence they will probably go to London, and I should hope will find your Father, Mother, Sisters, and probably your Aunts there. This winter has been peculiarly favourable to the beauty of our mountains. Their colouring has been richer than that of summer—for we have had no frost either to blight their greenness or to impoverish the orange-coloured Fern. Often, I doubt not, do you and your Brothers wish for a Christmas fire-side at Hallsteads and a view from the windows of Helvellyn.

Perhaps I might have ventured to direct to Mr Marshall—at Headingley—but do not venture on this expedient to save postage, fearful of delay. Believe me (not forgetful of your boyish days, when you first learned to *mow* on the grass-plot at Watermillock) your very faithful and affectionate Friend

Dorothy Wordsworth.

Mr Benson Harrison, whom I have so often mentioned, is an excellent amiable man—not long ago married to a Dorothy Wordsworth, our cousin. They reside in the house formerly occupied by Miss Knott, very near Ambleside.

*Address:* John Marshall Esq<sup>re</sup> Jun<sup>r</sup>, Headingley, Leeds.

K(—)      810. W. W. to Allan Cunningham

Brinsop Court, near Hereford,  
January 9<sup>th</sup>, 1828.

My dear Sir,

Has my friend Mr Quillinan lately ordered a copy of my bust from you? If not, be so good as to have one cast for him, which I will pay for; he having left the one he possessed in Westmoreland for a connection of mine. I shall also want a bust for one of my nephews, who has lately distinguished himself at Oxford,

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and has just been elected a student of Christ Church—where he has rooms as long as he chooses to remain unmarried. When my other two nephews who are now of Cambridge are likely to be as far settled as their brother, I shall want a bust for each of them. In the meanwhile be so kind as to have one executed as carefully as you can for Mr Quillinan, who will be directed to call upon you; and let the other be sent to Charles Wordsworth, Esq., Christ Church, Oxford. I shall be in Town in spring, when I will take care to discharge my debt for these busts; and will also take such steps as may ensure the payment of the one which, at Mr Coleridge's request,—I mean Mr Edward Coleridge of Eaton,—I begged might be cast for him, and which was accordingly sent to him at that place by you; but perhaps he has himself discharged the debt.

In the letter I had the pleasure of receiving from you some time ago, you recur to the scheme of a selection from my poems for circulation among the Scotch peasantry. When we meet I will talk this over with you, and we will discuss its practicability. I should myself be wholly at a loss what pieces to fix upon for such persons. I am happy to see that your pen continues busy, but scarcely any new books find their way to me in Westmoreland. I am at present on a visit to a brother-in-law, with whom my wife and daughter are residing for the winter. . . .

Believe me, my dear sir,

Faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

K(—)

811. W. W. to ?

Liverpool, Jan. 25 [1828]<sup>1</sup>

. . . When in Herefordshire I passed a few days with Sir Uvedale Price, one of the late batch of Baronets. He is in his 81<sup>st</sup> year, and as active in ranging about his woods as a setter dog. We talked much of Sir George Beaumont, to whom he was

<sup>1</sup> K. dates 1838, though Price died in 1829, *v. M.Y.*, p. 2. In 1827 Price had published an *Essay on the Modern Pronunciation of Greek and Latin*, in which he contended that 'our system of pronouncing the ancient languages is at variance with the principles and established rules of ancient prosody and the practice of the best poets'.

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very strongly attached. He has just written a most ingenious work on ancient metres, and the proper mode of reading Greek and Latin verse. If he is right, we have all been wrong; and I think he is. It is a strange subject to interest a man at his age, but he is all life and spirits. . . .

MS.        812. *D. W. to John Marshall Jun.*

Rydal Mount, 28<sup>th</sup> Janry 1828.

My dear Sir,

The Bearer of this is Mr Fenton, the Son-in-law of Mrs Green, who keeps a School, (I believe at Thorpe Arch). He has requested a letter of introduction from me (indeed I was the first to offer it) thinking it better that before George Green's coming, he, (Mr Fenton) should have a personal interview with you, by which means the Youth will be better able to understand what will be required of him than he possibly would through the letters which have passed between us.

I need say nothing further on the subject as Mr Fenton will give you whatever further information may be needful: but I will just mention that Mr Fenton was educated in this neighbourhood (I think at Hawkshead) and afterwards resided some time at Ambleside, where he was much respected.

With many thanks for your kind and speedy reply to my last letter, I remain, dear Sir,

your affectionate and obliged Friend,  
D. Wordsworth.

K.        813. *W. W. to John Taylor*

Rydal Mount, Jan. 30, 1828.

My dear Sir,

. . . I have also to thank you for an exhortation urging me to pay a tribute to the memory of our departed friend, Sir G. Beaumont. Be assured I feel strongly on the subject; but even from that very cause one often shrinks from what might prove an unworthy attempt. . . .

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MS.

814. W. W. to Francis Freeling

Rydal Mount, Ambleside,

Feby 2<sup>nd</sup> 1828

Dear Sir,

The enclosed Cover contained four copies of an American Newspaper, Canfields Lottery Argus, sent by some person unknown to me, and without any order of mine. It came during my absence, about a week ago, and I take the earliest opportunity of forwarding it to you, trusting that it is in your power to order the Postage l. 2. 8<sup>d</sup> to be returned to me by the Kendal or Ambleside Post Master.—To you I need not observe that it would be a great hardship on literary Men to be subject to demands of this kind; though no doubt in this case a civility was intended, the Party being ignorant that foreign Newspapers are not free of our Postage.

Excuse me if I say that I am glad of being recalled to your mind upon this occasion, and believe me with great respect

Sincerely your's

Wm Wordsworth

MS.  
K(—)

815. W. W. to Allan Cunningham

Rydal Mount, Feb. 26 1828.

My dear Sir,

You are too late in your application. I have been disagreeably circumstanced—in respect to these Publications. One of my friends, the conductor of a Public Journal, applied to me some time [ago] for Contributions.—I refused on the ground that I had never been engaged in any periodical nor meant to be. A Gentleman whom I have not the honor of knowing, but to whom I am under considerable obligations, is Editor of one of these Annuals, and had a claim upon me, though he did not ask for a contribution, nor did I contribute, for the same general reason—I have since had applications, I believe, from nearly every Editor, but complied with none. I have, however, been smuggled into the 'Winter's Wreath' to which I contributed three years ago; it being then intended as a solitary Publication

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for charitable purposes. (The two pieces of mine<sup>1</sup> which appeared there had some months before been published by myself in the last Edition of the Poems.) This having broken the ice, I had less reluctance to close with a proposal the other day made me by Mr Reynolds, the terms of which were too liberal to be easily resisted, especially as coming from a Gentleman who had put me on the use of an application to my eyes, from which, I believe, I derived very great benefit. Indeed they have ailed little since I used it. I need not say how much pleasure it would have given me to accede to your wishes, but I should think it unfair to assist in a work of this kind, upon other terms, nor would it be fair to give away what he pays so largely for.—At present therefore I cannot hold out a hope of being of service to you; if when I have the pleasure of seeing you in Town, which I hope will be in April or May, we may advert to this matter—but do not speak of it publicly; and I ought to add, that for the present year I do not see that I can do anything.

Many thanks for your attention to the Busts—I am afraid the Bronze would be above my price, otherwise on account of its durability I should like it for the sake of my family—it pleases me much to be so feelingly remembered in your family. Give my best regards to Mrs Cunningham, and to the young people.—Mr Sharp is entitled to the gratitude of the Poets of England for the elegant, and above all for what I am told is the case the very correct Editions published by him—Believe me my dear Sir,

Very faithfully your much obliged friend  
Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Allan Cunningham Esq., F. Chantrey's Esq<sup>re</sup>, Pimlico,  
London.

K.            816. *W. W. to Allan Cunningham*

Rydal Mount, March 7<sup>th</sup>, 1828.

My dear Friend,

I am sorry to find you rate my assistance so high. It would give me great pleasure to meet your wishes, but I see little hope

<sup>1</sup> *To a Skylark* (Oxf. W., p. 209) and *Memory* (Oxf. W., p. 499).

MARCH 1828

of it at present, even if the terms on which alone I should feel myself at liberty to contribute could be acceded to by you. Much as I should value the bronze bust, it is a mode of remuneration too indefinite for my present engagement. Considering the sums offered by Mr Heath to literary men, I think it might be imprudent to enter into competition with him as far as authorship goes; unless the proprietor (or proprietors) of your work be prepared to enter upon it with a capital that would allow a heavy expenditure for this branch only, though with the embellishment comparatively insignificant.

I speak to you as *editor* alone. The proprietors of some of these works have made large sums by them, and it is reasonable that the writers should be paid in some proportion.

For my own part I acknowledge that a wish to gratify you, and I feel it strongly, comes and must come second upon an occasion like this. It is a matter of trade. All my natural feelings are against appearing before the public in this way. Having spoken thus frankly, I dismiss the subject. . . .

Ever faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

MS.

817. W. W. to M. and Dora W.

K(—)

Cornhill, March 1893.

Dearest M. and D.,

Thursday, March [1828]<sup>1</sup>

From what I learn Mrs Gee<sup>2</sup> is left in such narrow circumstances that on that account alone, it would be better not to stay more than three weeks with her at the utmost.

I could wish to assist Mrs Gee (tell her) in disposing of her portion of the Langdale estate, but you are aware that no complete title can be made to it till little Mary M. is of age, so that I fear it will be almost an insurmountable objection. I will try.

<sup>1</sup> Date fixed by letter of S. H. to E. Q. saying that M. and Dora go to Mrs Gee in the middle of the month.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs Gee, late of Rydal, lived at Hendon, where she kept a school. The Langdale property was bought by Wordsworth in 1818 and divided up into seven parts in order to obtain therefrom seven votes for the Tory party. One of the seven was taken up by Mr Gee, another by Thomas Monkhouse (d. 1825) whose heir and daughter was a minor.

I shall be hurt if you do not so contrive as to spend at least a month at Cambridge with Dr W. It is not necessary that I should be there to *meet* you; I will follow as soon as I can. The day before yesterday Mrs B. Harrison<sup>1</sup> was brought to bed of a stout [?ponderous] Boy—she is doing well. Mr W. Jackson has been presented by Lord L. to the living of Lowther which he has accepted—write to him to ascertain whether he will be in Oxford when you pass—he could ask Charles W. also for you, which would spare the expense of two Letters. John arrived the day before yesterday, looking well and apparently in good spirits. Bills to the amount of upwards of 60 pounds including the one paid by Mr Jackson, have been sent for Battles, the Taylor's bill not included, 7 pounds for a new suit, one also left at Cambridge, so that with Whitwick furniture, and John's journey and settling etc the expenses on John's account will be very formidable.

This was my main inducement for closing with Mr. Reynolds's offer for the *Keepsake*. I have already written all that will be necessary to fulfill my engagement, but I wish to write a small narrative Poem by way of variety, in which case I should defer something of what is already written till another year, if we agree.

I have written one little piece, 34 lines,<sup>2</sup> on the Picture of a beautiful Peasant Girl bearing a Sheaf of Corn. The Person I had in my mind lives near the Blue Bell, Fillingham—a sweet Creature, we saw her going to Hereford.

Another Piece, 82 lines, same stanza as Ruth, is entitled The Wishing-Gate at Grasmere.<sup>3</sup> Both have, I think, merit. Mrs Ellwood and Dorothy dont go till Saturday—this evening, I am told they go tomorrow.

W[illiam] continues in good spirits and sufficiently industrious. Say to Mr Monkhouse, C. Wilson's behaviour shews the good sense of Dr Venables' advice, have nothing to do with Quillinan.<sup>4</sup> I am sorry for his disappointment. I hope dear

<sup>1</sup> v. Letter Jan. 8. 1828.

<sup>2</sup> *The Gleaner*, Oxf. W., p. 530, published in *The Keepsake* (1829), as *The Country Girl*.<sup>3</sup> Oxf. W., p. 223.

<sup>4</sup> advice, have *So MS.*: advice. Have *Cornhill, K.* This error of transcription is largely responsible for the common view that for many years W. opposed his daughter's engagement (v. also p. 965, *note*). But W. is not

MARCH 1828

Dora's looks are better and that she will collect some flesh as Edith<sup>1</sup> did.

I will add for D. a few additional lines for the *Promise*, that is the title of the poem.<sup>2</sup> After—'Where grandeur is unknown,' add

What living Man would fear  
The worst of Fortune's malice, wert thou near,  
Humbling that lilly-branch, thy sceptre meek,  
To brush from off his cheek  
The too, too happy tear?  
Queen and handmaid lowly! etc.

Before 'Next to these shades a Nymph,' etc., read thus

Like notes of Birds that, after showers,  
In April concert try their powers,  
And with a tumult and a rout  
Of warbling force coy Phoebus out,  
Or bid some dark cloud's bosom show  
That Form divine, the many-coloured Bow,  
E'en so the thrillings of the Lyre  
Prevail to further our desire,  
While to these shades a Nymph I call,  
The youngest of the lovely Three:—  
With glowing cheek, from pastimes virginal  
Behold her hastening to the tents  
Of Nature, and the lonely elements!  
And, as if wishful to disarm  
Or to repay the tuneful Charm,  
She bears the stringed lute of old Romance, etc.

for 'With the *happy* Rose enwreathed', on account of the 'happy tear' above, read 'With *Idalian* rose'.

read thus:

Only ministers to quicken  
Sallies of instinctive wit;  
Unchecked in laughter-loving gaiety,  
In all the motions of her spirit, free.

telling Dora to have nothing to do with Q., but handing on to Monkhouse Dr Venables' advice. The allusion to C. Wilson and Dr Venables is obscure.

<sup>1</sup> Edith Southey.

<sup>2</sup> Published in *The Keepsake*, 1829, and afterwards as *The Triad*.

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After that lively line

How light her air how delicate [her] glee!  
the word 'glee' ought not to occur again.

Farewell, dearest Loves. I have shewn the above additions to Nobody, even in this House; so I shall shut up my Letter that neither it nor they may be read. Love to all at both Houses. Again farewell.

Your affectionate husband and father,

W. W.

MS. 818. D. W. to John Marshall Jun.

Rydal Mount, April 3<sup>rd</sup> 1828

My dear Sir,

The Bearer of this is Mr George Green, the Youth about whom you have so kindly interested yourself. He is on his road to Howdon, where he has obtained a situation, which I hope may suit his bodily constitution better than the labour of a Mill, and also, (provided his future conduct corresponds with the wishes and hopes of his Friends) may lead to a comfortable maintenance hereafter.

I wish much that George Green may be so fortunate as to find you at home, as I should like you to see him; but the reason why he ventured to ask me for a letter to you was, that he might have an opportunity of getting his copy-books, which I sent as a specimen of his hand-writing etc, and which you will be so kind as to restore to him. I think you will be pleased with the countenance and demeanour of the youth, and will, I am sure, heartily join with me in wishes for his health and prosperity.

I hope your Father and Mother and Sisters are now at, or on their road to, Headingley: for I was told on Thursday by a Gentleman (in the Coach between Carlisle and Penrith) who seemed well acquainted with your Family and their movements, that you were all to be at Headingley during the Easter Vacation.

On the strength of this, I ventured yesterday to send two letters to your Mother, requesting her to beg Mr Marshall to be so good as to forward them to Mrs Wordsworth.

APRIL 1828

My Brother is at home, and begs his kind regards. On the 20<sup>th</sup> he will set off for Cambridge to meet his Wife and Daughter there, and the three, probably, (with Dr Wordsworth) will proceed to London. At least, this is what they talk of. But at all events, my two Brothers, at least, will be there about the 12<sup>th</sup> of May. My Nephew John will finally leave home about the 25<sup>th</sup> to enter upon the Curacy of Whitwick, near Coleorton, in Leicestershire

With kind regards to all around you,  
I remain, dear Sir,  
Your sincere Friend,  
D. Wordsworth.

MS.  
R.

819. *W. W. to Samuel Rogers*

[p.m. 19 April, 1828.]

My dear R.,

To-night I set off for Cambridge, passing by Coleorton, where I shall stay a couple of days with the Rector. My Son accompanies me; being about to undertake a Curacy in a Parish adjoining that of Coleorton, near Grace Dieu, the birth-place of Beaumont the Dramatist. At Cambridge I purpose to stay till the 10<sup>th</sup> or 11<sup>th</sup> May, and then for a short, very short, visit to London, where I shall be sadly disappointed if I do not meet you. My main object is to look out for some situation, mercantile if it could be found, for my younger son. If you can serve me, pray do.

I have troubled you with this note to beg you would send any further sheets of your Poem,<sup>1</sup> up to the 8<sup>th</sup> or so of next month, to me at Trin. Lodge, Cambridge. Farewell. My Wife and Daughter are, I trust, already at Cambridge. My sister begs her kindest regards. Miss Hutchinson is here, who has also been much gratified by your Poem, and begs to be remembered to you.

Ever faithfully yours,  
Wm. Wordsworth

*Address:* Samuel Rogers Esq. St. James' place, London.

<sup>1</sup> *Italy*, Pt. II.

MAY 1828

MS. 820. W. W. to Rev. F. Merewether

May 5<sup>th</sup> [1828]

My dear Sir,

My Brother who is now closeted with the Proctor, has begged of me to answer a Letter of yours, received this morning. Be assured I should undertake the office with great<sup>1</sup> reluctance (knowing how much more satisfactory a reply from himself would and ought to be) could I not honestly affirm that his time is occupied from morning to Night.—In fact since my coming here I have never seen him scarcely but at meals, and not a moment has his mind been<sup>2</sup> at liberty. He has had his Accounts to make up as Vice Chancellor, the University has been disorderly, three men having been recently expelled, and his Icon. is going rapidly through the Press.<sup>3</sup>—You will excuse me then, for not scrupling to comply with his request.—He says, that as a prudential measure, the Letter had better not be published, with your name, at least. Your Diocesan is obviously committed upon the question, *prominently* so indeed, and in consequence he might be less disposed to serve you.—This you would disregard and it would be right, he says, to do so, if you have it as a burthen upon your conscience, but it is his opinion that you alone can decide this point; and he repeats upon this occasion the same judgement that he gave before. Personal prudence is against it; and the rest must be determined by your own mind—

I hope you will not consider it impertin[ence] *in me*; if upon the supposition that you cannot be at ease without communic[ating] your thoughts upon this important subject, you take a middle course; and publish them anonymously through the best channel for spreading them that you have access to.—I have said ‘if your mind cannot be at ease’, because it is obvious [ ] the measure is not to be prevented by any thing you do or any body else can write or do—Upon the importance of the question, in the abstract, there can be but one opinion, but as the course of things cannot be stopped, nor what

<sup>1</sup> great: *written* greatly

<sup>2</sup> been: *written* being.

<sup>3</sup> v. Letter of Jan. 4, 1825.

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is done recalled, does not this diminish the urgency for its being treated at the present moment; and would not a more dispassionate hearing be given to sound argument hereafter?—

When you see John tell him we go on the 10<sup>th</sup> to London, proposing to stay till the end of month; when, or *before*, his Mother will certainly join him.

Be so good as to say also, that I can not see any necessity for his Aunt taking the journey at present. And I have endeavoured to dissuade her from it; thinking it better that she should defer her journey to the Autumn, as his Mother will be with [ ? ], as will probably his Sister and myself, who will follow if we do not accompany his Mother to Whitwick—I remain, my dear Sir, with kindest remembrances, from all here, to Mrs Merewether and yourself—very faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

Pray give my regards to Mr Drummond.

*Address:* The Rev<sup>d</sup> F. Merewether, Rectory, Coleorton, Ashby de la Zouch.

*MS.*      821. *D. W. to John Marshall Jun.*

Rydal Mount June 2<sup>nd</sup> [1828]

My dear Sir,

I have this morning received a kind letter from your Mother stating that there is now a vacancy in your counting-house, which she thought much more likely to suit George Green than the one he applied for, and desiring me, if I thought fit, to acquaint his Mother in order that application might be made to you . . . accordingly I have just been with Mrs Green who is exceedingly grateful to Mrs Marshall for the interest she has so kindly taken in behalf of her Family, and would be happy indeed should it suit you to take George into your counting-house. He is at present with his Brother-in-law, Mr Fenton, who has been looking out for a place for him in a school, as Assistant and Learner; but such things are not easily met with, and I should think as he at first most wished to get into a counting-house, that he will be glad and thankful to go to you if it suit you to take him.

JUNE 1828

By this day's post the Mother writes to George, and desires him to wait upon you without delay, and as he is at no great distance from Leeds, most likely you will see him—and probably also Mr Fenton—the day after you receive this—at all events, in the course of two or three days, for the Post may possibly not be a direct one to the place where Mr Fenton lives.

I am very glad to hear of the expected marriage in your Family, and hope for a happy meeting with all of you on the Banks of Ullswater before Summer is over. I need not say any thing concerning our absent Friends, as you have so lately seen them. Excuse haste—I write at Ambleside, having walked over purposely to see Mrs Green.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

D. Wordsworth

Address: John Marshall Esq<sup>re</sup> Junior, Leeds.

MS.            822. *W. W. to Samuel Rogers*  
R.

Anvers (Antwerp, we call it):

2<sup>nd</sup> August [1828]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Rogers,

A note will suffice to tell you that here we are after a long and pleasant ramble upon the Rhine and through Holland and the Netherlands—on Tuesday I hope to be in London; shall drive to my old quarters in Bryanston Street, intending to stay not more than three days—should be happy to meet you again.

Farewell, with kind regards from my Daughter, who is [in] the room where I write,

Ever yours,

Wm W

Pearson.        823. *D. W. to William Pearson*

K.

My dear Sir,

Sunday, 10<sup>th</sup> August [1828]<sup>2</sup>

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the book, and happy to say I was not the least the worse for our walk to the top of

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., June 16, 1828, v. C.R., p. 188.

<sup>2</sup> K. dates 1826, which is impossible as Lockhart's *Life of Burns* did not

AUGUST 1828

Fairfield, which has left behind some pleasant remembrances. We will read Lockhart's Life of Burns before next Tuesday, when we shall be very happy to see you.

William returns a thousand thanks for your kindness in sending over the dog. He had intended despatching a boy for it to-morrow morning.

In haste, believe me, yours truly,  
D. Wordsworth.

I shall be very glad before the summer and autumn are gone by to have another mountain walk with you.

MS.            824. W. W. to Sir Walter Scott

28<sup>th</sup> August [1828]

My dear Sir Walter,

Professor Norton<sup>1</sup> of Cambridge University, America, is the Bearer of this. His request for a Letter of introduction, his desire rather to have one (for a request he did not make) was expressed with such diffidence that I had a real pleasure in telling him that I could venture to meet his wishes. He is highly respected in his own Country and came to me with a letter from Professor Ticknor<sup>2</sup> of Boston, whom probably you remember. He is travelling in search of health and Mrs Norton and a female Friend accompany him.

Perhaps you may have heard that I have been rambling on the Continent with my Daughter and Mr Coleridge since we met in London: Our principal objects were the Rhine and Holland, and Flanders, which countries were not new to me, but were revisited with great interest in such pleasant company. You would have enjoyed floating down the Meuse and the Rhine with us, and I heartily wish you could have made a fourth to the Party, had it only been for one day.

Short as was my stay in London, on my return, I called at appear till 1828. The walk up Fairfield is shown in D.'s diaries to have taken place on Aug. 7, 1828. For W. W. to H. C. R., Aug. 6, 1828, v. C.R., p. 189.

<sup>1</sup> Andrews Norton (1786–1852), Professor of Biblical Criticism at Harvard, 1813–30.

<sup>2</sup> George Ticknor (1791–1871), Professor of French and Spanish at Harvard, 1819–35.

AUGUST 1828

Mr Lockart's,<sup>1</sup> but was not lucky enough to find either him, or Mr Charles, your Son, at home; pray express my regret, especially to the latter who left a Card for me a short while before we started for the Continent: when I was so hurried that I could not return his visit.

We only reached home last night—Mrs Wordsworth and my Daughter after a year's absence—so that all is new and strange to them; and myself after so long an interval that I cannot encourage the hope of getting to Abbotsford this Summer, or rather Autumn,—for alas the Summer is fled, if indeed we have seen her face this year—This inability, for such it strikes me at present, is I assure you a great disappointment; another year I hope to be more fortunate.

Southey is wonderfully well—he had an operation performed when in Town, which has removed an infirmity he has suffered from for ten years. To-morrow he will be on the top of Saddle-back with Sir Robert Inglis.—My Sister and I should have joined them if I had not been so freshly arrived.—But I am tiring you—I could ask a hundred questions, about Mrs Lockart and her little Boy, but I have heard he is not better.—Do not let Major Scott or Mr Charles, or any body belonging to you, pass this way without calling here—farewell, a thousand kind wishes in which I am joined by Mrs W. my Sister and Daughter—ever most

faithfully yours  
Wm Wordsworth.

Pearson.      825. *D. W. to William Pearson*

K.

My dear Sir,      Rydal Mount, Thursday, 25<sup>th</sup> Sept<sup>r</sup> [1828.]

I was very sorry to find you had not seen my Brother at Mr Tilbrook's when you were last here, and that you were gone when I inquired for you. It was indeed very unlucky that you should have come at a time when so many strangers were gathered together at Rydal Mount.

I now write for two reasons. In the first place, to say I hope to ascend Helvellyn with you before my departure to Whitwick

<sup>1</sup> Lockhart had married Sir Walter's daughter Sophia in 1820.

SEPTEMBER 1828

—and in the second, to request that you will bring with you my Scotch Tour when you come; if you have not an opportunity of sending it before, by some individual whom you can depend upon for leaving it at Rydal Mount—one who will give it into the hands of one of our servants, or other person of the family, to be delivered to Miss Wordsworth, Sen<sup>r</sup>.

We are at present in want of the Journal—but (it not being here) there is no need that you should trouble yourself to send it purposely. A week or two now will make no difference.

Next week we expect company. But after that time my Brother and I will be at perfect liberty to climb Helvellyn with you any fine morning when you may happen to arrive. Come by half-past 8 o'clock, and if on a Keswick-coach day, so much the better, as we could go on the coach to Dunmail Rays.—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays are the days on which the coach goes to Keswick.

I shall depart towards Leicestershire about the first week in Nov<sup>r</sup>, therefore the sooner you come the better, *after* next week.

With kind respects from all the family, and my Brother especially, who much regretted he did not see you,

I remain,

Yours truly,

D. Wordsworth, Sen<sup>r</sup>.

*Pearson.*      826. *D. W. to William Pearson*

K.

My dear Sir,      Rydal Mount, Tuesday, 9<sup>th</sup> October, [1828.]

The weather seems now to be taking up; but I am sorry to say we cannot ascend Helvellyn this week on account of engagements; and next week also we are engaged for Thursday, Friday, and Saturday; but should Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday prove fine, we should be glad to accompany you on any one of those days, for we give up the coach scheme, and intend to take the pony chaise as far as the Nag's Head.<sup>1</sup>

I am, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully,

D. Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> The inn at Wytheburn, closed by the Manchester Waterworks in 1933.

OCTOBER 1828

MS.

827. W. W. to William Wood<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, Oct. 15, 1828.

Dear Sir,

My Subdistributor at Workington Mr Mordey being dead, and Mrs Mordey declining business, it is necessary to appoint a Successor. Three Individuals have made application for the Employment. Now as I do not happen to know any Person living in Workington, I am at loss to whom to apply for information respecting their characters; and in this difficulty I have presumed upon your kindness, thinking it not unlikely that you may either possess or be able to put me in the way of obtaining the knowledge I stand in need of.—It is an office that cannot be intrusted with propriety to any but active, regular, and sober persons—The Individuals who have applied are 1<sup>st</sup> Wm Dixon, Bookseller and Stationer, who refers me to Mr Joseph Thompson, Sol<sup>r</sup>, Curwen Street; 2<sup>nd</sup> Anne Collins of the Post Office: 3<sup>d</sup> Mr Kirkonnel of Mary Port, through Mrs Mordey who is treating with him for her deceased Husband's Stock.

As Mr Wm Dixon was the first Applicant and has been a Resident ten years as a Bookseller in a central Part of Workington, if you could satisfy me that he is a proper Person to be entrusted with the Stamps, you need not give yourself any further trouble. But if you happen to know the other Applicants, I should be obliged if you would say a word or two on that subject, as in the event of Mr Dixon not having the appointment, such information might be useful to me.

I have so often experienced your obliging Services, that I have no doubt you will readily excuse my troubling you upon this occasion.—

An answer at your earliest convenience would be very acceptable—

I remain dear Sir

With Comp<sup>ts</sup> to Mrs Wood,

Very sincerely your  
obliged Ser<sup>nt</sup>

Wm Wordsworth.

Address: Mr Wood, Cockermouth.

<sup>1</sup> A Cockermouth acquaintance of W.'s.

OCTOBER 1828

MS.

828. W. W. to Edward Quillinan

Rydal Mount, October 17<sup>th</sup> 1828.

My dear Sir,

Your letter confidently supposed to be Precursor of yourself arrived a day or two ago. Judge of our disappointment—but then we have no Pheasants in these beautiful woods; and so we must digest the disappointment, as is the duty of disinterested Friends to do: being persuaded, that notwithstanding your hint about mercantile disagreeables, you have enjoyed yourself where you have been.

Our Tour went off à merveille—especially for Dora—to whom every thing was new. But, if I am not mistaken, I said something to this purpose, in my short note from Antwerp.—Mr Rogers undertook your Introduction, that is the introduction of your Name to the Athenaeum, but it may possibly have escaped his recollection; but a note from you reminding him of what passed between him and me on the subject would be all that is required. By the bye, I left in Bryanston Street a flesh-brush with a long handle, a present from him; be so good as to direct its being taken care of for some favorable opportunity of its getting to Rydal. It is the 2<sup>nd</sup> he has designed for me, and I should be sorry this also should be lost. I left, likewise, an Umbrella, old and much worse for wear; but as it is unfit for London, beg of your Housekeeper to put it aside also; it would still keep off a mountain-storm.—I owe Mr Robinson £12 and a few shillings. I will include it in a Bill for the wine—pray tell him so—I have written to Whitehaven to have both Hogsheads ensured: I hope Southeby will take one of them, if not, there can be no difficulty in disposing of it.

The weather is charming, and our woods most beautiful. Sorry we all are you had not come to look at them. John has taken out a license, and though we have neither Pheasants, nor Partridges, he could have put you in the way of a Snipe and an accidental Hare,—but this perhaps would be poaching. About the 6<sup>th</sup> of Novb<sup>r</sup> my sister (who is much disappointed in not seeing you) leaves us to assist her Nephew John in getting through the solitude of the Winter, under the Rocks of Charn-

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wood. Miss H. quits us at the same time, for Herefordshire; she has had, you will be sorry to hear, a return of spitting of blood, and is put by Mr Carr upon abstinence from animal food and her glass of wine. With these precautions and a little medicine, he apprehends no further mischief. After all I fear it must end in Wm's going to College—Poor lad, his life thus far has been untoward. I give up the Pen to Dora, who has a good scold to inflict upon you—Farewell my dear friend, and believe me very faithfully yours Wm Wordsworth.

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup>, Bryanston Street, Portman Square, London.

K.<sup>2</sup>

829. *W. W. to Barron Field<sup>1</sup>*

Rydal Mount, 24<sup>th</sup> Oct., 1828.

My dear Sir,

I will not spend time in thanking you for your kindness, but will go at once to the point and to the strongest case, *The Beggars*.<sup>3</sup> I will state the faults, real or supposed, which put me on the task of altering it.

What other dress she had I could not know, you must allow is a villainous line, one of the very worst in my whole writings. I hope so at least.

'In all my walks,' I thought obtrusively personal.

Her face was of Egyptian brown.

The style, or rather composition, of this whole stanza is what I call bricklaying, formal accumulation of particulars.

Pouring out sorrows like a sea,  
I did not like; and 'sea' clashes with 'was beautiful to see'  
below. 'On English land' is the same rhyme as 'gayest of the

<sup>1</sup> Barron Field (1786–1846), lawyer and miscellaneous writer, a friend of Lamb's, through whom he came to know W. W., and became his ardent admirer. Till 1824 he was judge of the Supreme Court in New South Wales, and later Chief Justice of Gibraltar. In Feb. 1828 and on several subsequent occasions, he sent W. criticisms of his textual alterations, and in 1840 he wrote *Memoirs of the Life and Poetry of W. W.*, which, however, W. persuaded him not to publish. v. Letters of Jan. 10 and 16 of that year.

<sup>2</sup> K. also prints this letter in his *Life of W.*, but his two texts differ in several places. I have followed what seems the correcter.

<sup>3</sup> Oxf. W., p. 190.

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land', in the stanza below. Such were the reasons for altering.  
Now for the success.

Nor claimed she service from the hood,  
is, I own, an expression too pompous for the occasion; and if  
you could substitute a line for the villainous 'What other dress,  
etc.', I would willingly part with it. But there is still a difficulty.

She had a tall man's height, or more,  
would anticipate

She towered, fit person for a queen.

The boys could well understand '*looking reproof*'. There is  
frowning, shaking the head, etc. 'Telling a lie' might be restored  
without much objection on my part,<sup>1</sup> for 'Heaven hears that  
rash reply' is somewhat too refined; but as

It was your mother, as I say,  
is retained, the fact is implied of my knowledge of their having  
told an untruth. It is not to be denied that I have aimed at  
giving more elegance and dignity to this poem, partly on its own  
account, and partly that it might harmonise better with the one  
appended to it. I thought I had succeeded in my attempt better  
than it seems I have done. You will observe that in any medi-  
tated alteration of the first stanza, which I should be very  
thankful if you could do for me, the word 'head' cannot be used,  
on account of 'head those ancient Amazonian files', in the  
stanza below.<sup>2</sup>

### *The Blind Highland Boy*<sup>3</sup>

The 'shell' was substituted for the 'washing-tub', on the  
suggestion of Coleridge; and, greatly as I respect your opinion  
and Lamb's, I cannot now bring myself to undo my work;  
though if I had been aware beforehand that such judges would  
have objected, I should not have troubled myself with making  
the alteration. I met the other day with a pretty picture of  
hazardous navigation like this. I think it is on the coast of  
Madras where people are described as trusting themselves to  
the rough waves on small rafts, in such a way that the flat raft

<sup>1</sup> It was restored in the edition of 1836.

<sup>2</sup> head: lead 1836.

<sup>3</sup> Oxf. W., p. 295. For Coleridge's criticism, *v. Anima Poetæ*, pp. 207-8;  
for Lamb's, *v. his letter to W. W. of April 7, 1815.*

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being hidden from view by the billows, the navigator appears to be sitting on the bare waters.

*Rural Architecture<sup>1</sup>*

From the meadows of Armath, etc.

My sister objected so strongly to this alteration at the time, that—her judgment being confirmed by yours—the old reading may be restored.

*Pedestrian Tour among the Alps<sup>2</sup>*

No more, along thy vales and viny groves,  
Whole hamlets disappearing as he moves,  
With cheeks o'erspread by smiles of baleful glow,  
On his pale horse shall fell Consumption go.

I had utterly forgotten this passage: at all events, as a bold juvenile thing, it might be restored. I suppose I must have written it from its being applied here in my mind, not to an individual but to a people.

*Ruth<sup>3</sup>*

And there exulting in her wrongs,  
Among the music of her songs,  
She fearfully caroused.

This was altered, Lamb having observed that it was not English. I liked it better myself, but certainly to carouse cups—that is to empty them—is the genuine English.

*The Sailor's Mother<sup>4</sup>*

And, thus continuing, she said,  
'I had a son, who *many a day*  
*Sailed on the seas*

These words shall be restored. I suppose I had objected to the first line, which—it must be allowed—is rather flat.

He to a fellow-lodger's care  
Had left it to be watched and fed  
Till he came back again.

<sup>1</sup> Oxf. W., p. 86. From the meadows of Armath, on Thirlmere's wild shore.  
(l. 1, ed. 1827.)

<sup>2</sup> Oxf. W., p. 617.

<sup>3</sup> Oxf. W., p. 92.

<sup>4</sup> Oxf. W., p. 119.

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Than this last line, I own,

And pipe its song in safety,

strikes me as better, because 'from the bodings of his mind' he feared he should not come back again. He might dramatically have said to his fellow-lodger, 'Take care of this bird till I come back again', not liking to own to another, or to himself even, in words, that he feared he should not return; but, as he is not introduced here speaking, it is I think better, and brings in a pretty image of the bird singing, when its master might be in peril, or no more.

*The Emigrant Mother*<sup>1</sup>

Smiles hast thou, bright ones of thy own;  
I cannot keep thee in my arms,  
For they confound me; as it is,  
I have forgot those smiles of his.

Coleridge objected to the last two lines, for which is substituted  
By those bewildering glances crost,  
In which the light of his is lost.

The alteration ought, in my judgment, to be retained.

*The Idiot Boy*<sup>2</sup>

'Across the saddle', is much better. So 'up towards', instead of 'up upon' in *Michael*.

*The Green Linnet*<sup>3</sup>

A brother of the leaves he seems  
may be thus retained:

My sight he dazzles—nay deceives:  
He seems a brother of the leaves.

The stanza, as you have been accustomed to quote it, is very faulty. 'Forth he teems' is a provincialism. Dr Johnson says, 'A low word, when used in this sense.' But my main motive for altering this stanza was the wholly unjustifiable use of the word *train* as applied to leaves *attached* to a tree. A train of *withered* leaves, driven by the wind along the gravel, as I have often seen them, sparkling in April sunshine, might be said.

<sup>1</sup> Oxf. W., p. 120.

<sup>2</sup> Oxf. W., p. 126.

<sup>3</sup> Oxf. W., p. 159.

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*To the Small Celandine*<sup>1</sup>

'Old Magellan' shall be restored.

*To the Daisy*<sup>2</sup>

Thou wander'st the wide world about. Etc. etc.

I was loath to part with this stanza. It may either be restored, or printed at the end of a volume, among 'notes and variations', when you edit the fifteenth edition!

*To a Skylark*<sup>3</sup>

After having succeeded in the second *Skylark*, and in the conclusion of the poem entitled *A Morning Exercise*,<sup>4</sup> in my notice of this bird, I became indifferent to this poem, which Coleridge used severely to condemn, and to treat contemptuously. I like, however, the beginning of it so well that, for the sake of that, I tacked to it the respectably-tame conclusion. I have no objection, as you have been pleased with it, to restore the whole piece. Could you improve it a little?

*To the Cuckoo*<sup>5</sup>

At once far off and near.

Restore this. The alteration was made in consequence of my noticing one day that the voice of a cuckoo, which I had heard from a tree at a great distance, did not seem any louder when I approached the tree.

*Gipsies*

The concluding apology should be cancelled. 'Goings-on' is precisely the word wanted; but it makes a weak and apparently prosaic line, so near the end of a poem. I fear it cannot be altered, as the rhyme must be retained, on account of the concluding verse.<sup>6</sup>

In the second *Cuckoo*,<sup>7</sup> I was displeased with the existing alterations; and in my copy have written in pencil thus:

Such rebounds our inward ear  
Often catches from afar:  
Listen, ponder, etc.,

<sup>1</sup> Oxf. W., p. 160.      <sup>2</sup> Oxf. W., p. 486.      <sup>3</sup> Oxf. W., p. 209.

<sup>4</sup> Oxf. W., p. 153.      <sup>5</sup> Oxf. W., p. 183.      <sup>6</sup> Oxf. W., p. 192.

<sup>7</sup> The poem beginning,

Yes, it was the mountain echo.—Oxf. W., p. 209.

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restoring ‘listen, ponder’, as you wish. The word ‘rebounds’ I wish much to introduce here; for the imaginative warning turns upon the echo, which ought to be revived as near the conclusion as possible. This rule of art holds equally good as to the theme of a piece of music, as in a poem.

Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camæna.

(Horace, *Epistolae*, I, i. 1.)

*Peele Castle in a Storm*<sup>1</sup>

The light that never was on sea or land  
shall be restored. I need not trouble you with the reasons that put me upon the alteration.

The passages in *Peter Bell*<sup>2</sup> were altered out of deference to the opinion of others. You say ‘little’ is a word of endearment. I meant ‘little mulish’, as contemptuous. ‘Spiteful’, I fear, would scarcely be understood without your anecdote.

Is it a party in a parlour?  
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed,  
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,  
But as you by their faces see,  
All silent, and all damned.

This stanza—though one of the most imaginative in the whole piece—I omitted, not to offend the pious.

*The Excursion* (edition of 1827)

And make the vessel of the big round year.

I know there is such a line as this somewhere; but, for the life of me, I cannot tell where.<sup>3</sup>

He yielded, though reluctant, for his mind  
Instinctively disposed him to retire  
To his own covert: as a billow heaved  
Upon the beach rolls back into the sea.<sup>4</sup>

I cannot accede to your objection to the billow. The point simply is, he was cast out of his element and falls back into it,

<sup>1</sup> Oxf. W., p. 578.

<sup>2</sup> Oxf. W., p. 236.

<sup>3</sup> And make the chalice of the big round year  
Run o'er with gladness. *Ex. ix.* 133.

<sup>4</sup> *Ex. v.* 73–6.

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as naturally and necessarily as a billow into the sea. There is imagination in fastening solely upon that characteristic point of resemblance—stopping there, thinking of nothing else.

And there,

Merrily seated in a ring partook

The beverage drawn from China's fragrant herb.

'Drank tea' is too familiar. My line is (I own) somewhat too pompous, as you say.

It now stands

A choice repast—served by our young companions,

With rival earnestness and kindred glee.<sup>1</sup>

I am much pleased that you think the alterations of *The Excursion* improvements. My sister thinks them so invariably. . . .

I remain, very faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth.

MS.

K(—)

830. W. W. to Alexander Dyce<sup>2</sup>

Rydal Mount Near Kendal

October 29<sup>th</sup>, 1828

Sir,

I have to thank you for your elegant Edition of Collins, an Author who from the melancholy circumstances of his life, particularly the latter part of it, has a peculiar claim upon such attention as you have bestowed upon him and his works.

I do not doubt that the lines in Bell's<sup>3</sup> Edition of the Highland Ode are spurious; but on this opinion I am far less disposed to insist, than to maintain that the principle is decidedly bad of admitting anything as the genuine work of a deceased Author but upon substantial external evidence. There may be exceptions to this rule, but they are very rare; and in our Literature are almost confined to certain works of Shakespear (Pericles for example), which ought to be admitted from internal evidence alone.

<sup>1</sup> Ex. ix. 530, 531.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Alexander Dyce (1798–1869), scholar and editor. In his edition of Collins Dyce had followed J. Bell's text of the *Ode on Popular Superstitions, &c.* (British Library, Strand, 1789). Hearing through Mitford that W. regarded Bell's corrections and additions as spurious, he wrote to W. on Oct. 13, 1828, asking his reasons. This letter, which is W.'s reply, marks the beginning of a long and fruitful literary friendship.

In the case of this ode of Collins there is not a jot of *external* evidence entitled to consideration.—What are the facts? In 1779, according to Dr Anderson, or according to Boswell, 1781—Johnson's Lives of the Poets was published, and made known to the literary world that Collins had composed an Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland, which the Wartons (who had seen it) thought the best of his works. In 1784 Dr Carlyle<sup>1</sup> read from a MS. in Collins's own hand-writing this Ode, of which a Stanza and a half were wanting, and in 1788 the Ode was first printed from Dr Carlyle's copy, with Mr Mackenzie's<sup>2</sup> supplemental lines—and was extensively circulated through the English newspapers, in which I remember to have read it with great pleasure upon its first appearance. Every thing thus far was open and explicit, but shortly after (in the same year) appears from the Press of Mr Bell—An Ode etc. *Never before printed*, dedicated to the Wartons. Surely it is not a little bold to affirm that this Ode was never before printed, when thousands have read it in the English newspapers, verbatim the same, except the parts wanting in Dr Carlyle's Copy and a few verbal differences. The preface by the *anonymous* Editor begins thus—'A Gentleman who *for the present* chuses not to publish his name'—Afterwards occur these sentences 'By the public prints we are informed that a Scottish Clergyman lately discovered the first rude draught of this Poem—it is however said to be very imperfect—the 5<sup>th</sup> Stanza and a half of the 6<sup>th</sup>, say the Prints, being deficient, has been supplied by Mr M—"It" (what grammar have we here?) has been published in some of these diurnal papers'—why does this Anonymous Editor, of a MS handed to him from one without a name, first talk of Dr C's Edition as if he had never seen it—'it is said to be imperfect', and then deliver an opinion upon Mr Mackenzie's addition, from his own judgement in these words—'It', meaning the part added by Mr Mackenzie, 'is undoubtedly pretty but wants' etc. What probability is there of his having seen that part without having seen the whole, of which in the previous sentence he affects to

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Alexander Carlyle (1722–1805), Minister of Inveresk.

<sup>2</sup> Henry Mackenzie (1745–1831), author of *The Man of Feeling*. He supplied stanza v and part of vi, which were missing in the authentic copy.

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have no knowledge but by hearsay? In the dedication to the Wartons, it is boldly asserted, that, as their mention of the Poem to Dr Johnson was the means that led to the imperfect first draught, it likewise was the happy means of bringing this *perfect* copy to light. The *proximate* means certainly was the publication of Dr Carlyle's copy, of the authenticity of which no doubt can be entertained—and if it were a rude draught it certainly was not so compared with this Editor's Copy, for they appear to be the same with the exceptions only above mentioned —viz. the supplemental part, and a few alterations made as should seem for alteration's sake, and a hemisstich and word or two supplied—observe the declaration—‘A Gentleman who *for the present.*’ 40 years have since elapsed, and the Gentleman does not yet *chuse* to publish his name. The fair inference is that no such gentleman ever existed, and according to the plain rules of evidence the longer the name is concealed the less is the assertion entitled to credit, if it ever had a claim at all to be respected.

It is not to be doubted that the Copy which Collins himself read to the Wartons in 1754 of this ode, which was composed in 1749, had undergone a studious revisal. That Copy in all probability perished in the wreck of Collins's papers—assuredly the stanzas supplied in Bell's Edition were not there, at least as printed by his Editor. Collins could at no period of his life have suffered so bad a line to stand as They mourned, in air, *fell fell* Rebellion *slain*, or such a one as *Pale red Culloden* where those hopes were *drowned*. Or is it likely that Collins, how far soever participating the popular Enthusiasm in favour of the Duke of Cumberland, would have pronounced him a person more glorious than one who had ‘gained heroic fame’ because he, the Duke, *Broke slavery's chain* to reign a *private Man*, that is, to be content with a station from which he could not have attempted to raise himself without being a Rebel or a Traitor?—I never saw the Edinburgh Transactions, in which Dr C.'s Copy was printed: if I had it before me, I should enter for your satisfaction into the minutiae of the internal evidence, but I will now merely ask —What is the meaning of ‘some hundred miles astray’ and what is the probability that Collins, as in Bell's Edition, wrote ‘they drain the *scented spray*’ when ‘*scented grave*’ occurs before: Is

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sainted a word supplied by Dr Carlyle? as wells were formerly dedicated to saints it is surely much preferable to scented, which besides its being used before is nonsense.

By the Bye, I am almost sure that that very agreeable line

Nor ever vernal Bee was heard to murmur there

is from Martin's account of St Kilda, not from his volume on the Western Islands,<sup>1</sup> but a separate pamphlet which he published on St Kilda,<sup>2</sup> and which I once possessed, but have unfortunately mislaid.

Excuse this tedious scrawl, which I fear you will find illegible. I have been impatient in writing it, *as I always am*. I remain,

Sincerely, your obliged serv<sup>nt</sup>,

Wm Wordsworth.

P.S. How does the Quatrain 'There Shakespear's self' etc. stand in the Edinburgh Copy? as printed in Bell's edition which you follow it is downright nonsense.

When Shakespear's self with every garland crown'd  
his wayward sisters found

is sense, but what do *you* make of the intermediate words

Flew to those fairy climes his fancy *sheen*<sup>3</sup>  
In musing hour.

*MS.*            831. W. W. to Allan Cunningham  
*K(—)*

[Nov. 11. 1828]

My dear Friend,

I send back your preface with two or three verbal alterations: there is no need of Mr Southey's assistance<sup>4</sup>—it will do as it is.—I wish the Selection may answer the purpose, for myself I can form no conjecture.—I congratulate you on the success of your Annual<sup>5</sup>—I am engaged on the same terms for the Keepsake,

<sup>1</sup> *A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*, by M. Martin, gent., 1703.

<sup>2</sup> *A late Voyage to St. Kilda. The Remotest of all the Hebrides or Western Islands of Scotland*, by M. Martin, gent., 1698.

<sup>3</sup> This line was an addition in Bell's copy; it is not in the Edinburgh copy.

<sup>4</sup> In his letter Cunningham had said, 'From such a pen as mine the Preface ought not to come—our friend Southey is the man for it—and I can only rough-write it.' The book was never published.

<sup>5</sup> Six thousand copies had already been sold of *The Anniversary*, A. C.'s Annual.

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and am not quite easy under the engagement as I have not written a line, nor am in possession of one which would answer their purpose—so that I really could not promise a contribution to any other work of the kind, were the publishers prepared to pay me at the rate which I am at liberty to accept. I regret this both on your account and for Mr Alaric Watts whom I wished to serve. I send you back your own Letter thinking it may save you some trouble of transcription—I see that ‘Simon Lee’ is down on your list.—I could wish that Piece to be slightly altered thus. The 2nd Stanza to be transposed and to stand as the 4th thus altered

But oh the heavy change! bereft  
Of strength, of Friends and kindred, see etc.

The next stanza to begin thus

And he is lean etc.

Is the bust sent off to Mr Charles Wordsworth Christ Church Oxon? Do you know the address of Mr James Wilson of Edinburgh, Brother to the Professor. He wishes for one to be sent to him to Edinburgh by sea.

*(Unsigned)*

*This letter is written on the same sheet as Cunningham’s letter to which it is the reply. At the bottom of the page containing the proposed Preface W. W. has written Excuse this verbal alteration. I hope care will be taken that the Vol. is correctly printed. At the bottom of the page of Contents W. W. writes: Would not ‘Repentance a pastoral Ballad’ ‘The Affliction of Margaret’ ‘The Childless Father’ and ‘Address to a Child during a boisterous Winter Evening’ be suitable? and if you want a long piece ‘The Brothers’ or the Tale of ‘Ellen’ in the Excursion. Would not also the two April mornings and The Fountain, and Conversation suit?*

MS. 832. *W. W. to Edward Quillinan*

[p.m. Nov. 12, 1828]

*Advertisement.*

A married Clergyman, of the Church of England, M.A. of the University of Cambridge, and resident in France, receives into

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his family, a few Pupils, whom he prepares for the English Universities, and the different departments of His Majesty's Service. The French and German Languages are taught by Professors of eminence living with the family, in which no conversation except through the medium of one of the above languages is permitted. Terms 100 guineas per annum. In this sum, board, tuition, a separate room, and washing are included: Address, with further particulars, may be obtained by applying to Mr Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street: to Mr Power, 34 Strand: to Messrs Birchall and Co. 140 New Bond Street, London: or to Mr Galignani, 18 Rue Vivienne, and Messrs Treuthel and Wurtz, 17 Rue de Bourbon, Paris.

My dear Quillinan,

I have received the draft £9 odd. The Whitehaven Office, not insuring for less than £100, it could not be done; but the vessel is arrived. I wish you had kept the money either for yourself or Mr Robinson. The wine, I believe, is now in Bond at Whitehaven, as I wrote to a person there to take care of it. Mr Southey will take his share—and I will remit the money, together with Mr Robinson's and the little account Mary has with you shortly.

Would you be kind enough to inquire the particulars of the above advertisement; the where, the who, and if as the A—expresses every expense of Languages, in short all but books, clothes and pocket money be included in the £100, but above all what pupils the person has and who they are. These may be disagreeable offices—but as it is not for yourself it may be more easily gotten over. Wm must go somewhere, as he is doing nothing at home,—but don't mention names—if this were a thorough good establishment I should incline strongly to send him.

Did you know the Flemings of Rayrigg? This moment Dora tells me that Mrs F. was twice at Church yesterday, quite well, and died in the night. My son Wm is just gone out to look after woodcocks, 4 were seen together yesterday. I wish you were among them.

Miss Hutchinson left us this morning for Brinsop. Lady

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Farquhar takes her as far as Birmingham. I drove my Sister to Stavely, near Kendal, Friday last on her way to Whitwick, John's curacy. We shall not, alas! see her again for half a year—nor Miss H. probably for 18 months. Joanna is here for the winter, an invalid—Dora is well—but suffers occasionally, indeed too often, from toothache, and the utmost care is needed for what she eats. She no longer encourages your trade, having taken to ginger tea instead. I ought to have mentioned before, that Miss H. has been put upon a low diet by Mr Carr, on account of a recurrence of spitting of blood. In consequence of this change of regimen she has lost much strength, and a walk to Ambleside fatigued her yesterday to a degree she never knew before; we are of course very thankful that she has so pleasant a companion and so easy a conveyance, so far.

Of the Keepsake I have neither seen nor heard anything. Besides the Triad it contained two short pieces of mine, and 4 or 5 sonnets.

I have not written a verse these 9 months past—my vein I fear is run out. Galignani<sup>1</sup> has printed my Poems in one Vol: at Paris, so there is an end to the sale of the London Edition, his being to be had at a third or a 4th of the price.

We are glad to hear so good an account of the Children. Love to them both. Poor Sir Egerton: coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt. Tell Mr Robinson to write to us as soon as you see him. Farewell. Affectionate regards from Mary, Dora, Wm., in which I heartily join.

Faithfully yours,

W. W.

*Address: Edward Quillinan Esq, Bryanston St, Portman Square.*

*MS. 833. W. W. to Messrs. Longman & Co.*

Rydal Mount Nov<sup>r</sup> 25<sup>th</sup> [1828]

Gent<sup>m</sup>,

The draft on account of the Book of the Lakes<sup>2</sup> did not reach me till within a very few days before I received your letter of

<sup>1</sup> Written Gagliani.

<sup>2</sup> *A Description of the Scenery of the Lakes in the North of England*, 3rd ed. 1822.

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enquiry—I, having left London previous to your sending it to Bryanston St—where it had lain during the long absence of my friend.<sup>1</sup> The bill is now afloat, and will no doubt soon find its way to you.

I was surprized to hear from a Gentleman yesterday, by letter, that he had sent to P. N. Row for a copy of the *Companion to the Lakes* but was told it could not be had.—I presume it being asked for by that title has been the cause of the disappointment—not that the book is out of Print? Pray send a copy with the author's respects to G Huntly Gordon Esq Cannon Row Chambers, Cannon Row.

I am, dear Sir

very sincerely y<sup>rs</sup>

Wm Wordsworth

Address: Mess<sup>rs</sup> Longman & Co 39 Paternoster Row.

M.  
G. K.

834. W. W. to C. W. (Jun<sup>r</sup>)

Rydal Mount, Nov. 27, 1828.

My dear Christopher,

It gives me much pleasure to learn that your residence in France has answered so well. As I had recommended the step, I felt more especially anxious to be informed of the result. I have only to regret that you did not tell me whether the interests of a foreign country and a brilliant metropolis had encroached more upon the time due to academical studies than was proper.

As to the revolution which Mr D—— calculates upon, I agree with him that a great change must take place, but not altogether, or even mainly, from the causes which he looks to, if I be right in conjecturing that he expects that the religionists who have at present such influence over the king's mind will be predominant. The extremes to which they wish to carry things are not sufficiently in the spirit of the age to suit their purpose. The French monarchy must undergo a great change, or it will fall altogether. A constitution of government so disproportioned

<sup>1</sup> Quillinan, who lived at 12 Bryanston Street. After the death of Monkhouse in 1825 W. often made Q.'s house his head-quarters when in London.

cannot endure. A monarchy without a powerful aristocracy or nobility graduating into a gentry, and so downwards, cannot long subsist. This is wanting in France, and must continue to be wanting till the restrictions imposed on the disposal of property by will, through the Code Napoleon, are done away with; and it may be observed, by-the-bye, that there is a bareness, some would call it a simplicity, in that code which unfits it for a complex state of society like that of France, so that evasions and stretchings of its provisions are already found necessary, to a degree which will ere long convince the French people of the necessity of disencumbering themselves of it. But to return.

My fear is, that for the cause assigned, the French monarchy may fall before an aristocracy can be raised to give it necessary support. The great monarchies of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, having not yet been subject to popular revolutions, are still able to maintain themselves, through the old feudal *forces* and qualities, with something, not much, of the feudal *virtues*. This cannot be in France; popular inclinations are much too strong—thanks, I will say so far, to the Revolution. How is a government fit for her condition to be supported but by religion, and a spirit of honour or refined conscience? Now religion, in a widely extended country plentifully peopled, cannot be preserved from abuse of priestly influence, and from superstition and fanaticism, nor honour be an operating principle upon a large scale, except through *property*—that is, such accumulations of it, graduated, as I have mentioned above, through the community. Thus and thus only can be had exemption from temptation to low habits of mind, leisure for solid education, and dislike to innovation, from a sense in the several classes how much they have to lose; for circumstances often make men wiser, or at least more discreet, when their individual levity or presumption would dispose them to be much otherwise. To what extent that constitution of character which is produced by property makes up for the decay of chivalrous loyalty and strengthens governments, may be seen by comparing the officers of the English army with those of Prussia, etc. How far superior are ours as gentlemen! so much so that British officers can scarcely associate with those of the Continent, not from pride, but instinctive aversion to

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their low propensities. But I cannot proceed, and ought, my dear C—, to crave your indulgence for so long a prose.

When you see Frere,<sup>1</sup> pray give him my kind regards, and say that he shall hear from me the first frank I can procure. Farewell, with kindest love from all,

Yours, very affectionately,

W. W.

MS. 835. M. and W. W. to Edward Quillinan

[p.m. Nov. 28, 1828]

M. W. writes [first sheet missing]:

. . . name you shall be made as wise as we. You know *my way* of making my friends useful when I can do so, without putting them to any *rational* inconvenience—and you know also that I do not care if you tell me you won't do my errand, and that I am impertinent to ask such a service—therefore I make no apologies.

Is H Robinson returned? When you see him—say to him that Dora often hopes he will pay us a visit during the winter—when she means to profit by some lesson[s] in the German language from him. She has threatened to be a German student, but Colds and Poetry—for she is now her Father's amanuensis—if they go on at their present pace, will leave no time for aught else. We have not seen the Keep-sake yet—nor heard much about it.

W. W. writes:

My dear Friend, Mrs W— has not only written the above, but read it to Dora and me—we both protest against the dark account of the Article, *HEALTH* in it; particularly as respects herself. She chose the other [day] to face on Horseback a fierce storm of rain from the Grasmere Quarter (you know what kind of assailants they are) and she caught an inevitable cold, but it seems passing away. Her spirits are excellent and were she but a little stronger with digestive powers less liable to disorder, we

<sup>1</sup> John Hookham Frere (1769–1846), contributor to *Anti-Jacobin* (1797–8), author of *Monks and Giants* (1817), and translator of Aristophanes (1839–40).

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should have little to complain of on this score. Undoubtedly poor Wm is in wretched spirits as well he may be; losing his time as he is from want of aim or hope for his future course. Had Mr Canning now been living,<sup>1</sup> I would have stated his situation, and given briefly and openly Wm's History to him; and I am simple enough to believe, for Canning had a respect for literature, and was a good natured man, that such a step would not have been without effect. As things are, his Mother and I are very anxious about him.

The Nankeen Pantaloons were furnished by a Taylor of your recommendation. I promised to pay ready money for them—but I lost sight of him—he talked about 20 shillings, but I said 18/- was the price I should give—but as I have not paid him ready money, I do not mean you to be my representative in keeping him to those terms—therefore, pay what you think proper. The Poem Mrs W— mentions is a sort of Romance—with no more solid foundation than the word—Water lily<sup>2</sup> but dont mention it—it rose out of my mind like an exhalation—no better, probably, you will say for that. Never fail to mention your Children. Give my love to them both, and a Godfather's blessing to my own. I shall write to Rogers about the Athenaeum in a day or two. We long to hear of Henry Robinson—tell him, now that he is a Gentleman at large, that we shall growl if he does not come to look at us and our mountains in Winter, farewell—a thousand good wishes

faithfully yours W. Wordsworth.

Address: Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup>, Bryanston St, Portman Square.

K(—)

836. W. W. to C. W.

Rydal Mount, Friday, [1828.]<sup>3</sup>

My dear Brother,

. . . Our expedition answered perfectly. Our route was by steam from London to Ostend, by barge to Ghent, by diligence

<sup>1</sup> Canning died Aug. 8, 1827.

<sup>2</sup> *The Egyptian Maid or The Romance of the Water Lily*, publ. 1835 (Oxf. W., p. 369).

<sup>3</sup> This letter must have been written some time between July and December.

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to Brussels, by diligence to Namur, stopping four hours at the field of Waterloo, up the Meuse (*en voiture*) to Dinant, and back to Namur; thence by barge down the Meuse to Liège, *en voiture* to Spa, and by the same conveyance to Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne; thence to Godesberg, two leagues above Bonn on the Rhine. Here we halted a week, and thence up the Rhine, as far as it is confined between the rocks, viz. to Bingen, and down it by water to Godesberg again, having stopped a day or two wherever we were tempted. At Godesberg we remained nearly another week, and thence down the Rhine to Nijmegen; thence *en voiture* to Arnheim and Utrecht, and by barge to Amsterdam, and so on through Haarlem, Leyden, The Hague, Delft, to Rotterdam; thence in steamboat to Antwerp, in diligence to Ghent, and by barge again to Ostend, where we embarked for London. . . . On our return to the North we stopped a fortnight with John, with whom his mother had resided during our absence of nearly seven weeks; and found John happy in the quiet and solitude of Whitwick. . . . I have been baffled in all my attempts to find a situation for William, so that after having taken him off from his Greek, and remitted his Latin reading in some degree, I am now obliged to turn my thoughts again to college. With this view he must quit home for a year's preparation. I have written to Mr. Jackson to learn if he can take him; if he cannot, I must place him somewhere else, and should be glad of a suggestion from you on the subject. . . .

*MS.*            837. *W. W. to Benjamin Dockray*

Rydal Mount, Dec<sup>r</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>, '28.<sup>1</sup>

Dear Sir,

The Papers<sup>2</sup> to which you kindly direct my attention are written in that spirit which the question eminently requires; But as I have not seen the Article in the Q.R. which called them forth I am less able to judge how far they meet the arguments

<sup>1</sup> For *W. W. to H. C. R.*, Nov. 28 and *D. W. to H. C. R.*, Nov. 30, *v. C.R.*, pp. 191-6.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. L. A. McIntyre suggests that these are 'possibly Dockray's "Remarks on the Catholic emancipation, and on the former ascendancy and present state of the Roman Catholic Religion"'. London, 1829.

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there advanced. I shall therefore not comment upon any particular passages in your Letter, though some things which you have said upon the Church of England, and the relation in which its members stand to it, do not seem to me to be borne out by the fact.—My own conclusions upon the general question differ from yours, because without considering whether in religious matters, or matters so intimately connected with religion as this, the Romanists are bindable by oath or not; I apprehend that they are not prepared to give securities at all; or to submit to such regulations as would leave an attached member of the Church of England at ease. The subject has great difficulties on every side. The strongest argument in my mind against concession is the danger not to say the absurdity of allowing Catholics to legislate for the property of a protestant Church. This property is most inadequately represented in Parliament, scarcely at all—the Clergy being excluded from the Lower House, and the Bps dependant in the degree they are, upon the Minister[s.] Now we all know that the Romanists consider this property as having formerly belonged to them; and many to my certain knowledge, however extravagant the expectation may seem as to the Church of England, look to the Recovery of it.

The legal maxim *nullum tempus occurrit Regi* has in the minds of the zealots of this body its parallel in respect to their Church.—Catholics have sate in Parliament we know well without directing a battery against the Property of the Protestant Church; they have I believe even been its Defenders, but that was at a time when Episcopacy and the rights and property of the Church were assailed by Fanatics, endeavouring to subvert everything. No inference can be drawn from the Conduct of Papists when that hostility was going forward; in favor of their abstinence from attack in the present day. I point your attention to this part of the subject, from the interest I take in it not merely as a conscientious member of our church, but from a firm belief that in a secular view only it is eminently beneficial that so much property should be held by that kind of tenure—circulating from individual to individual and from family to family, without being locked up and confined to particular persons and families. This part of the argument deserves to be

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enlarged upon and is capable of being most forcibly put—but I have not time to do it.

I own I do not see much force in what is said of the oppressiveness and injustice of exclusion from Parliament—when we consider what large bodies of men are excluded—the whole of the Clergy from the lower House, and every man who has not £300 per ann. real estate, besides other large classes. Then again as to the Stigma, unless you are prepared to open the Throne itself to Catholics, and overturn the provision of the Revolution of 1688, that still must cleave to their name and faith.

But I must conclude, believe me, dear Sir, in haste,

very respectfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

Address: Benj<sup>n</sup> Dockray Esq<sup>re</sup>, Lancaster.

M.  
G.  
K.

838. W. W. to Hugh James Rose<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, Dec. 11, 1828.

My dear Sir,

I have read your excellent sermons delivered before the University<sup>2</sup> several times. In nothing were my notions different from yours as there expressed. It happened that I had been reading just before Bishop Bull's sermon,<sup>3</sup> of which you speak so highly; it had struck me just in the same way as an inestimable production. I was highly gratified by your discourses, and cannot but think that they must have been beneficial to the hearers, there abounds in them so pure a fervour. I have as yet bestowed less attention upon your German controversy<sup>4</sup> than so important a subject deserves.

<sup>1</sup> Hugh James Rose (1795–1838), of Trinity, Cambridge: a friend of Newman, Froude, and Keble, and a prominent but moderate high Churchman. Select preacher at Cambridge, 1829–30, 1833, and 1834. In 1820 he had been C. W.'s curate at Buxted, Sussex.

<sup>2</sup> *On the Commission and Consequent Duties of the Clergy*, preached before the University of Cambridge, in April, 1828, and published in 1828.—M.

<sup>3</sup> *The Priest's Office Difficult and Dangerous*.—M.

<sup>4</sup> *The State of the Protestant Religion in Germany*, a series of discourses preached before the University of Cambridge. The sermons raised a good deal of hostile criticism in Germany.

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Since our conversation upon the subject of Education, I have found no reason to alter the opinions I then expressed. Of those who seem to me to be in error, two parties are especially prominent; they, the most conspicuous head of whom is Mr. Brougham, who think that sharpening of intellect and attainment of knowledge are things good in themselves, without reference to the circumstances under which the intellect is sharpened, or to the quality of the knowledge acquired. ‘Knowledge’, says Lord Bacon, ‘is power’, but surely not less for evil than for good. Lord Bacon spoke like a philosopher; but they who have that maxim in their mouths the oftenest have the least understanding of it.

The other class consists of persons who are aware of the importance of religion and morality above everything; but, from not understanding the constitution of our nature and the composition of society, they are misled and hurried on by zeal in a course which cannot but lead to disappointment. One instance of this fell under my own eyes the other day in the little town of Ambleside, where a party, the leaders of which are young ladies, are determined to set up a school for girls on the Madras system,<sup>1</sup> confidently expecting that these girls will in consequence be less likely to go astray when they grow up to be women. Alas, alas! they may be taught, I own, more quickly to read and write under the Madras system, and to answer more readily, and perhaps with more intelligence, questions put to them than they could have done under dame-teaching. But poetry may, with deference to the philosopher and the religionist, be consulted in these matters; and I will back Shenstone’s school-mistress, by her winter fire and in her summer garden-seat, against all Dr Bell’s sour-looking teachers in petticoats that I have ever seen.

What is the use of pushing on the education of girls so fast, and mainly by the stimulus of Emulation, who, to say nothing worse of her, is cousin-german to Envy? What are you to do with these girls? What demand is there for the ability that they may have prematurely acquired? Will they not be indisposed to bend to any kind of hard labour or drudgery? And yet many of them must submit to it, or do wrong. The mechanism of the

<sup>1</sup> v. M.Y., p. 251.

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Bell system is not required in small places; praying after the fugleman<sup>1</sup> is not like praying at a mother's knee. The Bellites overlook the difference; they talk about moral discipline; but wherein does it encourage the imaginative feelings, without which the practical understanding is of little avail, and too apt to become the cunning slave of the bad passions? I dislike display in everything; above all in education. . . . The old dame did not affect to make theologians or logicians; but she taught to read; and she practised the memory, often, no doubt, by rote; but still the faculty was improved; something, perhaps, she explained, and trusted the rest to parents, to masters, and to the pastor of the parish. I am sure as good daughters, as good servants, as good mothers and wives, were brought up at that time as now, when the world is so much less humble-minded. A hand full of employment, and a head not above it, with such principles and habits as may be acquired without the Madras machinery, are the best security for the chastity of wives of the lower rank. Farewell. I have exhausted my paper.

Your affectionate  
W. Wordsworth.

M.  
G.  
K.

839. W. W. to Hugh James Rose

[ ? ]<sup>2</sup>

My dear Sir,

I have taken a folio sheet to make certain minutes upon the subject of Education. . . .

As a Christian preacher your business is with man as an immortal being. Let us imagine you to be addressing those, and those only, who would gladly co-operate with you in any course of education which is most likely to insure to men a happy immortality. Are you satisfied with that course which the most active of this class are bent upon? Clearly not, as I remember from your conversation, which is confirmed by your last letter.

<sup>1</sup> fugleman: 'a soldier especially expert and well drilled, formerly placed in front of a regiment as a model to the others in their exercises.' (O.E.D.)

<sup>2</sup> n.d., but probably written soon after previous letter.

Great principles, you hold, are sacrificed to shifts and expedients. I agree with you. What more sacred law of nature, for instance, than that the mother should educate her child? Yet we felicitate ourselves upon the establishment of infant schools, which is in direct opposition to it. Nay, we interfere with the maternal instinct before the child is born, by furnishing, in cases where there is no necessity, the mother with baby linen for her unborn child. Now, that in too many instances a lamentable necessity may exist for this, I allow; but why should such charity be obtruded? Why should so many excellent ladies form themselves into committees, and rush into an almost indiscriminate benevolence, which precludes the poor mother from the strongest motive human nature can be actuated by for industry, for forethought, and for self-denial? When the stream has thus been poisoned at its fountain-head, we proceed, by separating, through infant schools, the mother from the child and from the rest of the family, disburthening them of all care of the little one for perhaps eight hours of the day. To those who think this an evil, but a necessary one, much might be said, in order to qualify unreasonable expectations. But there are thousands of stirring people now in England, who are so far misled as to deem these schools *good in themselves*, and to wish that, even in the smallest villages, the children of the poor should have what *they* call 'a good education' in this way. Now, these people (and no error is at present more common) confound *education* with *tuition*.

Education, I need not remark to you, is everything that *draws out* the human being, of which *tuition*, the teaching of schools especially, however important, is comparatively an insignificant part. Yet the present bent of the public mind is to sacrifice the greater power to the less; all that life and nature teach, to the little that can be learned from books and a master. In the eyes of an enlightened statesman this is absurd; in the eyes of a pure lowly-minded Christian it is monstrous.

The Spartan and other ancient communities might disregard domestic ties, because they had the substitution of country, which we cannot have. With us, country is a mere name compared with what it was to the Greeks: first, as contrasted with barbarians; and next, and above all, as that *passion* alone was

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strong enough then to preserve the individual, his family, and the whole State from ever-impending destruction. Our course is to supplement domestic attachments without the possibility of substituting others more capricious. What can grow out of it but selfishness?

Let it then be universally admitted that infant schools are an evil, only tolerated to qualify a greater, viz. the inability of mothers to attend to their children, and the like inability of the elder to take care of the younger, from their labour being wanted in factories, or elsewhere, for their common support. But surely this is a sad state of society; and if these expedients of tuition or education (if that word is not to be parted with) divert our attention from the fact that the remedy for so mighty an evil must be sought elsewhere, they are most pernicious things, and the sooner they are done away with the better.

But even as a course of tuition I have strong objections to infant schools, and in no small degree to the Madras system also. We must not be deceived by premature adroitness. The *intellect* must not be trained with a view to what the infant or child may perform, without constant reference to what that performance promises for the man. It is with the mind as with the body. I recollect seeing a German babe stuffed with beer and beef, who had the appearance of an infant Hercules. *He* might have enough in him of the old Teutonic blood to grow up to be a strong man; but tens of thousands would dwindle and perish after such unreasonable cramming. Now I cannot but think that the like would happen with our modern pupils, if the views of the patrons of these schools were realised. The diet they offer is not the natural diet for infant and juvenile minds. The faculties are over-strained, and not exercised with that simultaneous operation which ought to be aimed at as far as is practicable. Natural history is taught in infant schools by pictures stuck up against walls, and such mummery. A moment's notice of a red-breast pecking by a winter's hearth is worth it all.

These hints are for the negative side of the question; and for the positive,—what conceit, and presumption, and vanity, and envy, and mortification, and hypocrisy, etc., etc. are the un-

avoidable result of schemes where there is so much display and contention! All this is at enmity with Christianity; and if the practice of sincere churchmen in this matter be so, what have we not to fear when we cast our eyes upon other quarters where religious instruction is deliberately excluded? The wisest of us expect far too much from school teaching. One of the most innocent, contented, happy, and, in his sphere, most useful men whom I know can neither read nor write. Though learning and sharpness of wit must exist somewhere, to protect, and in some points to interpret, the Scriptures, yet we are told that the Founder of this religion rejoiced in spirit, that things were hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes; and again, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise'. Apparently, the infants here contemplated were under a very different course of discipline from that which many in our day are condemned to. In a town of Lancashire, about nine in the morning, the streets resound with the crying of infants, wheeled off in carts and other vehicles (some ladies, I believe, lending their carriages for this purpose) to their school-prisons.

But to go back a little. Human learning, as far as it tends to breed pride and self-estimation (and that it requires constant vigilance to counteract this tendency we must all feel), is against the spirit of the Gospel. Much cause, then, is there to lament that inconsiderate zeal, wherever it is found, which whets the intellect by blunting the affections. Can it, in a *general* view, be good that an infant should learn much which its *parents do not know*? Will not the child arrogate a superiority unfavourable to love and obedience?

But suppose this to be an evil only for the present generation, and that a succeeding race of infants will have no such advantage over their parents; still it may be asked, should we not be making these infants too much the creatures of society when we cannot make them more so? Here would they be, for eight hours in the day, like plants in a conservatory. What is to become of them for the other sixteen hours, when they are returned to all the influences, the dread of which first suggested this contrivance? Will they be better able to resist the mischief

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they may be exposed to from the bad example of their parents, or brothers and sisters? It is to be feared not, because, though they must have heard many good precepts, their condition in school is artificial; they have been removed from the discipline and exercise of humanity, and they have, besides, been subject to many evil temptations within school and peculiar to it.

In the present generation I cannot see anything of an harmonious co-operation between these schools and home influences. If the family be thoroughly bad, and the child cannot be removed altogether, how feeble the barrier, how futile the expedient! If the family be of middle character, the children will lose more by separation from domestic cares and reciprocal duties than they can possibly gain from captivity, with such formal instruction as may be administered.

We are then brought round to the point, that it is to a physical and not a moral necessity that we must look, if we would justify this disregard, I had almost said violation, of a primary law of human nature. The link of eleemosynary tuition connects the infant school with the national schools upon the Madras system. Now I cannot but think that there is too much indiscriminate gratuitous instruction in this country; arising out of the misconception above adverted to, of the real power of school teaching, relative to the discipline of life; and out of an over-value of talent, however exerted, and of knowledge, prized for its own sake, and acquired in the shape of knowledge. The latter clauses of the last sentence glance rather at the London University and the Mechanics' Institutes than at the Madras schools, yet they have some bearing upon these also. Emulation, as I observed in my last letter, is the master-spring of that system. It mingles too much with all teaching, and with all learning; but in the Madras mode it is the great wheel which puts every part of the machine into motion.

But I have been led a little too far from gratuitous instruction. If possible, instruction ought never to be altogether so. A child will soon learn to feel a stronger love and attachment to its parents, when it perceives that they are making sacrifices for its instruction. All that precept can teach is nothing compared with convictions of this kind. In short, unless book-attainments

are carried on by the side of moral influences they are of no avail. Gratitude is one of the most benign of moral influences; can a child be grateful to a corporate body for its instruction? or grateful even to the Lady Bountiful of the neighbourhood, with all the splendour which he sees about her, as he would be grateful to his poor father and mother, who spare from their scanty provision a mite for the culture of his mind at school? If we look back upon the progress of things in this country since the Reformation, we shall find that instruction has never been severed from moral influences and purposes, and the natural action of circumstances, in the way that is now attempted. Our forefathers established, in abundance, free grammar schools; but for a distinctly understood religious purpose. They were designed to provide against a relapse of the nation into Popery, by diffusing a knowledge of the languages in which the Scriptures are written, so that a sufficient number might be aware how small a portion of the popish belief had a foundation in Holy Writ.

It is undoubtedly to be desired that every one should be able to read, and perhaps (for that is far from being equally apparent) to write. But you will agree with me, I think, that these attainments are likely to turn to better account where they are not gratuitously lavished, and where either the parents and connections are possessed of certain property which enables them to procure the instruction for their children, or where, by their frugality and other serious and self-denying habits, they contribute, as far as they can, to benefit their offspring in this way. Surely, whether we look at the usefulness and happiness of the individual, or the prosperity and security of the state, this, which was the course of our ancestors, is the better course. Contrast it with that recommended by men in whose view knowledge and intellectual adroitness are to do everything of themselves.

We have no guarantee in the social condition of these *well informed pupils* for the use they may make of their power and their knowledge; the scheme points not to man as a religious being; its end is an unworthy one; and its means do not pay respect to the order of things. Try the Mechanics' Institutes,

and the London University, etc., by this test. The powers are not co-ordinate with those to which this nation owes its virtue and its prosperity. Here is, in one case, a sudden formal abstraction of a vital principle, and in both an unnatural and violent pushing on. Mechanics' Institutes make discontented spirits and insubordinate and presumptuous workmen. Such at least was the opinion of Watt, one of the most experienced and intelligent of men. And instruction, where religion is expressly excluded, is little less to be dreaded than that by which it is trodden under foot. And, for my own part, I cannot look without shuddering on the array of surgical midwifery lectures, to which the youth of London were invited at the commencement of this season by the advertisements of the London University. Hogarth understood human nature better than these professors; his picture I have not seen for many long years, but I think his last stage of cruelty is in the dissecting room.

But I must break off, or you will have double postage to pay for this letter. Pray excuse it; and pardon the style, which is, purposely, as meagre as I could make it, for the sake of brevity. I hope that you can gather the meaning, and that is enough. I find that I have a few moments to spare, and will, therefore, address a word to those who may be inclined to ask, what is the use of all these objections? The schoolmaster is, and will remain, abroad. The thirst of knowledge is spreading and will spread, whether virtue and duty go along with it or no. Grant it; but surely these observations may be of use if they tend to check unreasonable expectations. One of the most difficult tasks is to keep benevolence in alliance with beneficence. Of the former there is no want, but we do not see our way to the latter. Tenderness of heart is indispensable for a good man, but a certain sternness of heart is as needful for a wise one. We are as impatient under the evils of society as under our own, and more so; for in the latter case, necessity enforces submission. It is hard to look upon the condition in which so many of our fellow creatures are born, but they are not to be raised from it by partial and temporary expedients; it is not enough to rush headlong into any new scheme that may be proposed, be it Benefit Societies, Savings' Banks, Infant Schools, Mechanics' Institutes,

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or any other. Circumstances have forced this nation to do, by its manufacturers, an undue portion of the dirty and unwholesome work of the globe. The revolutions among which we have lived have unsettled the value of all kinds of property, and of labour, the most precious of all, to that degree that misery and privation are frightfully prevalent. We must bear the sight of this, and endure its pressure, till we have by reflection discovered the cause, and not till then can we hope even to palliate the evil. It is a thousand to one but that the means resorted to will aggravate it. Farewell, ever affectionately yours,

W. Wordsworth.

*Query.*—Is the education in the parish schools of Scotland gratuitous, or if not, in what degree is it so?

K.        840. W. W. to George Huntly Gordon<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, Dec. 15, 1828.

How strange that any one should be puzzled with the name *Triad*, after reading the poem! I have turned to Dr Johnson, and there find ‘*Triad, three united*’, and not a word more, as nothing more was needed. I should have been rather mortified if you had not liked the piece, as I think it contains some of the happiest verses I ever wrote. It had been promised several years to two of the party before a fancy fit for the performance struck me; it was then thrown off rapidly, and afterwards revised with care. During the last week I wrote some stanzas on the *Power of Sound*,<sup>2</sup> which ought to find a place in my larger work if aught should ever come of that.

In the book on the Lakes, which I have not at hand, is a passage rather too vaguely expressed, where I content myself with saying, that after a certain point of elevation the effect of

<sup>1</sup> George Huntly Gordon (1798–1868), a protégé of Sir Walter Scott, ‘to whose kindness’, he says, ‘his prosperity was all clearly traceable’. Precluded by deafness from entering the Scottish ministry for which he had been trained, he acted from 1824 to 1826 as Scott’s amanuensis; in 1826, through Scott’s intervention, he obtained a temporary post as assistant secretary to Lushington, Secretary to the Treasury, and a little later a permanent position in H.M. Stationery Office (*v. Lockhart’s Life of Scott*, ch. lxxv).

<sup>2</sup> Oxf. W., p. 232.

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mountains depends much more upon their form than upon their absolute height. This point, which ought to have been defined, is the one to which fleecy clouds (not thin watery vapours) are accustomed to descend. I am glad you are so much interested with this little tract; it could not have been written without long experience. I remain, most faithfully,

Your much obliged,

William Wordsworth.

MS. 841. *W. W. to Henry Crabb Robinson*<sup>1</sup>

[p.m. Dec<sup>r</sup> 18 1828]

My dear Friend,

I wrote to you some time ago about my Son Wm, if you have received the Letter I doubt not you are prosecuting enquiries. I now write to say that I have heard, through Mr Gordon—private Secretary to Mr Planta,<sup>2</sup> of a very promising situation under Mr Papendich of Bremen—Perhaps you may know the Gentleman, Mr Planta and others speak highly of him—if you do, pray tell me about him—at all events I am so satisfied with this prospect—that I cannot feel justified in leaving you to continue your inquiries.

I have this morning written to Mr Gordon to tell him so. I forgot to notice Galignani<sup>3</sup> in my last—he has sent me a Royal Vellum Copy—a poor Compensation for his Piracy<sup>4</sup>—one thing however is laudable, the book is printed with admirable accuracy, I have not noticed a single error that I am not myself answerable for—I agree with you that the honour is worse than nothing, and I cannot but think the Paris Edition will much hurt a Sale sufficiently languid. But how can we expect that foreign Nations will respect our literary property when our laws of copyright are so shamefully unjust?—Hereafter—a remedy

<sup>1</sup> Only an abstract of this letter is printed in *C.R.* (p. 196).

<sup>2</sup> Joseph Planta (1787–1847), diplomatist, son of Librarian of the B.M. He served as private secretary in turn to Canning and to Lord Castlereagh. In 1813 he had toured the English Lakes, and perhaps became acquainted with W. at that time.

<sup>3</sup> written Gagliani.

<sup>4</sup> *The Poetical Works of W. W.* complete in one vol. Paris: Published by A. and W. Galignani, No. 18, rue Vivienne, 1828.

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must be applied to this grievance—the law as it now stands, as to the point of duration of copyright is a premium upon book-making and mediocrity. My own Poems have been thirty years struggling uphill, and are yet crossed in their way by [ ] see an instance in the last Quarterly, the article Sotheby's Georgics—Were I to die tomorrow, my MSS—whatever might be their advantage to Booksellers, would in 28 years time be of no value to my Children or their descendants. You are a Lawyer, a Man of Letters, and now have leisure, pray reflect upon this subject; and do more, write upon it through the Quarterly or any other leading Publication.

Let us see you.

Lord Lonsdale has just pres[ented] my eldest Son to a small Li[ving] adieu—most affectionately yours

Wm Wordsworth

I hope you liked the Triad, as to the other things—some of them particularly the Wishing-gate have given pleasure—but the Triad is my *own* favorite.

Address: H. C. Robinson Esq<sup>re</sup>, King's Bench Walk, Temple

*MS.*            842. *W. W. to F. Mansel Reynolds*  
*K(—)*

Rydal Mount Decr 19<sup>th</sup> 1828

My dear Sir,

The best way of thanking you for your obliging Letter is by replying to it immediately, which I shall do *snappishly*—not in temper, but for the sake of conciseness in style.—You would have heard from me sooner, but I was looking for the Keepsake—which I thought would probably find its way to me through one of Mr Southey's Longman or Murray parcels which he is so frequently receiving. You probably were not aware of this; or your very commendable wish to spare my Purse might have been gratified through this channel.—The Keepsake<sup>1</sup> must be better stitched or its sale will suffer in the Country. A neighbour of mine had to send his 1829 Copy 20 miles—to have the leaves refastened.

<sup>1</sup> *The Keepsake*, F. M. R.'s Annual for 1829, was published in Nov. 1828.

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The Copy Mr Heath<sup>1</sup> gave me had several leaves started. In London you may not so much mind this—but in many places it would be fatal to the work. I have not seen it—and in winter we live so much to ourselves that I have scarcely heard of it or any of its Brethren. You do well to point out to me what would suit you best—but some of the pieces you mention are among the happinesses of a life.—Such articles cannot be bespoken with the probability of the Contract being fulfilled.—You must take what comes and be content. I hope you did not patronize Gagliani's piracy by yourself purchasing the work. My Friend Mr Robinson laudably declined doing so when at Paris—because he would not encourage so unfair a proceeding.—My last Edition is yet a few pounds in my debt—and I am certain that the sale will be much impeded by the Paris Edition at less than half the price of the London one. Everybody goes to Paris nowadays.—I see you are a conscientious Reckoner—I feared my quota would prove short of my engagement—but not as you say '*very short*' of our stipulated Mark. The strict letter was 12 pages at the least and 15 at the most.<sup>2</sup> Depend upon it one year with another you shall have no right to complain—And this year the account shall be set straight. I am rather rich, having produced 730<sup>3</sup> verses last month—after a long fallow—In the list are two stories—and three incidents—so that your wish may be gratified, by some one or more of these Pieces. But I will tell you frankly—I can write nothing better than a great part of *The Triad*—whether it be for your purpose or no.—I cannot yet dismiss '*The Keepsake*'—it has got me into a scrape with Alaric Watts—he sent me a message through Mrs Coleridge (I hope not accurately delivered) that I had not only puffed everywhere *The Keepsake*, but *depreciated* the other works of

<sup>1</sup> The proprietor and chief engraver of *The Keepsake*.

<sup>2</sup> v. Letter 848 (to Cunningham).

<sup>3</sup> It is difficult to make up this number from the poems usually attributed to 1828, for if we exclude *The Triad*, *The Gleaner*, and *The Wishing Gate*, and the two sonnets, *A Gravestone*, &c., and *A Tradition of Oken Hill*, &c., already published in *The Keepsake*, the only poems left are *A Jewish Family*, *Incident at Bruges*, *The Wishing Gate Destroyed*, *A Morning Exercise*, and *The Power of Sound*. But W. probably includes *The Egyptian Maid*, usually dated 1830, of which he had perhaps already written a draft (v. Letter to E. Q., p. 323.).

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the kind—his own of course included. How he could think me capable of anything so presumptuous, so ungentlemanly, and so *ungenerous*, I cannot conceive. I was offended—and did not reply—though he offered through the same channel to give me as much as you had done.—It is true that I have frequently mentioned The Keepsake among my friends and acquaintance recommending it so far as to say that if high prices could procure good writing it could be found there—but I sometimes added that such a result was by no means sure—But as to any disparaging comparison between it and other works, especially of those Editors with whom I am acquainted—had I even known the Contents of the Keepsake, I *could* not have done such a thing.—And here let me remind you that I consider myself quite at liberty to contribute to any of these works that will pay me as you have done, and have engaged to do so. I care not a straw whether they will or no, but that liberty I reserve, also the right of reprinting the Pieces in any New Edition of my Works that may be called for.—Pray confirm this by Letter—

We have only one Letter from Mr Coleridge, since we left London—I doubt even that as I believe the short note was received while we were in Town. So that we know nothing of his proceedings, his jollifications with you included.

Allan Cunningham has been very urgent with me to write for him—we are on terms of intimacy, but my answer was as above. He offered me 50 Guineas—without mentioning quantity, before he knew the particulars of my Engagement with you—but I told him Alaric Watts had a prior claim.—

I am sorry I have not the command of a Frank for this Letter—put it down to The Keepsake account. Your prospectuses came to me at Lowther Castle—where was a large party of people of rank—so that it was rather fortunate. Mr Alaric Watts, I hope, would not think my circulating these Prospectuses unfair—I should as readily have done as much for him.—Shortly I shall have occasion to write to Mess<sup>rs</sup> Longman and as they have an interest in The Souvenir I shall advert to Mr Alaric Watts proposal and message through Mrs Coleridge—With kind compliments [from] Mrs W. and my Daughter. I remain my dear Sir very faithfully yours Wm Wordsworth.

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Pray send *without delay* the Keepsakes directed to me to the care of Mrs Carr, Mr Dowling's, 4 Norfolk Street, Strand. I find I can send this free of Postage by detaining it a couple of days.

*Address:* F. Mansel Reynolds Esq<sup>r</sup>, Warren St, Fitzroy Sq<sup>r</sup>, London.

MS.  
K(—)

843. W. W. to Barron Field

Rydal Mount 20<sup>th</sup> Dec<sup>r</sup> 1828.

My dear Sir,

I have just received your Letter, announcing that your destination is Ceylon—it is a weary distance—but you say that the Climate is good. How long are you to be absent? Mrs Field you say goes along with you—Take with you our best wishes for your joint health and prosperity—and *safe return*—We may meet again—but I am growing old—and all is dark. God bless you.

Mr Allan Cunningham, the Manager of Mr Chantrey's Busts used to charge 5 pounds for them to Strangers—but to my Friends only 3 pounds or guineas I forget which.—Call upon him with this Letter and one will be yours at that price.—But I must add that it will be well for you to do this as soon as you go to London—for he has been very slow in getting them executed lately.—One for my Nephew at Oxford was ordered by me long ago—and I fear he has not yet received it—But I will write to him today to prepare one for you—I am truly glad you liked the Triad—I think [a] great part of it is as elegant and spirited as anything I have written—but I was afraid to trust my judgement—as the airy Figures are all sketched from living originals that are dear to me.

I have had a Worcester paper sent me that gives, what it calls the *real History of Miserrimus*<sup>1</sup>—spoiling, as *real Histories* generally do, the Poem altogether—I doubt whether I ought to tell it you—yet I may for I had heard before, though since I wrote the Sonnet, another History of the same Tombstone. The first was that it was placed over an impious wretch who in popish

<sup>1</sup> *A Gravestone upon the floor in the Cloisters of Worcester Cathedral, v. Oxf. W., p. 275.*

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times, had profaned the Pix. The Newspaper tale is, that it was placed over the grave of a Nonjuring Clergyman at his own request—one who refused to take the oath to King Wm—was ejected in consequence, and lived upon the Charity of the Jacobites.—He died at 88 years of age—so that, at any rate, he could not have been ill fed—yet the Story says that the word alluded to his own sufferings on this account, i.e. his ejection only—He must have been made of poor stuff—and an act of duty of which the consequences were borne so ill has little to recommend him to posterity. I can scarcely think that such a feeling would have produced so emphatic and startling an Epitaph—and in such a place—just at the last of the steps falling from the Cathedral to the Cloister—The Pix story is not probable, the stone is too recent.—

I should like to write a *short* India Piece, if you would furnish me with a story—Southey mentioned one to me in Forbes's travels in India<sup>1</sup>—have you access to the Book at Liverpool, and leisure to consult it. He has it not—it is of a Hindoo Girl—who applied to a Bramin to recover a faithless Lover, an Englishman.—The Bramin furnished her with an Unguent with which she was to anoint his Chest while sleeping—and the Deserter would be won back—if you can find the passage and as I said before, have leisure, pray be so kind as to transcribe it for me and let me know whether you think anything can be made of it. Adieu—and believe me affectionately and faithfully yours

Wm. Wordsworth.

Kindest regards to Mrs Field

I am not likely to be in London in Spring.—

My Sister is in Leicestershire—at my Son's Curacy.

Address: Barron Field Esq<sup>r</sup>, Liverpool.

K(—)      844. W. W. to Allan Cunningham

Rydal Mount, 20<sup>th</sup> December, [1828.]

My dear Friend,

Pray prepare one of my busts for Mr Barron Field, who will

<sup>1</sup> *Oriental Memoirs: from a Series of Familiar Letters*, by James Forbes (1813–15), vol. iii, pp. 233–5.—K.

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be in town in spring, and will receive and pay you for it. He is going out to Ceylon as advocate-fiscal, and wishes to take it along with him. He is also a particular friend of Mr Charles Lamb. I hope my nephew has received his at Oxford. . . .

Ever faithfully your friend,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

*K(—)*

*845. D. W. to Jane Marshall*

26 Dec., [1828.]

. . . The small living of Moresby, vacated by Mr Huddlestane of Whitehaven, has been offered to John by Lord Lonsdale, and he thankfully accepts it. The manner in which Lord L. has done this favour is not less gratifying than the favour itself.

Our rector, Mr Merewether, is truly sorry to lose John, yet disinterested enough to be glad of his advancement. . . . He will remain here six months longer, and I of course shall remain with him. In fact, if he had continued here another winter, I should have done so also; as, in the first place, I am more useful than I could be anywhere else, and, in the second, am very comfortable. The walk to the rectory and the hall at Coleorton is not too long for a winter's morning call. Therefore we have no want of society, and our fireside at home has never been dull, or the evenings tediously long. It gives me great satisfaction also to see that John does the duties of his profession with zeal and cheerfulness, and is much liked and respected by the parishioners. His congregations, notwithstanding the numerous dissenting meeting-houses, are much increased.

Perhaps you know that we are on the borders of Charnwood Forest. There is much fine rocky ground, but no trees; the road dry in general, so it may be called a good country for walkers. There is one hill from which we have a most extensive prospect, twenty-one miles distant from us. The air is dry though cold (for we are at a great height above the sea). . . . John was at Cambridge last week, to be ordained priest; my brother Christopher and my nephews are well, and in good spirits. . . . Five weeks have I been here, and not a single rainy day. . . .

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K(—) 846. W. W. to Abraham Hayward<sup>1</sup>

[n.d. possibly 1828.]

I am not sure that I understand one expression in the passage your obliging note refers to, viz., that society will hereafter tolerate no such thing as literature, considered merely as a creation of art. If this be meant to say that any writer will be disappointed who expects a place in the affections of posterity for works which have nothing but their manner to recommend them, it is too obviously true to require being insisted upon. But still such things are not without their value, as they may exemplify with liveliness (heightened by the contrast between the skill and perfection of the manner, and the worthlessness of the matter as matter merely) rules of art and workmanship, which must be applied to imaginative literature, however high the subject, if it is to be permanently efficient. . . .

M. G. K. 847. W. W. to Robert Southey

[Dec. 1828.]

My dear S.,

I am ashamed not to have given your message about the *Icón*<sup>2</sup> to my brother. I have no excuse, but that at that time both my body and my memory were run off their legs. I am very glad you thought the answer<sup>3</sup> appeared to you triumphant, for it had struck me as, in the main points, knowledge of the subject, and spirit in the writing, and accuracy in the logic, one of the best controversial tracts I ever read.

I am glad you have been so busy; I wish I could say so much of myself. I have written this last month, however, about 600 verses, with tolerable success.<sup>4</sup>

Many thanks for the Review: your article is excellent. I only wish that you had said more of the deserts of government in

<sup>1</sup> Abraham Hayward (1801–84), editor of the *Law Magazine, or Quarterly Review of Jurisprudence* from 1828 to 1844, translator of *Faust* (1833) into English prose, and a voluminous literary essayist.—K.

<sup>2</sup> His volume on the authorship of *Icón Basiliké* (1824).—M.

<sup>3</sup> King Charles the First, the author of 'Icón Basiliké' (1828).—M.

<sup>4</sup> This suggests that the letter was written in Dec.; *v. Letter 842 to Reynolds.*

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respect to Ireland; since I do sincerely believe that no government in Europe has shown better dispositions to its subjects than the English have done to the Irish, and that no country has improved so much during the same period. You have adverted to this part of the subject, but not spoken so forcibly as I could have wished. There is another point that might be insisted upon more expressly than you have done—the danger, not to say the absurdity, of Roman Catholic legislation for the property of a *Protestant* church so inadequately *represented in Parliament* as ours is. The Convocation is gone; clergymen are excluded from the House of Commons; and the Bishops are at the beck of Ministers. I boldly ask what real property of the country is so inadequately represented: it is a mere mockery.

Most affectionately yours,  
W. W.

K.            848. *W. W. to Allan Cunningham*

Rydal Mount, Monday<sup>1</sup> [1828]

My dear Friend,

I have this moment received your urgent letter: it brings me to the point. My engagement with The Keepsake was for one hundred guineas for verses, not less than twelve pages nor more than fifteen, and that I was to contribute to no other work at a lower rate, but if any editor would give me as much, I was at liberty to take it.

Now I think this engagement would be broken, and it must seem so to you, should I accept your offer; for £50 for seven pages, could you or any one else afford to give it, would, I think, be an evasion, as they pay for my name fully as much as for my verses; and this would sink in value, according to the frequent use made of it.

Mr Watts has also a prior claim to you, and I could not accept one from you without giving him the refusal of the same terms; though Mr Watts has done a good deal to cancel any claim upon him, by entertaining a notion that I was not content with

<sup>1</sup> Probably some time in December.

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recommending The Keepsake, but that I depreciated other works of the same character. How he could suppose me capable of such indelicacy I cannot comprehend; I never wrote or said a word in depreciation of any particular annual in my life, and all that I have done for The Keepsake was to say among my acquaintances that I was a contributor, and that if high prices given to writers could secure good matter, it would be found in The Keepsake, but I added frequently that it was far from certain that would be the case.

You see then exactly how the matter stands. I would most gladly meet your wishes as a friend,—be assured of this,—but I must not break my word: and it is right that poets should get what they can, as these annuals cannot but greatly check the sale of their works, from the large sums the public pay for them, which allows little for other poetry.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

Wm Wordsworth.

MS. 849. W. W. to Alexander Dyce<sup>1</sup>  
M(—) G(—) K(—)

Rydal Mount, Kendal, Jan. 12<sup>th</sup>, 1829.

Dear Sir,

I regret to hear of the indisposition from which you have been suffering. That you are convinced gives me great pleasure—as I hope that every other Editor of Collins will follow your example.

You are at perfect liberty to declare that you have rejected Bell's Copy in consequence of my opinion of it—and I feel much satisfaction in being the Instrument of rescuing the memory of Collins from this disgrace. I have always felt some concern that Mr Home,<sup>2</sup> who lived several years after Bell's publication, did not testify more regard for his deceased friend's memory by protesting against this imposition. Mr Mackenzie is still living, and I shall shortly have his opinion upon the question—and if

<sup>1</sup> On Jan. 9 Dyce had written to W., accepting his verdict on Bell's ed. of the Ode (*v. Letter 830*).

<sup>2</sup> John Home (1722–1808), author of *Douglas* (1757), to whom Collins had dedicated the poem.

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it be at all interesting I shall take the liberty of sending it to you.

Dyer is another of our minor Poets<sup>1</sup>—minor as to quantity—of whom one would wish to know more. Particulars about him might still be collected, I should think, in South Wales—his native Country, and where in early life he practised as a Painter. I have often heard Sir George Beaumont express a curiosity about his pictures—and a wish to see any specimen of his pencil that might survive. If you are a Rambler, perhaps you may, at some time or other, be led into Carmarthenshire, and might bear in mind what I have just said of this excellent Author.—

I had once a hope to have learned some unknown particulars of Thomson, about Jedburgh, but I was disappointed—had I succeeded, I meant to publish a short life of him, prefixed to a Volume containing *The Seasons*, *The Castle of Indolence*, his minor pieces in rhyme, and a few Extracts from his plays, and his *Liberty*; and I feel still inclined to do something of the kind. These three Writers, Thomson, Collins, and Dyer, had more poetic Imagination than any of their Contemporaries, unless we reckon Chatterton as of that age—I do not name Pope, for he stands alone—as a man most highly gifted—but unluckily he took the Plain, when the Heights were within his reach—

Excuse this long Letter, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Alex. Dyce Esq<sup>re</sup>, 72 Welbeck St, London.

K.

*850. W. W. to Barron Field*

Rydal Mount, 19<sup>th</sup> January, 1829.

My dear Sir,

Thank you for the extract from the *Quarterly*. It is a noble story. I remembered having read it; but it is less fit for a separate poem than to make part of a philosophical work. I will thank you for any notices from India, though I own I am afraid of an Oriental story. I know not that you will agree with me;

<sup>1</sup> For W.'s opinion of Dyer, *v. M.Y.*, p. 479.

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but I have always thought that stories, where the scene is laid by our writers in distant climes, are mostly hurt, and often have their interest quite destroyed, by being overlaid with foreign imagery; as if the tale had been chosen for the sake of the imagery only.

I remain,  
Very faithfully yours,  
W. Wordsworth.

K(—)

851. W. W. to ?

Rydal Mount, Kendal,  
19<sup>th</sup> January, [1829.]

My dear Sir,

. . . I was much pleased with a little drawing by Mr Edmund Field—exceedingly so, and I wrote opposite it two stanzas which I hope he and Mrs Field will pardon, as I have taken a liberty with his name. The drawing is admirably done, and of just such a scene as I delight in, and my favourite rivers, the Duddon, Lowther, Derwent, etc., abound in. . . .

MS.

852. W. W. to Dr Calvert

Rydal Mount, Jan, 26<sup>th</sup>. 1829.

My dear Sir,

Having witnessed last summer the melancholy state of health and spirits in which your good father<sup>1</sup> was I am less shocked than I should otherwise have been on learning that he is no more. I take it very kindly that you should have thought of us so soon after his dissolution. I was among the earliest and without scruple I may say continued to be among the most attached of his friends. I shall ever respect his memory which is associated with many recollections of happy times long before you were born. Pray remember us (I mean Mrs W. and my daughter—no one else of the family is at home) most kindly to your mother and to your sister and brothers. Business may draw you into Cumberland. If so, fail not to give us a visit however short.

<sup>1</sup> W.'s old school friend William Calvert, brother of Raisley, v. E.L., pp. 94, 112, 125, 265 note, &c.

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The last week I spent with Mr Southey at Keswick. He was suffering from a severe cold; in other respects I have not seen him so well for many years. Most of the family were also plagued with colds from which my daughter is not free. Her mother and myself are both well. I felt much indebted for your kindness to my son Wm. He cannot be made to work at medicine. I am about to send him into Germany with a view to his learning that language and going on with his classics at the same time, for an English university is a *pis aller*. John has been presented to a small living by Lord Lonsdale—Moresby near Whitehaven. We expect him every day to read himself in.

I remain, my dear Sir,  
Faithfully yours,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

K. 853. *W. W. to Joseph Cottle*

Rydal Mount, near Kendal,  
27<sup>th</sup> January, 1829.

My dear Sir,

It is an age since you addressed a very kind letter to me, and though I did not receive it till long after its date,—being then upon the Continent,—I should have replied to it much earlier, could I have done so to my satisfaction. But you will recollect it probably. The letter contained a request that I should address to you some verses. I wished to meet this desire of yours; but, I know not how it is, I have ever striven in vain to write verses upon subjects either proposed, or imposed. I hoped to prove more fortunate on this occasion, but I have been disappointed. And therefore I beg you to excuse me, not imputing my failure to any want of inclination, or even to the absence of poetic feeling connected with times and places to which your letter refers. You will not be hurt at this inability, when I tell you that I was once a whole twelve-month occasionally employed in vain endeavour to write an inscription upon a suggested subject, though it was to please one of my most valued friends.

I am glad to hear of your intended publication. *The Malvern Hills*,<sup>1</sup> from which you gave me a valuable extract, I frequently

<sup>1</sup> *The Malvern Hills*, by Joseph Cottle, published in 1798.

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look at. It was always a favourite of mine. Some passages—  
and especially one, closing

To him who slept at noon and wakes at eve—

I thought super-excellent.

I was truly glad to have, from Mrs W. and my daughter, so agreeable an account of your family, and to have this account confirmed by your letter. I often think with lively remembrance of the days I passed at Bristol, not setting the least value on those passed under the roof of your good father and mother.

Last week I spent at Keswick with Mr Southey; himself, his family, Mrs Coleridge, and Sara, all well except for colds, scarcely to be avoided at this severe season. S. was busy as usual, and in excellent spirits. His son, about ten years of age, is a very fine youth, and though not robust enjoys excellent health. Mrs Lovel was but poorly, indeed her health seems quite ruined. You probably have heard that Coleridge was on the Continent, along with my daughter and myself, last summer. The trip did him service, and though he was sometimes a good deal indisposed, his health, upon the whole, was for him not bad. Hartley lives in our neighbourhood. We see him, but not very often. He writes a good deal, and is about (I understand) to publish a volume of poems. You know that he is not quite so steady as his friends would wish. I must now conclude with the kindest regards, in which my daughter joins with Mrs Wordsworth (my sister is in Leicestershire) to yourself, and your sisters, and nieces. And believe me, my dear friend,

Very faithfully yours,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

854. *W. W. to Maria Jane Jewsbury*

*The Times*, Oct. 6, 1931.  
Gillett.

[late Jan. 1829]

My dear Miss Jewsbury,

When Mr Reynolds called upon me during his Editorial Tour early in the Spring of last year I was not unmindful of you, and mentioned your name to him in such terms as I am accustomed to use in speaking of you. He replied to my recommendation

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that their object was Authors of prime celebrity—and persons distinguished by rank or fashion, or station or anything else that might have as little to do with good writing. This stopped any further endeavour at that time—when I was in Town late in the Spring I frequently thought of you in connection with the *Keepsake* but Mr R. shewed me such an overflow of materials that I saw there was no room for any fresh Person—therefore I did not court a refusal. All this is mentioned that you may not be disappointed (I will not say mortified, for under such circumstances how is that possible?) if you hear, as I am afraid you will, that the application which I mean to make by the first opportunity proves fruitless. This apprehension is not agreeable to me, for at present the *Keepsake* can afford to pay better than any other of these Annuals—for so the plants are most characteristically entitled—if I may be allowed to judge from the little I have seen of them.

Mr A. Watts must be an odd person—he has used you ill without any temptation—he had some from me but certainly not enough to justify him in saying, as he has done, that I not only extolled the *Keepsake* but spoke injuriously of every other publication of the class with the view I suppose of benefiting the one I myself wrote in. How he could think me capable of conduct so ungenerous and ungentlemanly I am at a loss to conceive. When I made my agreement with Mr R—and Mr Heath—I told them that Mr Watts had endeavoured to serve me in a bargain with certain Booksellers, and now that I had been committed with these Periodicals (which was first done by the Winter's Wreath being turned into one without my knowledge) I should much wish to send him a contribution—as I had given him cause to expect I might but for a general rule to the contrary. This permission they were unwilling to grant, as they said it was the exclusive possession of my name, which tempted them to offer me so considerable a sum for a few pages. I was therefore obliged to give way, which I did with much less scruple, as Mr Watts's endeavours to serve me had all had for their object a better bargain with Booksellers than I myself could make. All that I felt myself in honour bound to stipulate for—was that I should be at Liberty to contribute to any one

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who would pay me as well as they did. So stood the agreement last year and so it stands this. I thought it derogatory to exclude myself altogether from other works—and should have deemed it unhandsome to let others have anything of mine at a cheaper rate than persons had who paid so liberally. Excuse this long story—these are the simple facts for which I have been unpleasantly treated. Messrs Longman have an interest in the Souvenir and if they believe Mr Watts's statements they have grounds to complain of me.

[ . . . ] I did recommend several [ . . . ] sons so far as to say that if good writing could be had for high prices it would be found there—but I often added that this result was far from certain; though the Proprietors were not the less entitled to praise for their spirit. I think you do quite right in connecting yourself with these light things. An Author has not fair play who has no share in their Profits—for the money given for them leaves so much less to spare for separate volumes. Look at my own—Gagliani has just published all my poems in one volume for 20 francs—here few will give £2 5/- for my five volumes when every body is going to and fro between London and Paris—as between town and country in their own Island. Therefore let the Annuals pay—and with whomsoever you deal make hard bargains. Humility with these Gentry is downright simpleness. I am glad you like the Triad—it is a great favorite with all my friends who I have heard speak of it.

farewell affectionately

yours

W. Wordsworth.

Pray come here in the Spring—second thoughts are not always best.

*MS.*      855. *W. W. to F. Mansel Reynolds*

[p.m. Jan. 28,<sup>1</sup> 1829]

My dear Sir,

I have to thank you for the Keepsake, (which arrived along with a Copy forwarded to Mr Southey) and also I have to thank you for granting my wish in behalf of Miss Jewsbury.

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R., Jan. 27, v. C.R., p. 199.

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I only alluded to my endeavours to induce Mr Rogers to write—as the most natural way of opening the subject. You desire my opinion on the merits of the Contents of your publication—at present I could not give it—for a severe accident shut me out from the use of Books for some time—a fall upon my head<sup>1</sup>—and since my recovery I have been absent from home.

I have the less regret in making this statement—because, supposing me to be a judge of the *absolute* merit of works of this kind, which really I am not, I deem such judgement of little Value. What you have to consider is the fitness of the Articles for the Market, everything else is comparatively insignificant; now this will depend as much upon the Manufacturer as the thing manufactured, more so—in all probability—therefore beat up among Lords and Members of Parliament and ‘*id genus omne*’—and you may perhaps keep up your present Sale—but I think it clear there is not a market for more.—Allan Cunningham talked about making his Annual reflect the Literature of the Age—and Southey told him in a friendly way, after all, dear C—, the best you can make of these things, is picture-books for grown Children.—I am something of his mind—but, Mr Heath puts so much liberality into his work that I should be sorry if nothing better comes of it—and I do sincerely wish that by the joint sales of the Book and of the Prints (sold separately) he may be remunerated. Tell me if this has been the case—I am sure he deserves the public patronage—I wrote my best for him.

I will conclude with giving you a proof of my sincerity—which I do not as a Critic but as a Friend—and on that account I am sure you will not be displeased when I say that your own Verses upon the Coquette are too coarse for so fine dress’d a publication—and your Invitation is not so happy as some light things I have seen from your Pen—I turned to these Pieces from the interest I take in you as a friend.

I must now come to a principle—which I cannot allow to govern the agreement between us. In your former letter—you

<sup>1</sup> ‘W. has had a most dangerous fall, headlong, from his own mount, but providentially received no serious injury. He is looking old, but vigorous as ever both in mind and body.’ Southey to G. Ticknor, March 17, 1829. (*Life and Corr. of R. S.*, ed. by his son C. S., 1850, vi. 40.)

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observed that my Contribution only filled eleven pages and a half—upon which assurance I readily agreed to make up the deficiency—but I find that four Sonnets<sup>1</sup> of mine have not been inserted—which would have occupied at least two pages, making altogether 13—and a half pages—Now I care nothing about my Contributions being inserted—I mean on the score of personal vanity—but I certainly don't expect that a claim for more should be grounded upon rejection, for you clearly see, if this principle be admitted—I might write on for ever, before my part of the Contract were fulfilled. You rely upon my fair dealing not to send you anything I deem unworthy of myself—You have this confidence in me—and I shall take care not to abuse it——Pray send me back the rejected Sonnets at your leisure—if you recollect we took a good deal of pains together about one line in the Sonnet upon Roman Antiquities—I corrected it—but I forget how—Tell me when you wish for my Contribution.

My Ladies have found much to entertain them in the Keepsake—ever faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

Address: F. M. Reynolds Esq<sup>re</sup>, Warren Street, Fitzroy Square,  
London.

*MS. 856. W. W. to the Curate at Moresby*

3<sup>d</sup> Feby 1829.

Rydal Mount, Kendal.

Sir,

My Son, I have reason to believe, will visit Moresby, for the purpose of being inducted, in the course of next week; in the meantime you may be assured that in respect to your vacating the Curacy he will do nothing irregular, abrupt, or unfeeling.

I am by no means insensible (nor will my Son be) to the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. L. A. McIntyre suggests that the four rejected Sonnets were *Roman Antiquities*, 'Wait prithee wait', *St. Catherine of Ledbury*, and 'Four Fiery Steeds' (Oxf. W., pp. 267, 268, 274, 275). He notes that this dispute with Reynolds developed into something like a quarrel, and that W. never again contributed to *The Keepsake* (v. Letter to Gordon, p. 385).

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feelings which a rightly constituted mind cannot but entertain upon a separation such as you are about to undergo.

Duly appreciating the kind manner in which you express yourself towards me, I am, Sir,

your obedient humble servant  
Wm Wordsworth.

857. *W. W. to William Rowan Hamilton*

*Hamilton.*  
*G(—) K(—)*

Rydal Mount, Kendal, Feb. 12, 1829.

It gave me much pleasure to hear from you again; and I should have replied instantly, but Mr Harrison is at Hastings, and I knew not how to direct without troubling you with postage, which I would willingly avoid, being aware that my letter will scarcely be worth it. Now for a few words upon your enclosures. Your own verses are dated 1826. I note this early date with pleasure, because I think if they had been composed lately, the only objections I make to them would probably not have existed, at least in an equal degree. It is an objection that relates to style alone, and to versification; for example, the last line, 'And he was *the* enthusiast no more', which is, in meaning, the weightiest of all, is not sinewy enough in sound—the syllable *the*, as the metre requires, should be long, but it is short, and imparts a languor to the sense. The three lines, 'As if he were addressing', etc., are too prosaic in movement. After having directed your attention to these minutiae, I can say, without scruple, that the verses are highly spirited, and interesting and poetical. The change of character they describe is an object of instructive contemplation, and the whole executed with feeling. I was also much gratified with your sister's verses, which I have read several times over; they are well and vigorously expressed, and the feelings are such as one could wish should exist oftener than they appear to do in the bosoms of *male* astronomers.

The specimens of your young friend's<sup>1</sup> genius are very promising. His poetical powers are there strikingly exhibited; nor have I any objections to make that are worthy of notice, at least

<sup>1</sup> Francis B. Edgeworth.—K.

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I fear not. I should say to him, however, as I said to you, that style is, in poetry, of incalculable importance; he seems, however, aware of it, for his diction is obviously studied. Thus the great difficulty is to determine what constitutes a good style. In deciding this, we are all subject to delusions; not improbably I am so, when it appears to me that the metaphor in the first speech of his Dramatic Scene is too much drawn out; it does not pass off as rapidly as metaphors ought to, I think, in dramatic writing. I am well aware that our early dramatists abound with these continuities of imagery, but to me they appear laboured and unnatural—at least, unsuited to that species of composition of which action and motion are the essentials. ‘While with the ashes of a light that was’ and the two following lines are in the best style of dramatic writing; to every opinion thus given, always add, I pray you, *in my judgment*, though I may not, to save trouble or to avoid a charge of false modesty, express it. ‘This over-perfume of a heavy pleasure’, etc., is admirable, and indeed it would be tedious to praise all that pleases me.

Shelley’s *Witch of Atlas* I never saw; therefore the stanza referring to Narcissus and her was read by me to some disadvantage. One observation I am about to make will at least prove I am no flatterer, and will, therefore, give a qualified value to my praise:

There was nought there  
But those three ancient hills *alone*.

Here the word ‘alone,’ being used instead of ‘only,’ makes an absurdity like that noticed in the *Spectator*—‘Enter a king and three fiddlers, *solus*.’

The sonnet I like very much, with no drawback but what is, in a great measure, personal to myself. I am so accustomed, in my own practice, to pass *one* set of rhymes at least through the first eight lines, that the want of that vein of sound takes from the music something of its consistency—to my mind and ear. Farewell. I shall at all times be glad to hear from you, and still more to see you.

Most sincerely yours,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

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M. G. K. 858. W. W. to George Huntly Gordon

Rydal Mount, Thursday Night,  
Feb. 26, 1829.

You ask for my opinion on the Roman Catholic question.

I dare scarcely trust my pen to the notice of the question which the Duke of Wellington<sup>1</sup> tells us is about to be settled. One thing no rational person will deny, that the experiment is hazardous. Equally obvious is it that the timidity, supineness, and other unworthy qualities of the government for many years past have produced the danger, the extent of which they now affirm imposes a necessity of granting all that the Romanists demand. Now it is rather too much that the country should be called upon to take the measure of this danger from the very men who may almost be said to have created it. Danger is a relative thing, and the first requisite for judging of what we have to dread from the physical force of the Roman Catholics is to be in sympathy with the Protestants. Had our Ministers been so, could they have suffered themselves to be bearded by the Catholic Association for so many years?

C—, if I may take leave to say it, loses sight of *things in names*, when he says that they should not be admitted as Roman Catholics, but simply as British subjects. The question before us is, Can Protestantism and Popery be co-ordinate powers in the constitution of a *free* country, and at the same time Christian belief be in that country a vital principle of action?

I fear not. Heaven grant I may be deceived!

W. W.

859. W. W. to C. J. Blomfield, Bishop of London

MS.<sup>2</sup>

M(—) G(—) K(—)

March 3, 1829.

My Lord,

I have been hesitating for the space of a week whether I should take the liberty of addressing you; but as the decision

<sup>1</sup> In the King's Speech in this month (the Duke of W. being Prime Minister), Parliament was recommended to consider whether the disabilities of R.C.s could not be removed. The Catholic Relief Bill passed the H. of C. on March 5 and the H. of L. in the following month.

<sup>2</sup> Three drafts of this letter exist, the first in W.'s hand, the second chiefly in M. W.'s., and the third in that of John Carter, M. W. and D. W.

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draws near,<sup>1</sup> my anxiety increases, and I cannot refrain from intruding upon you for a few minutes. I will try to be brief, throwing myself upon your indulgence if what I have to say prove of little moment.

The question before us is, can Protestantism and Popery, or, somewhat narrowing the ground, can the Church of England (including that of Ireland) and the Church of Rome be co-ordinate powers in the constitution of a free country, and, at the same time, Christian belief be in that country a vital principle of action? The states of the Continent afford no proof whatever that the existence of Protestantism and Romanism under the specified conditions is practicable, nor can they be rationally referred to, as furnishing a guide for us. In France, the most conspicuous of these states, and the freest, the number of Protestants in comparison with Catholics is insignificant, and unbelief and superstition almost divide the country between them. In Prussia there is no legislative assembly; the government is essentially military; and, excepting the countries upon the Rhine, recently added to that power, the proportion of Catholics is inconsiderable. In Hanover, Jacob speaks of the Protestants as more than *ten to one*. Here, indeed, is a legislative assembly, but its powers are ill defined. Hanover had, and still may have, a censorship of the press,—an indulgent one: it can afford to be so, through the sedative virtue of the standing army of the country, and that of the Germanic League, to back the executive in case of commotion. No sound-minded Englishman will build upon the shortlived experience of the kingdom of the Netherlands. In Flanders, a benighted Papacy prevails, which defeated the attempts of the king to enlighten the people by education; and I am well assured that the Protestant portion of Holland have small reason to be thankful for the footing upon which they have been there placed. If that kingdom is to last, there is great cause for fear that its government will incline more and more to Romanism, as the religion of a great majority of its subjects, and as one, which by its slavish spirit, makes the people more manageable. If so, it is to be apprehended that Protestantism will gradually disappear before it; and the ruling

<sup>1</sup> v. note to last letter.

classes, in a still greater degree than they now are, will become infidels as the easiest refuge in their own minds from the debasing doctrines of Papacy.

Three<sup>1</sup> great conflicts are before the progressive nations: between Christianity and Infidelity; between Papacy and Protestantism; and between the spirit of the old *Feudal and Monarchical governments*, and the representative and republican system as established in America. The Church of England, in addition to her infidel and Roman Catholic assailants, and the politicians of the anti-feudal class, has to contend with a formidable body of Protestant Dissenters. Amid these several and often-combined attacks, how is she to maintain herself? from which of these enemies has she most to fear? Some are of opinion that Papacy is less formidable than Dissent, whose bias is republican, which is averse to monarchy, to a hierarchy, and to the tything system; to all which Romanism is strongly attached. The abstract principles embodied in the creed of the Dissenters' catechism are without doubt full as politically dangerous as those of the Romanists, but fortunately their creed is not their practice. They are divided among themselves; they acknowledge no foreign jurisdiction; their organisation and discipline are comparatively feeble; and in times long past, however powerful they proved themselves to overthrow, they are not likely to be able to build up. Whatever the Presbyterian form, as in the Church of Scotland, may have to recommend it, we find that the sons of the nobility and gentry of Scotland who chuse the sacred profession, almost invariably enter into the Church of England; and for the same reason, viz., the want of a hierarchy (you will excuse me for connecting views so humiliating with divine truth), the rich Dissenters in the course of a generation or two fall into the bosom of our Church. As holding out attractions to the upper orders, the Church of England has no advantages over that of Rome, but rather the contrary: Papacy will join with us in preserving the form, but for the purpose and in the hope of seizing the substance for itself. Its ambition is upon record. It is essentially at enmity with light

<sup>1</sup> In this classification I anticipate matter which Mr Southey has in the press, the substance of a conversation between us. (W. W.)

and knowledge: its power to exclude these blessings is not so great as formerly, though its desire to do so is equally strong, and its determination to exert its power for its own exaltation, by means of that exclusion, is not in the least abated. The See of Rome justly regards England as the head of Protestantism: it admires, it is jealous, it is envious of her power and greatness; it despairs of being able to destroy them: but it is ever on the watch to regain its lost influence over that country, and it hopes to effect this through the means of Ireland. The words of this last sentence are not my own, but those of the head of one of the first Catholic families of the county from which I write, spoken without reserve several years ago. Surely the language of this individual must be greatly emboldened, when he sees the prostrate condition in which our yet Protestant government now lies before the Popery of Ireland. ‘The great Catholic interest’, ‘the old Catholic interest’, I know to have been phrases of frequent occurrence in the mouth of a head of the first Roman Catholic family of England. And, to descend far lower,—‘What would satisfy you?’ said, not long ago, a person to a very clever lady, a dependent upon another branch of that family. ‘That church’, replied she, pointing to the parish church of the large town where the conversation took place. Monstrous expectation! yet not to be overlooked as an ingredient in the compound of Papacy. This ‘great Catholic interest’ we are about to embody in a legislative form. A Protestant Parliament is to turn itself into a canine monster with two heads, which, instead of keeping watch and ward, will be snarling at and bent on devouring each other.

Whatever enemies the Church of England may have to struggle with now and hereafter, it is clear, that at this juncture she is especially called to take the measure of her strength as opposed to the Church of Rome; that is her most pressing enemy. The Church of England as to the point of private judgment, standing between the two extremes of Popery and Dissent, is entitled to heartfelt reverence; and among thinking men, whose affections are not utterly vitiated, never fails to receive it. Papacy will tolerate no private judgment, and Dissent is impatient of any thing else. The blessing of providence has thus

far preserved the Church of England between the shocks to which she has been exposed from those opposite errors; and, notwithstanding objections may lie against some few parts of her liturgy, particularly the Athanasian creed, and however some of her articles may be disputed about, her doctrines are exclusively scriptural, and her practice is accommodated to the exigencies of our weak nature. If this be so, what has she to fear? Look at Ireland—might be a sufficient answer. Look at the disproportion between her Catholic and Protestant population. Look at the distempered heads of her Roman Catholic Church insisting upon terms, which in France, and even in Austria, dare not be proposed, and which the Pope himself would probably relinquish for a season. Look at the revenues of the Protestant Church, her cathedrals, her churches that once belonged to the Romanists, and where *in imagination* their worship has never ceased to be celebrated. Can it be doubted that when the yet existing restrictions are removed, that the disproportion in the population and the wealth of the Protestant Church will become more conspicuous objects for discontent to point at; and that plans, however covert, will be instantly set on foot, with the aid of new powers, for effecting an overthrow, and, if possible, a transfer?

But all this is too obvious. I would rather argue with those who think that by excluding the Romanists from political power we make them more attached to their religion, and cause them to unite more strongly in support of it. Were this true to the extent maintained, we should still have to balance between the unorganised power which they derive from a sense of injustice real or supposed, and the legitimate organised power which concession would confer upon surviving discontent; for no one, I imagine, is weak enough to suppose that discontent would disappear. But it is a deception, and a most dangerous one, to conclude that if a free passage were given to the torrent, it would lose, by diffusion, its ability to do injury. The checks, as your Lordship well knows, which are after a time necessary to provoke other sects to activity are not wanted here: the Roman Church stands independent of them through its constitution so exquisitely contrived, and through its doctrine and

discipline, which give a peculiar and monstrous power to its priesthood. In proof of this, take the injunction of celibacy alone, separating the priesthood from the body of the community, and the practice of confession making them masters of the conscience, while the doctrines give them an absolute power over the will. To submit to such thralldom, men must be bigoted in its favour: and that we see is the case in Spain, in Portugal, in Austria, in Italy, in Flanders, in Ireland, and in all countries where you have Papacy in full blow. And does not history prove that, however other sects may have languished under the relaxing influence of good fortune, Papacy has ever been most fiery and rampant when most prosperous.

But many who do not expect that conciliation will be the result of concession have a further expedient on which they rely much. They propose to take the Romish Church in Ireland into pay, and expect that afterwards its clergy will be as compliant to the government as the Presbyterians in that country have proved. This measure is, in the first place, too disingenuous not to be condemned by honest men; for the government acting on this policy would degrade itself by offering bribes to men of a sacred calling to act contrary to their sense of duty. If they be sincere, as priests, and truly spiritual-minded, they will find it impossible to accept of a stipend known to be granted with such expectation. If they be worldlings and false of heart, they will practise double dealing, and seem to support the government while they are actually undermining it; for they know that if they be suspected of sacrificing the interests of the Church they will lose all authority over their flocks. Power and consideration are more valued than money. The priests will not be induced to risk their sway over the people for any sums that our government would venture to afford them out of the exhausted revenues of the empire. Surely they would prefer to such a scanty hire the hope of carving for themselves from the property of the Protestant Church of their country, or even the gratification of stripping usurpation, for such they deem it, of its gains, though there may be no hope to win what others are deprived of. Many English favourers of this scheme are reconciled to what they call a modification of the Irish Protestant establishment,

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in an application of a portion of the revenues to the support of the Romish Church. This they deem reasonable. Shortly it will be openly aimed at, and they will rejoice should they accomplish their purpose. But your Lordship will agree with me, that if that happen it would be one of the most calamitous events that ignorance has in our time given birth to. After all, could the *secular* clergy be paid out of this spoliation, or in any other way, the *regulars* would rise in consequence of their degradation; and where would be the influence that could keep them from mischief? They would swarm over the country to prey upon the people still more than they now do. In all the reasonings of the friends to this bribing scheme the distinctive character of the Papal Church is overlooked.

But they who expect that tranquillity will be a permanent consequence of the Relief Bill dwell much upon the mighty difference in opinion and feeling between the upper and lower ranks of the Romish communion. They affirm that many keep within the pale of the Church as a point of honour; that others have notions greatly relaxed, and though not at present prepared to separate they will gradually fall off. But what avail the inward sentiments of men if they are convinced that by acting upon them they will forfeit their outward dignity and power? As long as the political influence which the priests now exercise shall endure, or any thing like it, the great proprietors will be obliged to dissemble and to conform in their actions to the demands of that power. Such will be the conduct of the great Roman Catholic proprietors; nay, further, I agree with those who deem it probable that through a natural and reasonable desire to have their property duly represented, many land-holders who are now Protestants will be tempted to go over to Papacy. This may be thought a poor compliment to Protestantism, since religious scruples, it is said, are all that keep the Papists out: but is not the desire to be in, pushing them on almost to rebellion at this moment? We are taking, I own, a melancholy view of both sides; but *human* nature, be it what it may, must by legislators be looked at as it is.

In the treatment of this question we hear perpetually of wrong, but the wrong is all on one side. If the political power

of Ireland is to be a transfer from those who are of the state-religion of the country to those who are not, there is nothing gained on the score of justice. We hear also much of *stigma*; but this is not to be done away with unless all offices, the Privy Council, and the chancellorship, be open to them; that is, unless we allow a man to be eligible to keep the king's conscience who has not his own in his keeping, unless we open the throne itself to men of this soul-degrading faith.

The condition of Ireland is indeed, and has long been, wretched. Lamentable is it to acknowledge that the mass of her people are so grossly uninformed, and from that cause subject to such delusions and passions, that they would destroy each other were it not for restraints put upon them by a power out of themselves. This power it is that protracts their existence in a state for which otherwise the course of Nature would provide a remedy by reducing their numbers through mutual destruction, so that English civilisation may fairly be said to have been the shield of Irish barbarism. And now these swarms of degraded people, which could not have existed but through the neglect and misdirected power of the sister island, are, by a withdrawing of that power, to have their own way, and to be allowed to dictate to us. A population vicious in character and unnatural in immediate origin (for it has been called into birth by short-sighted landlords set upon adding to the number of voters at their command, and by priests, who for lucre's sake favour the increase of marriages) is held forth, as constituting a claim to political power, strong in proportion to its numbers; though, in a sane view, that claim is in an inverse ratio to them. Brute force, indeed, wherever lodged, as we are too feelingly taught at present, must be measured and met—measured with care, in order to be met with fortitude.

The chief proximate causes of Irish misery and ignorance are Papacy, of which I have said so much, and the tenure and management of landed property; and both these have a common origin, viz. the imperfect conquest of the country. The countries subjected by the ancient Romans, and those that in the Middle Ages were subdued by the northern tribes, afford striking instances of the several ways in which nations may be improved

by foreign conquests. The Romans, by their superiority in arts and arms, and, in the earlier period of their history, in virtues also, may seem to have established a moral right to force their institutions upon other nations, whether under a process of decline, or emerging from barbarism ; and this they effected, we all know, not by overrunning countries as eastern conquerors have done,—and Buonaparte, in our own days,—but by completing a regular subjugation, with military roads and garrisons, which became centres of civilisation for the surrounding district. Nor am I afraid to add, though the fact might be caught at, as bearing against the general scope of my argument, that both conquerors and conquered owed much to the participation of civil rights which the Romans liberally communicated. The other mode of conquest, that pursued by the northern nations, brought about its beneficial effects, by the settlement of a hardy and vigorous people among the distracted and effeminate nations against whom their incursions were made. The conquerors transplanted with them their independent and ferocious spirit, to reanimate exhausted communities ; and in their turn received a salutary mitigation, till in process of time the conqueror and conquered, having a common interest, were lost in each other. To neither of these modes was unfortunate Ireland subject ; and her insular territory, by physical obstacles, and still more by moral influences arising out of them, has aggravated the evil consequent upon independence, lost as hers was. The writers of the time of Queen Elizabeth have pointed out how unwise it was to transplant among a barbarous people, not half subjugated, the institutions that time had matured among those who too readily considered themselves as masters of that people. It would be presumptuous in me to advert in detail to the exacerbations and long-lived hatred that has perverted the moral sense in Ireland, obstructed religious knowledge, and denied to her a due share of English refinement and civility. It is enough to observe that the Reformation was ill supported in that country, and that her soil became, through frequent forfeitures, mainly possessed by men whose hearts were not in the land where their wealth lay.

But it is too late, we are told, for retrospection. We have no

choice between giving way and a sanguinary war. Surely it is rather too much that the country should be required to take the measure of the threatened evil from a cabinet which by its being divided against itself, which by its remissness and fear of long and harassing debates in the two houses, has for many years past fostered the evil, and in no small part created the danger, the extent of which is now urged as imposing the necessity of granting the demands. Danger is a relative thing, and the first requisite for being in a condition to judge of what we have to dread from the physical force of the Romanists, is to be in sympathy with the Protestants. Had our ministers been truly so, could they have suffered themselves to be bearded by the Catholic Association for so many years as they have been?

I speak openly to you, my Lord, though a Member of his Majesty's Privy Council; and, begging your pardon for detaining you so long, I hasten to a conclusion.

The civil disabilities, for the removal of which Mr O'Connell and his followers are braving the government, cannot but be indifferent to the great body of the Irish nation, except as means for gaining an end. Take away the intermediate power of the priests, and an insurrection in Brobdignag at the call of the king of Lilliput, might be as hopefully expected as that the Irish people would stir, as they now do, at the call of a political demagogue. Now these civil disabilities do not directly affect the priests; they therefore must have ulterior views: and though it must be flattering to their vanity to show that they have the Irish representation in their own hands, and though their worldly interest and that of their connections will, they know, immediately profit by that dominion, what they look for principally is, the advancement of their religion at the cost of Protestantism; that would bring every thing else in its train. While it is obvious that the political agitators could not rouse the people without the intervention of the priests, it is true, also, that the priests could not excite the people without a hope that from the exaltation of their Church their social condition would be improved. What in Irish interpretation these words would mean we may tremble to think of.

In whatever way we look, religion is so much mixed up in this

matter, that the guardians of the Episcopal Church of the empire are imperiously called upon to show themselves worthy of the high trust reposed in them. You, my Lord, are convinced that in spite of the best securities that can be given the admission of Roman Catholics into the legislature is a dangerous experiment. Oaths cannot be framed that will avail here; the only securities to be relied upon are what we have little hope to see—the Roman Church *reforming itself*, and a parliament and a ministry sufficiently sensible of the superiority of the one form of religion over the other, to be resolved, not only to preserve the present rights and immunities of the Protestant Church inviolate, but prepared, by all fair means, for the *extension* of its influence, with a hope that it may gradually prevail over Popery.

It is, we trust, the intention of Providence that the Church of Rome should in due time disappear; and come what may of the Church of England, we have the satisfaction of knowing, that in defending a government resting upon a Protestant basis, which, say what they will, the other party have abandoned, we are working for the welfare of human kind, and supporting whatever there is of dignity in our frail nature.

Here I might stop; but I am above measure anxious for the course which the bench of Bishops may take at this crisis: they are appealed to, and even by the heir presumptive to the throne, from his seat in Parliament. There will be an attempt to brow-beat them on the score of humanity; but humanity is, if it deserves the name, a calculating and prospective quality; it will on this occasion balance an evil at hand with an infinitely greater one that is sure, or all but sure, to come. Humanity is not shown the less by firmness than by tenderness of heart; it is neither deterred by clamour, nor enfeebled by its own sadness; but it estimates evil and good to the best of its power, acts by the dictates of conscience, and trusts the issue to the Ruler of all things.

If, my Lord, I have seemed to write with overconfidence in any opinion I have given above, impute it to a wish of avoiding cumbrous qualifying expressions.

Sincerely do I pray that God may give your Lordship and the

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rest of your brethren light to guide you, and strength to walk  
in that light.

I am, my Lord, etc.

W. Wordsworth.

MS.

860. W. W. to William Jackson

Rydal March 10<sup>th</sup> [1829]

My dear Friend,

Through the hand of Dora, my own eye being still *very* bad, I congratulate you on the event which you so kindly announce as being likely to take place; pray *present and accept our best* and kindest wishes for your joint happiness.<sup>1</sup> You w<sup>d</sup> have been written to immediately upon the receipt of yours, but Dora was disabled by a severe cold from which she is recovered. We are much concerned to hear of Miss Louisa's continued indisposition and hope she may now be in a state to benefit by the mild weather which is come at last. My Sister continues to improve. Wm starts for Cambridge this evening—thence to London and to Bremen. Mrs Wordsworth we expect on Wednesday. John and Miss Wordsworth mean to leave Whitwick about Whitsuntide. Thank you for your attention to John's business. You will not I trust be disappointed in your expectation of finding in him a zealous and not inefficient coadjutor in support of the good old Church—wh[ich] as you say has been most basely betrayed. What do you say to a Bishop of Winchester presiding at a Bible Society—as four others of the Bench I am told have lately done? This would have been *foolish at any time*; to me *at present* it is *intolerable*. We have had enough of liberal Prelates in Abbot and Williams of old. I defer much that I have to say upon public affairs till I have the pleasure of seeing you and your Bride, could you not come round this way and pass a day or two with us before settling yourselves at your beautiful Rectory? which I long to see in its improved state.

Poor Daniel Green<sup>2</sup> and Miles Huddleston died and were buried on the same day. We know not who is to have Langdale

<sup>1</sup> W. J. was just engaged to Julia Eliza Crump, daughter of the owner of Allan Bank.

<sup>2</sup> The curate of Langdale.

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but we are all in terror of the Sewels.<sup>1</sup> You must excuse this poor scrawled letter. We have had so much to do in letter writing our work having accumulated during Dora's sharp cold.

With kindest regards to all about you and a thousand good wishes

Believe me my dear Friend very faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

MS.

861. W. W. to C. W.

[March 13, 1829.]

My dear Brother,

You are sometimes in communication with your Friend the Chancellor of the Ex:<sup>2</sup>—could you convey to him the substance of this Letter.—I have just been informed by a Brother Distributor, that it is intended to make a further Reduction in our allowance—upon what scale I know not, nor how it is to be regulated. If, as most probable, it is to bear upon the present Distributors, to that part of them who undertook the office before the *last* Reduction it will be a great hardship, not to say more; among these I am, with the additional cause of Complaint, that my returns are small, on an average, 19,000 per ann:—When the former Reduction took place, part of the burthen was thrown by the Distributors on their Subs—but that Relief can be carried no farther. In my own case, I would observe, that I have been served during the whole time I have held the off:—nearly 16 years, by the same Clerk. In consideration of these services, his salary is now encreased to three times what it was at first—and till I heard of these intentions of the Treasury, I cherished a hope of being able to add still further to it upon some future occasion. If the Reduction bears upon men whose profits are as small as mine, I must abandon that hope; and for aught I know be forced on the verge of sixty to retire, and live abroad—till my younger Son is educated, and obtains some

<sup>1</sup> One of the Sewels had been a somewhat unsatisfactory curate at Wythburn; but W.'s fears were ungrounded, for Owen Lloyd, son of Charles Lloyd, succeeded Green at Langdale and proved an exemplary priest.

<sup>2</sup> H. Goulburn.

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situation. The trouble of the office has been encreased since I entered upon it, incalculably; and more work and less pay, prolonged service and diminished salary is surely the Reverse of a dictate of natural justice. I have only to add that since I held the Stamps, 24 hours have not elapsed, save once, for a very few days, without myself, or one of my nearest connections being present. Excuse all this, of which indeed there is too much.—I have, however, omitted one important particular, that a Clerk is an indispensable part of a Distributor's establishment —his presence being frequently called for in different parts of his district, and the Board also requiring him to make inspections among those who act under him. Before the last Reduction took place the Treasury made a Minute, that it should not take effects upon the then existing Distributors—so convinced were they of the hardship of such a measure—but that considerate resolution was rescinded.

I turn to a more important subject, upon which nothing has passed between us. The part of the King's speech which related to the Catholics gave me infinite concern. My apprehensions are in no degree abated by Mr Peele's speech, nor can I be made to think by any thing I have yet heard that concession was expedient notwithstanding the remissness and errors of Government had to many made it seem necessary. Ireland was improving more rapidly perhaps than any Country in Europe, and nothing was wanting but a firm hand on the part of Great Britain to carry things forward in a still more promising way. The embarrassments of a divided Cabinet, and of an undecided parliament might have been got over, in Lord Liverpool's time, had he been a man of more political courage, and so might they have been by the Duke, if he would have thrown himself fairly upon the protestant feeling of the Country. I am no Friend of appeals to the people upon unnecessary occasions, but this was one that justified such a measure. Mr Peel does not treat the case with a sufficient sense of its magnitude, when he rejects every test of the people's judgement but the voice of parliament; nor, if his position could be admitted has he dealt with that test fairly. The result of the several elections afforded no proof that the people were reconciled to concession. As has been well observed

in Parliament, they had confidence in Mr Percival and Lord Liverpool, besides, as the cry of 'the Wolf is coming' had been so often heard that they almost ceased to regard it, the Returns of Members were naturally governed by ordinary party ties and interests. Nevertheless, where there were Contests, and this the only important part of the case seems to have been overlooked by Mr Peele, the Antipopery Candidate, I presume, had always the advantage. I am sure it was decisively so in Westmorland. Little as the people were alarmed, Mr Brougham lost several of his adherents on account of his attachment to the Catholic Cause; I mean at his last trial for the County, and had that been the first, it would have affected his interests very much more—but people had chosen their sides, and honour bound them. The Catholic cause being now taken up by government, its opponents have lost much, but I am strongly persuaded, were Parliament dissolved and any man could be found of fortune sufficient to stand a Contest in Cumberland upon the Anti-catholic principle, Sir James Graham<sup>1</sup> (who has been made the Instrument for uttering so many untruths in the House upon the Whitehaven Petition) would be thrown out, and *two* Anti-catholics would sit for that County; though the cause would be under great disadvantages, there, from a political wish among many to be as far as they can in opposition to the powerful family of Lowther. Now would it be prudent in that House to attempt influencing a return for the other Cumberland members, even upon this constitutional call. But I have dwelt too long upon a local topic. Mr Peele's securities are not worth a rush. If by the swearing not to exercise the privilege for disturbing or weakening the Protestant religion, is meant (and what else can it mean after the provisions for the security of the Church Establishment and the right of property) that he who *takes* the oath will not promote any measure by speaking or voting, that may seem to be injurious to that Religion, the proposed oath is *monstrous*, as it requires a man to abstain from what he is bound by a higher engagement to attempt; and it is *absurd* from

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Robert Graham (1792–1861), Liberal M.P. for Cumberland (1827–37) and first Lord of the Admiralty (1830–4). He was one of the four who prepared the first Reform Bill. He lost his seat in 1837 on going over to the Tories, but was Home Secretary under Peel in 1841.

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its regard of the passions of human nature, and the subtleties of conscience, especially in a Romanist. And as to the disavowal of intention to subvert the P. Church, what should hinder but that the same power, called into action by Demagogues and Pries[ts] should be brought to demand the Repeal of this Oath as supporting an oppression intolerable to the Irish People, and palsyng their Representatives in a vital quarter. This demand would undoubtedly be resisted on the ground that the Interests of the whole Empire are not to be sacrificed to those of a part. But such just views will not appease the Irish Priesthood, nor satisfy the People. The *Priests* will acquire no *direct benefit* by the Relief Bill, they who have done the work are to have no part of the pay—if they be men they must resent this, and they will point with shouting thousands at their heels, to the Disproportion between the number of the C—s and P—s, and the enormous wealth and invidious grandeur of a Church which they are taught is not of God ; and which they know to be a Usurper, and if not a righteous one to be put down. But I am at the end of my paper. I am proud of your conduct and the Vicemaster's. I had occasion yesterday to write to Mr Whewell<sup>1</sup>—the latter part of my Letter I should like you to see, as it touches upon the Conduct of Cambridge

farewell most faithfully and affectionately  
yours W. W.

When I say that the securities are not worth a rush—I mean no reflection upon the Law officers who framed them. There can be no solid security, but the Catholic religion entering upon a Reform of itself; and a government in sympathy with the Protestants and sensible of the infinite superiority, if upon political consideration only, of one Religion to the other.

We were rejoiced at Chris's success, and sit crosslegged for Charles—Keswick John<sup>2</sup> is here with us on his way to Hawkshead, but happily the measles came out upon him, and are passed away.

When I was in Town, I undertook to thank you in the name of Mr Southey, then confined to his bed, for your Reply to the

<sup>1</sup> For Whewell *v. p. 546.*

<sup>2</sup> Son of Richard W.

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Gaudenists,<sup>1</sup> he thinks your tract triumphant, but I despair of his being able to review the subject in the Quarterly. I will mention it to him.

Pray do not destroy this letter.

My dear Uncle

I seize upon this little corner to offer my best thanks for your kind and highly prized Gift 'The Christian Year' and would you say to Chris that I had intended writing to him this very day but when I found my Father was preparing a Letter for you I thought two Rydal Letters, in one day, was rather over-doing the thing so shall defer mine till another occasion—

Your very affectionate and grateful Niece

Dora Wordsworth

I dare say you do not know that you call me *Grand Daughter* in my little book.

*Address:* The Revd Dr Wordsworth Trinity Coll: Cambridge.

MS.

862. W. W. to C. W.

Mar 15<sup>th</sup> [1829]

My dear Brother,

I am obliged to write again. Lord Lowther thinks that any Reduction which may take place will be confined to new Appointments—and advises me not to be hasty but to trust to the justice of the Treasury. I hope therefore this Letter may be in time to prevent you acting upon mine of Friday—unless you should hear that such Reduction is intended. I should nevertheless not be sorry, if an opportunity occurred (in Conversation particularly,) that Mr G—<sup>2</sup> should know how heavily such a Reduction would press upon me.

By the bye, when I was at Keswick not long since, Mrs Lightfoot and her Husband alluded in a manner *very disagreeable* to me—to the Promissory Note, for which you were joint Security with her former Husband, and which was discharged out of his Estate:—I told her I could not remember the particulars,

<sup>1</sup> King Charles the First, the author of 'Icon Basilike' (1828), v. Letter to Southey, Dec. 1828.

<sup>2</sup> Goulburn.

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but I was certain that you were exonerated from that obligation. Pray let me know the particulars that I may put my foot upon such observations—I fear that they who survive to settle these affairs will be harassed by the Petyfogger with whom she has connected herself.—John (I am glad to say) has got charmingly through the measles; he is an excellent Arithmetician for his years, and an admirable pen-man, seems too pretty fond of English Reading,—but of Latin he knows very little. I was truly glad that our dear and excellent Sister was with you, and saw all her Nephews of whom she is so proud, and to whom she is so much attached.—I wish she could have stayed longer with you.—I was much pleased with the improvement of my Son John—he has a very sound understanding, great zeal, an admirable temper; and is now making steady advances in the practise of Composition, to which he had never been trained—I made many attempts to put him upon it, but always failed; his time was not come; which is another proof added, to the many I have had that one should never despise—As a Preacher he has one gift of nature, a voice at once powerful and sweet, which when he is more perfect in the management of it, would fit him for a large Church and Congregation; which upon a proper occasion I should like the Archbishop of C— or Bp of London to know—for I am sure Churches in the Metropolis, especially if Gothic ones, require Readers and Preachers with a strong voice.—Many thanks for your invitation to Wm—before he goes abroad.—I hope he will make a good use of his time—he seems strongly inclined to do so—but for so clever a Lad he is the most unbookish I ever knew. One thing is remarkable, that his Letters are written in a most easy fluent, and sometimes elegant Style, though he has scarcely written half a dozen in his whole life—except now and then a note on some little business or trivial concern. I wish him by all [me]ans to visit you.—I wrote very reluctantly to the Bp of London on the C— Q— at considerable length, and not at all to my own satisfaction.—I had not left myself time to do justice to any of the points. Pray remember me most kindly to Mr Rose.<sup>1</sup> My Notes upon education are not to be understood as if I were averse to the people

<sup>1</sup> v. Letter, p. 326.

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being educated, quite the contrary. My wish was to guard against too high expectations—from that source, and to glance upon some grievous errors.—Lord Lowther tells me that neither the Friends nor opponents of concession were the least aware of what was intended till they were informed by the King's Speech.—Southey in a note I had from him yesterday, calls it Conspiracy. It certainly had, in this secrecy one feature of such action.—farewell, love again to you and yours—

W. W.

The Education most wanted is an improvement in the public Schools preparatory to one in the Universities.

I cannot help being anxious about Charles's success—I wish it was over—

*Address:* Dr Wordsworth Trinity Lodge, Cambridge

MS.  
K(—)

863. W. W. to ?<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount Near Ambleside 16<sup>th</sup> March 1829.

Sir,

Accept my thanks for your Intelligence which was new to me. More work and less pay—prolonged service, and diminished Salary, are surely the Reverse of a dictate of natural justice; and this the Treasury know as well, and some of them perhaps as feelingly, as we do.—I have written to an experienced Friend to advise with him what is best to be done, and when I receive his answer I shall trouble you with another Letter—I write this merely to thank you, and least you should deem me insensible of the wish you have expressed to be useful on this unpleasant occasion.

I remain Sir

Your obliged Servant

Wm Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. L. A. McIntyre suggests that this letter, of which the address is lost, was written to G. H. Gordon 'of His Majesty's Stationery Office'. But none of the other letters to Gordon contains any allusion to W.'s anxiety about the reduction in his salary, and they are written in a less formal tone than this letter.

APRIL 1829

MS. 864. W. W. to Edward Quillinan

[April 9, 1829]

My dear Mr Quillinan,

Dora holds the pen for me my left eye being much distressed by an inflammation of the eye lid. You will be much concerned to hear that my dear and excellent Sister is now lying at Whitwick very ill tho' thank God pronounced out of danger except relapse should take place, of the disease internal inflammation, which Mr Carr assures us we have not much reason to fear—Mrs Wordsworth left us yesterday to proceed by Mail to Loughborough and we hope will reach the invalid by ten o'clock tonight. My sister had been much weakened by an attack of Influenza which John also had had severely. The inflammation commenced last Tuesday but one, and for forty eight hours she was in excruciating torture—since, her suffering seems to have been entirely from weakness—so great that on Monday she told Willy 'She was alive—as her poor grandfather used to say—and that was all.' Notwithstanding this Mr Carr does not appear to be alarmed for the issue—if she does not proceed towards recovery you will be sure to hear either from us or from Whitwick. Mr Papendick the Bremen gentleman whom William was to have joined in London during this month has been seriously ill so that his journey is put off. Wm will remain at Whitwick and at Cambridge till a few days before Mr P's return to Germany.

You would do me a great kindness and render him an important service, if you would take him under your roof for the days, I hope only 3 or 4, that he will be obliged to stop in Town, as he will certainly not quit Cambridge till Mr P's departure from London is fixed. I congratulate you on your accident being no worse—mine has left no traces of which I am conscious except a very very small lump on the ridge of the nose between the eyes—We condole with you on your business concerns being so unsatisfactory; it is too serious a matter to joke about or I should say that a counting house suits you less than would a Frier's Cell—and a ledger becomes you less as a thing to be wielded than w<sup>d</sup> a vol: of the 'Acta Sanctorum'—We have not

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yet had a peep at the 'Bijou'—and of My Mæcenas of the 'Keep-sake' I hear nothing tho' I told him more than two months ago that I was provided with my quota. We shall be truly glad to see you and still more so as the Conductor of our little Godchild; were she here now we would go and gather bunches of Daffodils.

[*The next few lines have been cut away*]

... its being blotted out of the language. Many a time have I felt a wish tho' it would be making the innocent suffer for the guilty that the future Progeny of these offenders might come into the world with a Rat as a flesh mark upon their foreheads (Oh wicked Father!) Now I surrender, as it is high time, the pen to my Daughter's guidance—farewell and God bless you, my heart is anxious for my poor dear Sister and my soul heavy. I should have gone to see her but that Dora would have been left alone in the house—be so kind as to send the account of my Sister's illness to H. C. Robinson. I would write myself but I cannot, the Insurance I troubled him about I shall not proceed with at present

Ever most faithfully yours

[*signature cut away*]

MS.<sup>1</sup>

865. W. W. to William Jackson

Rydal Mount April 10<sup>th</sup>, 1829.

My dear Friend,

Mrs W. left us for Whitwick last Wednesday evening. You will be deeply concerned for the cause—the severe illness of my dear and excellent sister who that day week, after a heavy influenza cold, was attacked by internal inflammation and remained 48 hours in excruciating torture. The obstruction was then removed and she is pronounced out of danger, but is so very weak that she cannot stand and can scarcely speak. But as relapses in this kind of disease we are told are rare we are supported in our anxiety by strong hope which we have more reason to cherish as two days are elapsed without further news, which

<sup>1</sup> Extract copied by the late Mr Gordon Wordsworth from a letter then in the possession of the Provost of Queen's College, Oxford.

APRIL 1829

we were assured would be sent if any change took place for the worse. Mrs W. meant to proceed by mail, and as we have not heard from her on the road we calculate pretty confidently on her reaching Whitwick last night before 10 o'clock, and we shall receive tidings from her on Sunday at the latest, and if you do not hear from us again conclude that the poor Invalid is doing as well as can be expected for one so reduced. . . .

MS.

K(—)

866. *W. W. to E. H. Barker*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, April 28, 1829.

Sir,

In the 380<sup>th</sup> page of the 2<sup>d</sup> Vol. of the last Ed: of my Poems (1827), you will find a notice of the Poetry printed by Macpherson under the name of Ossian, in which it is pronounced to be in a great measure spurious, and in the 4<sup>th</sup> Vol: of the same Ed: page 238, is a Poem<sup>3</sup> in which the same opinion is given. I am not at present inclined, nor probably ever shall be, to enter into a detail of the reasons which have led me to this conclusion; something is said upon the subject in the first of the passages to which I have taken the liberty of referring you. Notwithstanding the censure of Mr Macpherson which is implied in this opinion you will see proofs—both in the Piece page 238, and in page 15 of the 3<sup>d</sup> Vol: of the same Ed: that I consider myself much indebted to Macpherson, as having made the English Public acquainted with the Traditions concerning Ossian and his age. Nor would I withhold from him the praise of having preserved many fragments of Gaelic Poetry, which without his attention to the subject might perhaps have perished. Most of these, however, are more or less corrupted by the liberties he has taken in the mode of translating them. I need scarcely say that it will give me pleasure to receive the Vol: in which you have given your reasons for an opinion on this subject different from my own. If you take the trouble of sending it to Messrs Longman he will forward it to me either in Mr Southey's first parcel or in

<sup>1</sup> Edmund Henry Barker (1788–1839), classical scholar. His *Parriana; or Notices of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D.*, appeared in 1828–9. For the occasion of this letter *v. C.R.*, p. 204.

<sup>2</sup> Oxf. W., p. 950.

<sup>3</sup> Oxf. W., p. 472.

APRIL 1829

some other way. Dr Parr I never saw but once, and that in his latter days, for an hour or two at Mr Basil Montagu's. The only notice I possess of him is the following on a blank leaf of Ker's 'Selectarum de Lingua Latina' from the pen of Mr Headley, Author of 'Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry' 'Librum huncce studii et amoris erga me quodammodo *Mνημόσυνον* D.D. Vir δέ πάντων Samuelis Parr LLD. Pueritiae idem ille custos scilicet incorruptissimus, interque eos qui hujusce sunt aevi inque literis humanioribus feliciter operam navant, facile Princeps

H. Headley

Trin. Coll. Oxon

June 4. 1788'

I remain Sir faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

Address: E. H. Barker Esq, Thetford

MS. 867. W. W. to F. M. Reynolds

Rydal Mount Saturday May 9<sup>th</sup>, '291

My dear Sir,

I have been so many months looking for a letter from you that I begin to fear you must have been seriously ill. I wrote to you<sup>2</sup> to acknowledge the receipt of the two 'Keepsakes' (mine and Mr S's) and added that my contributions for the next year were waiting your commands. I wrote as you might think in somewhat of a splenetic humor having had a serious accident and other causes of uneasiness which have since been aggravated by a dangerous illness of my Sister's, Miss Wordsworth, and a two months inflammation of my own eyes under which I am still suffering having tried your remedy in vain; the season has here been very unhealthy, severe colds—rheumatisms and inflammatory attacks—and I cannot but hope that the persevering sharp east wind brought on the first inflammation in my

<sup>1</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R. April 26, and D. W. to H. C. R. April, and May 2, v. C.R., pp. 205–14.

<sup>2</sup> On Jan. 28, q.v. But it was evidently not illness that had caused his silence, and Reynolds's reply to this letter seems to have resulted in a breach (v. Letter to Gordon of July 29).

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lids and was also the cause of two succeeding ones, from which the eye itself has suffer'd much—three days ago I called in our medical atten<sup>t</sup> and he tells me that there is a small speck on the Cornea, and he has order'd Poultices to hasten the bursting of the Abscess on the lid—if you have any thing to propose for the benefit of my case pray write without delay.

As you did not seem inclined to make use of 4 of my Sonnets I begged in my last that they might be returned to me; if they have been mislaid dont let that trouble you as it is of little or no consequence, except for *one line* in the 'Roman Antiquities'—of which I have lost the correction. I had two days ago a request for Contributions to the 'Offering', a new Annual, but I consider myself bound to you upon the same terms as last year, and I am certain upon second thoughts you will acknowledge the reasonableness of my objecting to the *Principle* of being called upon (as in your last) to supply by new contributions the place of my own rejected articles—a little in this way might be done by an arrangement *between ourselves as friends*, but to admit the rule with you or anyone in the abstract character of *Editor*, is what I cannot consent to on the grounds before stated.

I still feel unable to give you any advice or opinion about the Articles in the 'Keepsake'—pray let me hear from you as I am really anxious to know how you and your family are; make my kind regards to your Mother and Brother and my Comp<sup>ts</sup> to Mr and Mrs Heath. I should not exclude your Father from the expression of my good wishes if I could take the liberty. Your good Friend my Sister is in Leicestershire where her dangerous illness seized her and Mrs W. has been with her above a month, and is expected home on Wednesday.

The weather for the last two or three days has been delightful and I hope when the poulticing is over that my inflamed eye will recover under its genial influence.

(Signature cut off)

Address: F. M. Reynolds Esq<sup>re</sup>, Warren St, Fitzroy Square,  
London

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M. G. K. 868. W. W. to George Huntly Gordon

Rydal Mount, May 14, 1829.

Mr Southey means to present me (as usual) his *Colloquies*,<sup>1</sup> etc. There is, perhaps, not a page of them that he did not read me in MS.; and several of the Dialogues are upon subjects which we have often discussed. I am greatly interested with much of the book, but upon its effect as a whole I can yet form no opinion as it was read to me as it happened to be written. I need scarcely say that Mr Southey ranks very highly, in my opinion, as a prose writer. His style is eminently clear, lively, and unencumbered, and his information unbounded; and there is a moral ardour about his compositions which nobly distinguishes them from the trading and factious authorship of the present day. He may not improbably be our companion in Wales next year. At the end of this month he goes, with his family, to the Isle of Man for sea-air; and said, if I would accompany him, and put off the Welsh tour for another year, he would join our party. Notwithstanding the inducement, I could not bring myself to consent; but as things now are, I shall remind him of the hope he held out.

Believe me, very faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

There is no probability of my being in town this season. I have a horror of smoking; and nothing but a necessity for health's sake could reconcile me to it in William.

C. K. 869. W. W. to Sir George Beaumont<sup>2</sup>

Rydal Mount, Sunday, July 19, 1829.<sup>3</sup>

My dear Sir George,

Last night Mr Drummond arrived, and brought your very kind letter. The mournful event<sup>4</sup> which occasioned it, I was instantly informed of by the care—for which I was truly thankful—of Mr Knight, and Mr Merewether

<sup>1</sup> *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society*, by R. S., 1829.

<sup>2</sup> Nephew of the late Sir George B.

<sup>3</sup> For W. W. to H. C. R. May 18, v. C.R., p. 24.

<sup>4</sup> The death of the dowager Lady Beaumont.

JULY 1829

The shock was very painful, and would have been still more so had we received it first through the public papers.

It is seven and twenty years since I first became acquainted with the lamented pair whom we have lost. We soon became united in affectionate intercourse, which has known no abatement, but our friendship rather strengthened with time, and will survive in my heart till it ceases to beat. In the recently deceased we have lost one of the most disinterested and pure-minded of human beings. Abundant proofs have I had, my dear Sir George, how strongly attached she was to you, and from the depths of my heart I condole with you and Lady Beaumont in this bereavement; but she was ripe for the change, blessed be God! and I trust is, or is destined to be, a glorified spirit.

We were sorry to learn from Mr Drummond that your own health had suffered under this trial. I should be glad to hear that nothing of the kind recurred from what you have yet to go through at Coleorton. The funeral will be to-morrow; may you be supported through it! Mr Drummond tells me that Mr Merewether has in his possession a paper, dated so far back as 1816, signifying the wish of the departed upon this and some other points; which leads me to remember that when Lady Beaumont conducted Mrs Wordsworth and myself to the monument of Sir George, she said, 'You observe there is just room for my name below'; but whether she meant on the same tablet, neither of us could venture to ask; but you may have more recent instructions.

We are most anxious to hear how my poor sister bears these afflicting tidings. She is at Halifax, in Yorkshire, where she was left by my son recovering from the effects of her late dangerous illness. Thankful at all events will she be that her dear friend's time of suffering was so short, and that she passed several days with her and Mrs Willes so lately.

Along with my condolence, in which Mrs Wordsworth and my daughter join, to Lady Beaumont, present my sincere regards, and believe me, my dear Sir George,

Faithfully, your much obliged  
William Wordsworth.

JULY 1829

K.

870. *W. W. to Barron Field*

Rydal Mount [1829]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Sir,

It gives me great pleasure that your destiny is changed. Gibraltar is rather a confined situation; but I hope it may agree with your health, and Mrs Field's. It cannot but be greatly preferable to India, and it is so much nearer home that it seems a good deal more probable that we may meet again than if your station had been the East. Take our best wishes, and God bless you.

I remain

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

MS.

871. *W. W. to E. H. Barker*

Rydal Mount July 24<sup>th</sup> 1829

Dear Sir,

Your little parcel was much longer in reaching me than I calculated upon. I have lately made a better arrangement and can have things once a month at the latest thro' Mr Longman with very slight expense of carriage.

Your books for which I sincerely thank you have been in my possession only a few days; and my eyes are not yet recovered from a serious inflammation, so that I have scarcely been able to dip into them, and I fear I shall not be able to bestow upon the Junius the attention a subject so curious deserves and which I should have readily given at an earlier period of life. I will do my best to disperse the adver<sup>t</sup> of your Classical Dictionary. In future Editions of this work would the additions etc be printed separately? I ask this question as knowing that many private scholars of small fortune are deterred from purchasing by the mortification of finding the book they have bought superseded by a subsequent Edition.

I fear your transcriber from my Poems on the subject of Ossian may have put himself to much unnecessary trouble on

<sup>1</sup> Not dated in K., but placed among letters of 1829.

JULY 1829

your account. I referred to these passages almost exclusively to shew the interest which the poetic world must attach to the name of Ossian, for the knowledge of which we English are mainly indebted to Macpherson; it is therefore impossible for me not to feel towards him a degree of gratitude which makes me regret the more that he should have ever mixed up so much untruth with the subject.

You perhaps have seen the *second* series of Mr Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations'. In the preface to the first vol: he speaks of Dr Parr in terms which will much please you.

Headley was a most extraordinary young man—more remarkable for precocity of judgement than any one I ever read or heard of: in his Poems also are beautiful passages, especially in the 'Invocation to Melancholy', that I think is the title, but I have not seen the Poems for thirty years. It would be well if you could obtain some account of so promising a genius which would appear with great propriety in an account of Dr Parr. He died if I recollect right at Norwich of a decline, and was married.

I remain dear Sir

faithfully your obliged servant

Wm Wordsworth

This letter may perhaps be detained a few days in the hope of a frank.<sup>1</sup>

Address: E. H. Barker Esq., Thetford, Norfolk.

872. *W. W. to William Rowan Hamilton*

*Hamilton.*

*M(—). G. K(—)*

Rydal Mount, July 24. 1829.

My dear Sir,

I have been very long in your debt. An inflammation in my eyes cut me off from writing and reading, so that I deem it still prudent to employ an Amanuensis; but I had a more decisive reason for putting off payment, nothing less than the hope that I might discharge my debt in person: it seems better, however,

<sup>1</sup> It was; the frank is dated Aug. 3.

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to consult you beforehand. I wish to make a Tour in Ireland, and *perhaps* along with my daughter, but I am ignorant of so many points, as where to begin, whether it be safe at this *rioting* period, what is best worth seeing, what mode of travelling will furnish the greatest advantages at the least expense. Dublin, of course, the Wicklow mountains, Killarney Lakes, and I think the ruins not far from Limerick, would be among my objects, and return by the North; but I can form no conjecture as to the time requisite for this, and whether it would be best to take the steam-boat from Liverpool to Cork, beginning there, or to go from Whitehaven to Dublin. To start from Whitehaven by steam to Dublin would suit me as being nearer this place and a shorter voyage; besides my son is settled near Whitehaven, and I could conveniently embark from his abode.

I have read with great pleasure the 'Sketches in Ireland' which Mr Otway was kind enough to present to me; but many interesting things he speaks of in the West will be quite out of my reach; in short I am as unprepared with Tourists' information as any man can be, and sensible as I am of the very great value of your time, I cannot refrain from begging you to take pity upon my ignorance and to give me some information, keeping in mind the possibility of my having a female companion.

It is time to thank you for the verses you so obligingly sent me. Your sister's have abundance of spirit and feeling; all that they want is what appears in itself of little moment, and yet is incalculably great; that is, workmanship—the art by which the thoughts are made to melt into each other, and to fall into light and shadow, regulated by distinct preconception of the best general effect they are capable of producing. This may seem very vague to you, but by conversation I think I could make it appear otherwise; it is enough for the present to say that I was much gratified, and beg you will thank your sister for favouring me with the sight of compositions so distinctly marked with that quality which is the subject of them.<sup>1</sup> Your own verses are to me very interesting, and affect me much as evidences of high- and pure-mindedness, from which humble-mindedness is inseparable. I like to see and think of you among the stars, and between death

<sup>1</sup> i.e. *genius*, W. W.

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and immortality, where three of these poems place you. The *Dream of Chivalry* is also interesting in another way; but it would be insincere not to say that something of a style more terse, and a harmony more accurately balanced, must be acquired before the bodily form of your verses will be quite worthy of their living souls. You are probably aware of this, though perhaps not in an equal degree with myself; nor is it desirable you should be, for it might tempt you to labour, which would divert you from subjects of infinitely greater importance.

Many thanks for your interesting account of Mr Edgeworth. I heartily concur with you in the wish that neither Plato, nor any other profane author, may lead him from the truths of the Gospel, without which our existence is an insupportable mystery to the thinking mind.

Looking for a reply at your early convenience,

I remain, my dear Sir,

faithfully your obliged

Wm Wordsworth

M.  
G. K.

873. W. W. to George Huntly Gordon

Rydal Mount, July 29, 1829.

My dear Sir,

I hope you have enjoyed yourself in the country, as we have been doing among our shady woods, and green hills, and invigorating streams. The summer is passing on, and I have not left home, and perhaps shall not; for it is far more from duty than inclination that I quit my dear and beautiful home, and duty pulls two ways. On the one side my mind stands in need of being fed by new objects for meditation and reflection, the more so because diseased eyes have cut me off so much from reading; and, on the other hand, I am obliged to look at the expense of distant travelling, as I am not able to take so much out of my body by walking as heretofore.

I have not got my MS. back from the ——,<sup>1</sup> whose managers have, between them, used me shamefully; but my complaint is

<sup>1</sup> *The Keepsake*, v. Letters to F. M. Reynolds, Jan. 28 and May 9, and notes.

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principally of the editor, for with the proprietor I have had little direct connection. If you think it worth while, you shall, at some future day, see such parts of the correspondence as I have preserved. Mr Southey is pretty much in the same predicament with them, though he has kept silence for the present. . . . I am properly served for having had any connection with such things. My only excuse is, that they offered me a very liberal sum, and that I have laboured hard through a long life without more pecuniary emolument than a lawyer gets for two special retainers, or a public performer sometimes for two or three songs. Farewell; pray let me hear from you at your early convenience.

And believe me faithfully your  
much obliged  
Wm. Wordsworth.

*Cottle(—)*      874. *W. W. to Joseph Cottle*

Patterdale Aug. 2. 1829.

My dear Sir,

I received yesterday, through the hands of Mr Southey, a very agreeable mark of your regard, in a present of two volumes of your miscellaneous works, for which accept my sincere thanks. I have read a good deal of your volumes with much pleasure, and, in particular, the 'Malvern Hills', which I found greatly improved. I have also read the 'Monody on Henderson', both favourites of mine. And I have renewed my acquaintance with your observations on Chatterton, which I always thought very highly of, as being conclusive on the subject of the forgery. . . .

With many thanks, I remain  
My dear Mr Cottle  
Your old and affectionate friend  
William Wordsworth.

*MS.*      875. *W. W. to Edward Quillinan*

Patterdale Monday August 4<sup>th</sup> [1829] I believe.

My dear Sir,

Dora forgot to beg you would let us know whether you had received the MSS which unfortunately I entrusted to the

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Editor of the Keepsake. Those Gentlemen have used me between them most scurvily, and I am rightly served for having degraded the Muses by having anything to do with the venal. If you have not received the Pacquet pray let me know by return of Post, under cover to the Earl of Lonsdale, Penrith. I must then have recourse to some measures for recovering the Papers. At all events write me a short note.

I am thinking of starting for Dublin, by the Whitehaven Steamboat Friday after next, this is Monday—How I wish I could have your Company—if I go I will see Killarney if possible. My Host at Dublin, will be Professor Hamilton of the Observatory. After all I fear I shall not have courage to go. I wish it however much. Ever faithfully

Yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*Address: Edward Quillinan Esq, Bryanston St., Portman Square, London.*

876. *W. W. to William Rowan Hamilton*  
*Hamilton.*  
*K(—)*

Patterdale, August 4, 1829.

I am truly obliged by your prompt reply to my letter, and your kind invitation, which certainly strengthens in no small degree my wish to put my plan of visiting Ireland into execution. At present I am at Patterdale, on my way to Lord Lonsdale's, where I shall stay till towards the conclusion of the week, when I purpose to meet my wife and daughter on their way to my son's at Whitehaven; and if I can muster courage to cross the Channel, and the weather be tolerable, I am not without hope of embarking Friday after next. This is Monday, August 4<sup>th</sup>; I believe every Friday the steamboat leaves Whitehaven for the Isle of Man. Whether it proceeds directly to Dublin or not, I do not know, but probably it does. I do not think it very probable that my daughter will accompany me, yet she may do so; and I sincerely thank you, in her name and my own, for the offer of your hospitalities, which, as we are utter strangers in

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Dublin, will be highly prized by us. Believe me, my dear Mr Hamilton, Most sincerely your much obliged

W. Wordsworth.

877. *W. W. to William Rowan Hamilton*

*Hamilton(—)*

*K(—)*

Whitehaven, August 15, 1829.

. . . The steamboat has been driven ashore here, so that I could not have gone in her to Dublin. But my plans had been previously changed. My present intention is to start with Mr Marshall, M.P for Yorkshire, who gives me a seat in his carriage, for Holyhead, on the 24<sup>th</sup> inst.; so that by the 27<sup>th</sup> or 28<sup>th</sup> we reckon upon being in Dublin, when I shall make my way to the Observatory, leaving him and his son to amuse themselves in the city, where he purposes to stop three days; which time, if convenient, I should be happy to be your guest. We then proceed upon a tour of the island by Cork, Bantry, Killarney, Limerick, etc. up to the Giant's Causeway, and return by Port-patrick. . . .

K. 878. *W. W. to Henry Robinson<sup>1</sup>*

Sea View, Whitehaven,

Saturday, August 15<sup>th</sup>, [1829.]

My dear Sir,

I have no objection whatever to advance £2,000 upon unobjectionable security, and therefore will thank you to let me know the particulars, with your judgment thereupon, as speedily as you can. I remain here till this day week, so that, if you can address me here, pray do. On Saturday I return to Rydal, and remain there till Sunday evening, when I depart upon a tour which might make it more difficult to communicate with me. About the 27<sup>th</sup> or 28<sup>th</sup> inst. I shall be in Dublin, where a letter addressed Post Office, under cover to John Marshall, Esq., M.P., will find me; but I hope it will be convenient for you to write me to this place.

I remain, dear sir, faithfully yours,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Robinson, solicitor, of York, v. Letter 832.

AUGUST 1829

MS.

879. W. W. to M. and D. W.

Holyhead, Saturday nine p.m.

[Aug. 29, 1829]

My dearest M. and D.

Here we are after a pleasant journey, to embark at 11—sail at 1—and be in Dublin Bay, God willing, at 7. There is little wind—a side breeze from the North—so we have as fair a prospect as we could wish.—We slept on Thursday a mile beyond Chorley—then Wigan, Warrington, Frodsham, whither I rode to meet Sara—Chester—Wrexham where we saw the interior of the fine Church, and the celebrated monument by Roubillac, thence to Llangollen including a round of 4 miles to see Wynnstay, Sir Watkin's Park, and the aquaduct over the Dee—slept at Llangollen—too late to go to Valle crucis—Left L. this morning at half past six—the first three miles exquisite—and the whole pleasant to Corwen—then to Cervige<sup>1</sup>—you will remember the bridge over the chasm and the waterfall, on our left to-day. Thought of dear Jones at Cervige—and before we had looked up the vista of the river Alwyn noticed the Inn on our right where we, M. and D., slept—soon came the descent along the [word missing]. Admired the falls of the Conway—went down to them—you cannot believe how interesting I found everything we had seen together, crossed the Conway by the Iron bridge and to Bettws—thought of our dinner—the Bridge and fall of water under it are very romantic, seen from the other side—up the River towards Capel Curig and came to the waterfall on our right, which you and I missed through my stupidity—it is a fine scene. From the garden of Capel Curig we could not see the top of Snowdon or any of its outline—only the Lake and its drear sides—but there were gleams of sunshine—a pleasant drive to Bangor, but the mountain tops shrouded with mist—the tarn or lake looked wild as you will remember—the Inn where Jones and we dined—very dreary—as we approached Bangor the afternoon brightened more and on the whole the day had been very pleasant—had a cold dinner at the Castle—Bangor, looked into the Cathedral, which has been repaired—took 4 horses and on to Menai Bridge, nothing could

<sup>1</sup> Cerrig?

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be finer than the approaching—a dazzling sun behind it, the light of which turning the Bridge and its chains etc. into brilliancy the metal gave to it an aerial or celestial appearance that was quite enchanting—such was the effect of all the ironwork which contrasted strikingly with the aquaduct arches or arch, which you will distinctly remember. Nothing can be more dreary than the Interior of Anglesea: the first two or three miles gave us fine views of the Strait and Lord Anglesea's grounds, and of the Mountains of the Mainland though the summits of most, particularly Snowdon, were concealed. It was dark an hour before we reached this place—so that I can say nothing about it, except that 20 Lamps or more at equal distances made a bright semicircle half enclosing a segment of the sea.

I looked with great interest at the Slate Quarries which we had seen together, and at many objects and scenes which we will talk about—I hope dearest Dora's cold is better. God grant it may—and that you Mary and all at home and Keswick are well, and in as good spirits as the thoughts of parting will allow. Present my affectionate farewell to dear Sara C. and her Mother, and remember me kindly to the Bridegroom<sup>1</sup>—with my best wishes for their happiness. Tomorrow I shall to Professor Hamilton's. You shall hear again from Dublin.

The complaints of the Subs. rather vexed me, for I think them unhandsome, as Mr Garsall who was probably loudest, took the stamps again, having complained and none of the rest ever complained to me. Dearest Mary, ask Mr Carter to shew the copy of his letter to the Board, and tell me how you like it. I did not see the Cooksons—nor had time to write. I wish you could say what I meant to have said, that either I wish the money to be paid or to have collateral security—this from the alarming state of the times. Pray do this.

Farewell W. W.

Love to my dearest Sister, when she reaches Rydal, and a thousand welcomes.

*Address:* Mrs Wordsworth, Rob<sup>t</sup> Southey's Esq<sup>re</sup>, Keswick, Cumberland.

<sup>1</sup> On Sept. 3 at Crosthwaite Church, Keswick, Sara Coleridge was married to her cousin Henry Nelson C.

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MS. 880. W. W. to his Family at Rydal

Dublin Sunday [Aug. 30, 1829]

My dearest Friends—

Here we are after a most pleasant passage—I am going to find out the Professor—I can say nothing of Dublin yet—I was not in the least sick, the water was so smooth, nor was one of our party—This note is merely to set you at ease as to our voyage—We are all well—Most affectionately yours—I long to hear from home. We shall leave Dublin on Wednesday morning unless something peculiar hinder—again farewell

W. W.

Welcome to Rydal dearest —

*Address:* Miss Wordsworth, Mrs W. Rawson's, Saville Green, Halifax.

MS. 881. W. W. to his Family at Rydal

Wexford Friday Night.

[Sept. 5 1829]

My dearest Friends,

We left Dublin on Wednesday as I said we should—I was so busy when there—that I had scarcely a moment at command—and having sate up late every night, and being over stimulated with talking, my left eye gave way, and I could neither read nor write without injury—Today it is a good deal strengthened and I sit down to write a few lines before going to bed. On Sunday at Noon I took a Car and proceeded to the observatory 4 or five miles but the Carman lost his way and it proved nearer 7. I found the Pr. at home and received from him a hearty welcome —his Sisters were not returned from Church—The observatory stands on a moderate eminence commanding a pleasing view of the vale of Liffey and opposite are the Dublin mountains on the left Phoenix Park the City and still further the bay of Dublin. After rambling about 2 hours we called on a neighbouring gentleman a master in Chancery formerly a member of Parliament for

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the City of Dublin. His name is Ellis he invited us to dine next day and my Fellow Travellers also—on my return I found the Professor's four Sisters, the Poetess included, and one a Girl. They are all plain, and somewhat old-fashioned in manner; but nothing could be more hospitable or kind—The next morning the Prof. and I went in a car to Dublin, called on the M's and saw many of the Lions, Trinity College, the Lord Lieutenant's Palace etc.—etc.—The public buildings are many of them splendid—but there is little or nothing antient in the City except St Patrick's Cathedral built by our King John; we called on Mr Otway, who engaged to breakfast with the Pro: next day. Dined as invited with Mr Ellis—and met there a Mr and Mrs Napier. Mrs N. had lodged some time with the Flemings a[t] Rydal the year we were on the Continent—next morning came to breakfast Mr Otway and the Great O— Tell Edith at your leisure I found him a very clever and agreeable Man. Mr Otway brought me a map of Ireland in two parts on Silk—deareas[t] Dora like yours of the Netherlands, and I will give it you—He is a most obliging person; he had traced on the Map the Route we ought to take through Ireland and gave us notes of instruction besides.—We returned, the Pro. he and I, to Dublin to complete the tour of the City and they brought a friend to breakfast with M. the next day at his Hotel.—We then visited St Patrick's Cathedral etc about these things I will tell you; the Pro. and I returned to the Obser: and we dined at Lord Francis Gower's, the secretary for Ireland—Lady Francis very pretty, almost beautiful, and engaging. The day before the Pro. and I had called on Lord Fr. at his office in the Palace—I will tell you about all when we meet: next morning left the Hospitable Ladies of the Obser. along with Mr Hamilton, and reached Dublin at nine—and left it at 11—the Pro. and Mr Otway having engaged to meet us at the 7 Churches next day. This was very acceptable—We left Dublin, crossed the Dublin mountains by the pass of the Scalp to Iniskerry—then explored the beautiful valley of the Dargle—and spent an hour with Mr Grattan, member for the county of Wicklow who lives on the banks of the stream, saw Powerscourt and the celebrated waterfall, and proceeded through the Glen of the Downs, above

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which live the Latouches where we could not call and slept at Newtown Mount Kennedy. I rose at six—and took a walk of about six miles to see a place called Dunran—and a little after eight we set off to meet our friends but we were delayed by restiff Horses—At last however we joined them and found they had been punctual, we breakfasted together at a place called Roundwood and proceeded to the 7 Churches. We were highly delighted—I defer particulars—We saw all the antiquities and the scenery and parted about four o'clock with much regret. We went down the Avonmore to Rathdrum where we slept —this morning off at six—a charming drive down the Avon—saw Col. Howard's place—at the celebrated meeting of the waters—and proceeded along the famous Ovoka River to Arklow—and here I will say on taking leave of the county of Wicklow that we saw its most celebrated features—with the exception of the Devil's Glen which would have thrown us too much out of our way. The best things of this morning's ride on the Avon and Ovoka, particularly about the meeting of the waters, reminded me of Wharfdale and of Fassally in Scotland, superior to the former but inferior to the latter—the junction of the two Avons does not by any means equal that of the Garry and Tummel. From Arklow to this place—Wexford by Enniskorthy our walk of this afternoon infinitely less interesting—Tomorrow we go to Waterford and up the Suir to Clonmel—here I shall see the beauties of Blackwater—and so on to Cork. I received a short letter from you at Dublin with one from John C—thank him—and say nothing further need be done about the subs. till I return which I expect will be in five weeks. Mr Marshall thinks it better not to write to any of this or even to speak of it but to keep our ground.—Has dearest Dorothy arrived and well, and how is dearest Dora—How unlucky about Mr Gordon—Had my eyes allowed I should have written to her—I long to hear of you—Direct to Killarney. I shall write again from Cork. The weather has been delightful—but this evening it rains hard—nobody has the least notion of Charges for Travellers—the thing if mentioned would be laughed at. I saw nothing at Dublin that pleased me so much as the Manner in which the Irish Ladies sit their jaunting Cars, of which you

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see vast numbers—Mr Hamilton is a most interesting person quite a man of Genius and always very lively—but I was over stimulated; and could not have stood it long—Today I asked at Enniskorthy the prices of the Articles of our Dinner in the hotel—salmon 5<sup>d</sup>—capital beef stake 4<sup>d</sup>½ and mark,—cheese—Shropshire or perhaps Cheshire scarcely better than our Lancashire 18<sup>d</sup> a pound. Why should not our English Farmer make his fortune in Ireland. Mr Ellis gave nine thousand five hundred pounds for an Estate—a few years ago for which he has received for some time a clear thousand a year—but too much of this. Farewell. God bless you all—Our Tour is likely to prove a very agreeable one—it is now half-past ten and I shall be up by five again farewell.

*Address:* Mrs Wordsworth, Rydal Mount, Kendal.

K.

882. *W. W. to C. W.*

Wexford, Ireland Saturday, September 5<sup>th</sup> [1829]

My dear Brother,

If you have not heard from others of my movements you will be surprized at the date of this. My quarters are four or five miles from Dublin, with Professor Hamilton, a young man of extraordinary genius, the successor of Dr Brinkley. In the course of two days I saw as much of Dublin as I wished, all the public buildings inside and out, Trinity College,—its hall, library, various MSS., etc., including the Fagel collection, 20,000 volumes, for which during the French Revolution the college gave between eight and ten thousand pounds,—the bank, formerly the Parliament House, etc. We left Dublin on Wednesday at noon, and have since seen all the crack places of the Wicklow Mountains and country, the Devil's glen excepted. The scenery is certainly charming, and either for residence or occasional touring from Dublin must be delightful. But I have yet seen nothing in Ireland comparable to what we have in Wales, Scotland, and among our Lakes. The celebrated vale of Ovoca and the glen of the Dargle are both rich in beauty, the latter in character something between Wharfdale and Fasscally

in the Highlands, where the Garry and the Tummel meet below the pass of Killiecrankie; superior to Wharfdale, but yet in a greater degree inferior to the Scotch scenes. You have heard probably of the 'Seven Churches'. This ground, so famous for the miracles of St. Kevin, we visited, and were highly interested; a deep valley with two lochs or pools, the one of the serpent unholy, in which no one will bathe, and the other sacred. Near three of the churches, of which alone considerable remains are left, stands a very lofty round pillar, very much like a lighthouse, but (as are the churches) of extreme antiquity. While we were looking round upon this sad, solemn, and romantic scene, with a train of poor hangers-on and our guide, a woman about thirty years of age passed, bearing a sickly child in her arms. Mr Otway, a Protestant clergyman, who along with Professor Hamilton had kindly come from Dublin to meet us here, knowing what she must be about, put to her some questions; from which we learned that she was going to dip the child in a part of the stream called Kevin's pool, to cure its lameness. She had already come four long miles to do this; a trouble she had taken three times already, and said her prayers nine times, kneeling on four corners of the rocks in the bed of the river in succession. Afterwards I went to see this pool. Near it stands a sacred thorn, which I found covered with innumerable little rags of linen cloth, small slips, hung there to wear away in the weather, from a belief that, as the rags consume, the disease will abate also. It would have affected you very much to see this poor confiding creature, and to hear the manner in which she expressed her faith in the goodness of God and St. Kevin. What would one not give to see among Protestants such devout reliance on the mercy of their Creator, so much resignation, so much piety, so much simplicity and singleness of mind, purged of the accompanying superstitions! The tenderness with which she spoke of the child and its sufferings, and the sad pleasure with which she detailed the progress it had made towards recovery, would have moved the most insensible; but, after all, her resignation to the event, be it what it might, was uppermost....

We are at Killarney, balked by a wet day. We have seen

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Waterford, the banks of the Suir, and the Black Water, from four or five miles below Lismore Castle to Fermoy, thence to Cork, of which the harbour is most beautifully gay and rich. With the scenery in Ireland, excepting what could be seen of Killarney from one point of view yesterday, and what we have caught a glimpse of this morning, I am upon the whole disappointed; not with the county of Wicklow, but all the rest, except this truly enchanting neighbourhood, for such it seems, But how mortifying this vile weather! . . . This region appears deserving of all the praise that has been lavished upon it. . . . The condition of the lower orders is indeed abject, as you well know. But there are everywhere, more or less scattered, symptoms of improvement, and in some places great advances have been made. . . . I am inclined to think less unfavourably of the disposition of the upper ranks of Catholics to exalt their Church, however much they may wish ours to be depressed. They have been mortified by the power of the priests; but still they have sufficient motives of a temporal nature for hostility to our Church. . . .

Yours, most affectionately,  
W. W.

MS.

883. *W. W. to M. W.*

Cork Wednesday 9<sup>th</sup> [Sept. 1829]

My dearest Mary,

We arrived here this day at eleven a.m. where I found your Letter. Tomorrow if we are not detained on the road for want of horses or other accident, we shall be at Killarney—and in something less than a month I expect to be at Rydal Mount, for in 3 weeks and 3 days we hope to have finished Ireland and in three more will be home I trust—I am truly sorry to learn that Wm's health continues so indifferent I would gladly write to him from Ireland but I am afraid I shall scarcely find opportunity, my eyes are so often in the state that makes writing or reading hurtful; though at present they are pretty well. My dear Sister, I hope, is by this time safe at home and well, and Dora continues well—I cannot say how anxious I am to hear of

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and still more to see you all.—I dispatched a letter for you just as I left Dublin this day week, hoping for an answer here but the allowance of time was too small, it will follow us—the day you receive this by all means write directing to Iniskilling where we hope to be in 10 days. You will naturally look for some account of what we have seen—but I must beg leave to be brief and dull hoping to make amends when we meet.—Upon the whole, but don't say so, I was rather disappointed with the scenery of Ireland—though by no means so with the general effect of the Tour, as far as concerns both country and people. On the day we left Dublin (last Wednesday) we slept, look at the great Map, at New Town Mount Kennedy, have crossed the Dublin Mountains through an over-celebrated pass called the Scalp and seen the beautiful valley of the Dargle and the too-famous waterfall of Powerscourt. In the morning I rose early and walked 3 miles out and as many back to see Dunran a wild glen, but we left unseen a spot still more famous the Devil's Glen, and proceeded upon New Town M.K.—six miles where our Friends the Professor and Mr Otway from Dublin met us and we breakfasted, thence to the 7 Churches with which and the wild romantic situation of three that I saw together with a huge Pillar near them we were highly gratified. About 4 o'clock we parted with our friends and slept at Rathdrum. Next day Friday down the Avon to the celebrated meeting of the waters and down the Ovoka to Arklow, all this through a charming country but by no means equal to Fassally and the Tummel Garry and Tay. On Saturday night we reached Wexford, having passed through Enniskorthy and under Vinegar Hill where the Rebels were defeated in 98—At Wexford—a dull Town we stopped all Saturday, a day of heavy rain—On Sunday we went to Waterford—with which we were much pleased, and slept at Carrick-on-Suir, on Monday at Shanbally Castle (near Clogheen) the seat of Mr O-Callan's Brother. We found the latter at Home—the next [?] day to Lismore upon the Blackwater and up it to Fermoy where we slept last night and here we are—but I will not trouble you with these dull particulars in future—I have only a quarter of an hour to say that I have laid in much observation to muse upon and think of—and as to

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our future Tour I expect the same—But for splendor and beauty of scenery, what I have yet seen of Ireland is not to be compared to Scotland, the North of England or Wales.—The Wicklow Mountains make a charming tour for the people of Dublin and are well worth a stranger's holiday, but no Englishman, still more would I say no Englishwoman, should trouble herself to visit them till she has seen the best part of our own island ; I therefore do [? not] much regret that neither of the Dorothys have yet taken the trouble and put themselves to the expense of the voyage and journey—I will describe everything as well as I can when we meet—the people are just what we supposed—I mean the poorest of them, nothing can be more wretched than their appearance and habitations ; but the Country shows thus far great signs of improvement, in roads, in habitations, bridges etc—All these you shall hear of—Today we have had a charming drive along the justly celebrated waters of Cork down to a place called the Cove—ridges of land on both sides richly covered with groves and gentlemen's houses, etc.—but I must conclude—the post goes out—farewel Love and welcome to the 2 Dorothys, say how they like the house improvements I hope to write you shortly.

*MS. 884. Dora and D. W. to Maria Jane Jewsbury*

Sept. 11<sup>th</sup> 1829.

*Dora W. writes :*

My dearest Friend,

I have been so long in your debt and have so much to tell I know not where to begin—Oh yes—I will tell you last news first—the fish are arrived safe and well, eight of them, beautiful silent creatures when my idle tongue is noisily disposed I shall go and learn of them—my Mother and Aunt delight to watch their graceful movements as much as myself, and I am sure when Father becomes acquainted with them he too will be delighted—and I shall be much disappointed if some time or other he do not throw off a few lines,<sup>1</sup> a fellow to the Dove Poem and

<sup>1</sup> He did: *v. Oxf. W.*, p. 526.

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elegant as that. Many many thanks—I am ashamed to think how far my thanks have to go back—even to the little packet which brought the pretty dandy shoe horn for my Father a long letter for me and the Poems (transcribed by your sister) with which we were much pleased—then for a second letter and the ‘Bridal Band’ which found me at Keswick two days after the wedding—the pleasure and admiration these verses excited caused them to be left behind—I was asked for a transcript and feeling sure you would not object gave several, when the Poney chair was ready at the door to bring me home I had not quite finished one to send to Sara’s Brother Derwent in Cornwall—so at last in my bustle I left my letter on the desk.—(D. W. writes) Dora has this moment departed on her pony attendant on the Bride and Bridegroom to Coniston with a parting charge to me—‘Do finish this letter’—begun as you will see on the 11<sup>th</sup> and this is the 15<sup>th</sup>—‘tell her how I have been busied from morning till night; and attest for me that I have not had one moment to sit down apart from friends’—— True is all this and I will now give you an account as short as I can (having a host of letters to write this morning) of what has happened among us. I left Halifax on Monday, the 8<sup>th</sup> and reached home on Tuesday afternoon—James<sup>1</sup> met me at K. I breakfasted at Staveley and was detained there by rain till after dinner—called on Mrs. Elliott whom I found pac-ing dolefully before the door of her quiet home with a Mrs. Reid, the Sister of Miss Waller, who came to the Wood on a visit, and was at that moment in the stupor of Death, and did actually die two days after. At home I found my dear Sister alone, and *how happy* we were to meet I need not try to tell you. The improvements in house and garden delighted me—Change is not what I like and still less *seek* for in familiar scenes—but every thing pleased me. Next day (Wednesday) arrived our sweet Dora—and looking so much better than I expected that I was doubly delighted to hear and see her once again. On Thursday to dinner arrived the bridal Pair—very interesting—and the most pleasing company I ever had to do with at a time so engrossingly interesting to themselves. Sara always was interesting; but she is now much more so—She is so quietly *happy* and cheerful—

<sup>1</sup> The W.s’ faithful gardener and handyman.

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and not abstracted as she often used to be. Friday was a very showery day which kept them at home—and on Saturday the like, and we had the Harrisons<sup>1</sup> and Mr. and Mrs Smith to dinner. You know of Mrs. Smith—She is Cousin Dorothy's Sister, and like Dorothy in sweetness of temper etc., but has had the advantage of being much in good company, and has a stronger understanding. On Sunday the Bride *appeared* at Chapel, and dear Mr. Fleming<sup>2</sup> gave us one of his very goody sermons; with so much heartfeeling that it was impossible not to sympathize with him—yet at the end of it you could not say what his object had been. On Monday the sun shone and Dora and her Friends visited the Langdales, came home delighted, and had only one shower to encounter. This day (Tuesday) is still more promising, and all gladness they left us. Dear little Sara who seats herself with such dawdling efforts in the poney chaise with her helpful Husband to pack her up in her wrappings—and Dora all independence on the poney. Owen Lloyd<sup>3</sup> breakfasted with us, and D. was well pleased when he consented to be *her* attendant; for to be solitary in that capacity with a Honey-moon pair is not quite the most satisfactory thing in the world, though I must say they behave so prettily as never to remind any one that he or she is in the way. My Brother writes in good spirits from Ireland. Their Tour has been a very pleasant one; yet on the whole I think he esteems the scenery as over-rated: but observe he had not then been at Killarney or the Giant's Causeway. His eyes are certainly much better, though I am grieved to say, not invariably well. Mrs. Luff, among the rest, has been greatly delighted to see [me] again at home, and I am in high favour as approving of all her improvements—as such considered—but say I to her ‘Where is your motive?—I see none for all this trouble and expense’—She replies ‘The trouble is my pleasure etc., etc.’ Even the Garden-wall does not absolutely horrify me—if she would but make it the supporter of trailing ornamental plants, and have a flowery grove on the Bank below—but no—it is to bear loads of fruit

<sup>1</sup> The Benson Harrisons—Mrs H. was formerly Dorothy W., Dora's cousin, *v. M.Y.*, p. 584.

<sup>2</sup> Vicar of Rydal.

<sup>3</sup> Son of Charles Lloyd.

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in spite of me—and that it never *can* do—and what so ugly as a range of blossomless fruitless fruit-trees!

It is time to thank you for your kind letter received at Halifax on my return from Saltmarsh. I very much regretted not seeing your Father, and was truly sorry to hear from Miss Simpson that your health had suffered from your return to Manchester. She told me your Father thought the place disagreed with you, and that he feared you must go away again. Is this so? and whither shall you turn? . . . My dear Friend, I wish I had been at home when you were here.<sup>1</sup> How beautiful is the place. The flower border on the front is even yet gay with potentilla climbing up every green Bush—Asters Dalias etc., etc.,—and not forgetting the humble pansy—purple and yellow which no doubt you looked on in summer. But I must have done—tho' lots of visitors have come in [ ? ] Mrs Wordsworth's absence at Fox Ghyll, and I shall not get half my work done,—so God bless you! I say nothing of the fish which are a private pleasure for each pair of eyes—and the most useful drawing-room companions in the world. Whenever there is a pause turn to the crystal Globe, and ever-moving creatures. But cannot you tell us how they are to be fed? Is there no food that will not discolour the water? Mrs Wordsworth returns. Her kind Love

Yours ever truly

D. W.

I have omitted to notice your very pretty verses on the 'Bridal Band'. The Bride and Bridegroom are very much pleased with them, and so are we old Folks. Tuesday Morning.

*Address:* Miss Jewsbury, Grosvenor Street, Oxford Road, Manchester.

MS.  
K(—)

885. D. W. to Jane Marshall

Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup> September [1829]

My dear Friend,

I did not intend to be a whole week at home without writing to you or to your Sister (for it was to *her* I intended to write);

<sup>1</sup> M. J. J. had visited Rydal Mount during the summer.

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but, after all, the letter must be addressed to you as I have not time for a thoughtful retrospect, or for minute details, which could alone justify my selecting her, who is but my occasional correspondent; and she I know will be glad to hear of me through you.

I parted from our dear Friend<sup>1</sup> at Saville Green on Monday, the 7<sup>th</sup>. Miss Ferguson kindly accompanied me to Bradford upon a beautiful sunny morning; but, as usual, the rain came on, and I had a dull journey to Kendal; but a pleasant day for my *last* journey in the pony-chaise from K. to Rydal Mount—where I found my dear Sister alone—delighted to see me, and I equally so to see her looking well, in excellent spirits, and as active in Body as ever I saw her. On Wednesday Dora arrived from Keswick where she had been officiating with seven more young Ladies as Bridesmaid to her Friend Sara Coleridge. I was most agreeably surprized with her comparatively healthy looks—for notwithstanding the bad weather for the Seaside, she had received great benefit from her visit to the neighbourhood of Whitehaven, and is now really, *for her*, strong and well. I see no symptom of ailment except now and then a slight grumbling among her teeth. This, it is true, would be bad enough should it increase; but I hope it will not. She is as lively as a Lark, and is now gone to Coniston with the Bride and Bridegroom, who have been staying with us since Thursday—a very interesting pair. I saw him in 1820 at Cambridge, and then thought him rather affected; but that is worn off. He is clever and agreeable; and seems likely to make a very kind Husband. If his health do not fail I doubt not he will prosper in his profession.

They are to leave us tomorrow—and on Thursday Mrs Coleridge (the Mother) will come to us to stay till Monday Morning, when she is to depart for Helston in Cornwall on a visit to her Son Derwent, who is settled there, as Curate and schoolmaster. Mrs Coleridge will be brought hither by a Miss Trevenan, a parishioner of Derwent—a very wealthy Lady (travelling in her own carriage) who will take Mrs C. into Cornwall after spending a day with us. I am glad to tell you of any good-fortune attending S. T. Coleridge's Sons therefore will add

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Rawson, with whom D. W. had lived at Halifax as a child.

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that this Lady is ever quite the patroness of Derwent, stood God-mother for his Child—and is very much attached to D. and to his Wife.

You may be sure, my dear Friend, that I am thankful and happy to find myself at home again, and it is very pleasing to me to observe the joy in every face at sight of me—looking, as they say, healthy and well. So indeed I am; but I find I must not yet try my strength at all. Ever since the attack of Cholera Morbus which I had at Halifax, it is true that I have walked a couple of miles without fatigue; but I am not to be depended upon; for yesterday I did the like, with a long rest at the end of the mile, yet came home much fatigued—and worn. This perhaps was accidental—but the air damp, the state of my bowels not quite settled, it proves that for a while I should be very careful, and so I shall be. I took an hour's rest upon my Bed, and was quite well in the evening, and am so today.

It is always an affecting parting from our dear old Aunt—At her age it is not possible that *she* should not feel each parting as likely to prove the last—and that I should not apprehend that it *may be so*—yet she is so absolutely healthy, so tranquil yet so cheerful that I see strong reasons for *hoping* that we may yet have many meetings in this World. To all appearance, if no sudden disease attack her, she may yet live many years. I left her surrounded by her Nieces. Poor Martha<sup>1</sup> is very feeble—has far less muscular strength than her Aunt; and is altogether shattered. Yet at times, when sitting still, she looks in the face as pretty, and as healthy too, as twenty years ago. Her spirits were always good when I was in her company; and many very happy days—I may say weeks—did we spend together at Saville Green. Anne Ferguson looks remarkably well; and if it were not for her voice, I should say is younger in appearance and in constitution than ten years ago. Edward<sup>1</sup> is hardly changed. Like his Sisters, he is made up of kindness and good-will. The improvements he has made at [? Bullan Trees] are really surprising. I consider them quite as a work of genius; for who but himself could have contrived a comfortable family house; and given to every thing an air of elegance, out of such a shabby,

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Ferguson.

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ugly inconvenient cottage as *his* was when he began with it? The young Fergusons were to leave Saville Green on the 19<sup>th</sup> to join their Uncle and Aunt at Liverpool. They are very pleasing sensible, good Girls, and Georgina is remarkably pretty, and has a delightful temper. Poor things they set out on their long voyage all hope and gladness without one misgiving.

And now, my dear Jane, it is time to turn to our own travellers. Our last letter was from Cork. One or two bad days were mentioned but no general complaint of weather, and my Brother seems to have been much more than satisfied with the tour—highly delighted. More, perhaps, with the society, the opportunities of observation etc., etc., than with the scenery—yet the Seven Churches and other particular objects had struck him very much. He speaks with the greatest pleasure of his companions.<sup>1</sup> In short I think the scheme must have answered for all the three; otherwise it could not have answered so well for him, as satisfaction, or the contrary, is always mutual upon such occasions, where people share the same fortune for so many weeks together. You will begin soon, as we shall soon do, to long for their return; but we are very desirous that they should do and see all they wished for, and not cut the matter short.

I conclude my Friend Jane Dorothea and her Husband are still with you—I long to see *her*—and to know *him*, and hope I shall have that great pleasure before they leave the country, here or at Hallsteads.

In the mean time, my dear Jane, let me hear from you and know what you are doing, what intending, and when you should most wish to see me, provided health and strength allow of my crossing the mountains. Perhaps you may prefer our all visiting you together after our Friends' return, for my Sister tells me she has promised *you* a second visit, and promises *herself* much pleasure from it—or perhaps you may wish to see me alone *before* the Irish party return—or perhaps my Sister, Dora, and I should come together. In my present state of uncertainty I mention all these possible things—leaving it to you to suggest whatever suits you, in the hope that our engagements may not jar with it. But when your Sister wrote to Mrs Rawson your

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Jane's husband and son.

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house was full of company—mor[e ex]pected—and when you were likely to be left to y[ourselves] I know not. By yourselves I mean [your] own Family.

I know your good Sist[ers] are likely to have a Bed for me at any time, so that if *your* House should be full, and we Rydal mounters should all visit you together *I* might house with *them*. Pray give my kindest Love to them, and tell them how I am contriving—though after all, being at the mercy of the weather, I have a hundred fears that your numerous engagements and bad weather which has so faithfully attended upon us during the summer, and hitherto during the autumn, may put a stop to whatever plans we may form. *This*, however, is a fine day and Dora, on her pony, is gone to Coniston with the Bride and Bride-groom in the pony chaise, and I do really expect that they will reach home without having encountered a single shower. I speak lightly; but truly this untoward season is a serious affliction—yet never did so much rain fall with so little apparent damage to the corn. This reminds me of Saltmarsh, where I saw immense fields of Wheat ready for the sickle and then mostly in fine condition; but how it has been gathered in, or whether at all, or not, I know not. By the by, we had a most agreeable visit at Saltmarsh. I was delighted with Mrs S.

And now, my dear Friend let me beg you to remember me particularly to your Sister Ellen whom I have not seen since the year 1822, with poor Harriot at Edinburgh. I shall be truly glad to meet her again at Old Church, and I doubt not she will have a melancholy satisfaction in recounting to me the particulars of her departed Sister's latter days, as I shall have in listening to them.

I trust you continue to receive good accounts from Brighton, and that the Patterdale Family, and the Headingley Family are going on prosperously. Remember me most kindly to those at Patterdale and tell your Son William that I shall have great pleasure in seeing his little Boy. The Askews are coming to an Ambleside Ball to which we doubt not you and your young people have been invited, but we conjecture you are not coming, as we have not heard from you; for we conclude that if any of the young Ladies had been coming you would have had the

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kindness to quarter them at Rydal Mount, where we could well have accommodated them. Pray tell Captain and Mrs Temple that if they tour this way we shall much rejoice to see them.  
Adieu my dear Friend ever yours

D. W.

My sister and Dora send their love.

*Address:* Mrs Marshall, Hallsteads, Penrith.

*MS.* 886. *W. W. to his Family at Rydal*

Limerick Sep<sup>t</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> [1829]

My dearest Friends,

I received your letter (Mary's and Dorothy's) at Killarney. I thought that in a letter sent from Dublin the day we left it, I had directed you to write to Cork; but as I have had no such Letter, I suppose I have been mistaken. I am truly thankful dearest Sister that you are so well; and glad to hear such a good account of Dora; but poor dear Willie I am almost alarmed about him—how is he [to] stand the winter yonder, I fear the climate does not agree with him. Does he speak of a cough; and have you charged him again on no account to injure himself in the least degree by application. I long to hear more of him and wish I had directed you to write to this place where we are just arrived—Mr Marshall and his Son are gone out; and here are six Letters on the table for him at his return, but not a line written for me—alas—alas. I wish I could have heard from you at least twice a week: But our movements and rate of travelling are so uncertain—hindrances from weather and want of post-horses so often occurring—We are now travelling northward direct having left Killarney yesterday slept at Askeaton and reached this place, after visiting the ruins of Adair—where are three Abbeys, and a Castle within less than a quarter of a mile of each other—Of the manner in which Mr James Marshall and I exerted ourselves in the County of Kerry (look at the map) I will give you a specimen—We left Kenmare each on a vile Irish Hack horse at five in the morning, rode 3 hours, breakfasted and sailed on the bay of Glengariff upwards of two hours and

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called on Mr White, Brother to Lord Bantry, at his beautiful cottage or Castle upon Glengariff bay, walked about his charming grounds, lunched with Mrs White and her two interesting daughters of whom and his glen and bay you shall hear when we meet—returned to Kenmare on the Hacks in three hours over vile roads; reached the place by eight—were up next morning between 4 and five—off on our hacks after a poor breakfast about half past six, rode 11 Irish miles (about 15 English) took to our feet, climb and climb till we reached the summit of a ridge, descended something less than 1,500 feet, mounted another ridge as high, descended and then took the mountain of Carranhouel the highest in Ireland, 3—4000 feet above the level of the sea—descended walked two hours—then two hours more—mounted our horses which we had sent round the mountain, and rode 4 Irish miles to Killarney which we reached at ten—having taken nothing all day but a bad breakfast—one crust of bread, and two basins of milk, and a glass of whiskey. When we reached Killarney we found Mr Marshall, Mr Dane's pupil, sitting with our Mr M—they had dined together and were astonished at the performance especially for one in his 60<sup>th</sup> year. And to say the truth I was neither stiff nor fatigued, though my horse had the vilest paces that ever plagued a Rider. We left Killarney at six next morning, not so—I am mistaken, we rose at half past five but did not get off for an hour—Carranhouel as a mountain is a much sublimer object than any we have; and Killarney's three lakes with the navigable passage between the upper and lower lake, take the lead I think of any one of our lakes, perhaps of any *one* of our vales, but that may be questioned—but of all this you shall hear when we meet. Suffice it at present to say that we spared no pains in seeing everything; though one day was almost useless; it rained all day.—But upon the whole I reckon the weather has favoured us though it is raining hard now, and has done so all day. Mr Marshall has just come in—and has opened his Letters,—none for me how could there be [? a sorry] blockhead as I am. I beg therefore that you will not fail to write by return of post, directing to Coleraine and 4 days after to Lurgan—Lurgan I have written the word twice, the first letter is an L. Tomorrow

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we go to Nenagh, next day we hope to reach Edgeworth Town where we shall meet the Professor, thence to Londonderry, and so forth. I shall despatch this from Limerick though it tells you so little. Limerick is a large uninteresting town—and I wish we were out of it; but this morning we were much pleased with the ruins at Adair, and also though in a less degree with those of Askeaton. On our way we met a characteristic sight today—a [hearse] bedizened with white plumes; the Driver with a white hat-band—and by his side sat on the box a beggarly looking<sup>1</sup> Woman, her elderly cheeks streaming with tears and her countenance looking the genuine Irish howl or ululation. At the back of the hearse sat aloft, precisely as people do with us behind a coach, two ragged people with countenance nearly as ludicrously woeful. I should scarcely have mentioned this but that similar contrasts are so common every where in Ireland. Yesterday we met on the high road a Lady upon a Donkey, the Rider most flauntingly overdressed—by her side walked a Gentleman carrying on his arm a huge lap Dog, as Frenchmen do—he too was wondrous fine and with them walked three or four young ladies all in full feather—it was quite a continental exhibition with something in it nevertheless peculiar to this strange Country.— We do not in future expect interesting scenery; so that we must depend mainly on what we can collect concerning the people. Marshall was quite mortified that he saw so little of us. He is much respected about Killarney but he lives ten miles off—and quite out of our road. The Douglasses had left their names in the Book of our hotel dated the 6<sup>th</sup>. We reached Killarney four days after—I am glad we missed them.—Pray remember me to all Friends—Harrisons—Robinsons—Mrs Luff—The Carrs—Mr Barber etc etc and give my kind regards to John Carter, and the servants. You do not tell me how you liked the improvements, and what Dorothy thought of our new room. I hope you all continue well—I have worked so hard in sight-seeing—never having been in bed later than six and staring about all day that I have written to no-one except a Letter of 2 sheets and a half to Dr Wordsworth. I wish I could find the eyesight and spirits to write a long letter to dear Wm whom I think of anxiously and

<sup>1</sup> Written looked.

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perpetually. Pray tell him so and give my love to John whom Marshall would be glad to see—he talks of coming to West<sup>nd</sup> this winter. Sir Aubrey de Vere<sup>1</sup> another of Mr Dane's pupils was not at home—Yesterday we came in sight of the Shannon (see the map) at Tarbert—the shores are low and naked and the River wide—it was our Companion a long way—but not a very interesting one—and the Suir and Blackwater had disappointed us before as had the Slaney so that we have little to say in favour of the rivers of Ireland. Tomorrow we shall see more of the Shannon. Our Tour has been most agreeable without mishap of any kind—and no drawbacks but the weather and our missing some persons we wished to see—for example, today Mr Spring Rice<sup>2</sup> member for Dublin and our host Mr Ellis, both of whom we expected to meet here and who could have given us desirable information.—Is dear Sarah come—give my hearty welcome to her, with best love—Say how you like the Bridegroom,<sup>3</sup> and how the Bride carried herself; and give my love to the Southeys.—The Counties of Wicklow and Kerry are well worth seeing indeed for their beauty particularly the latter, there are some pretty spots elsewhere and Cork harbour is splendid—but nothing save those two counties is worth coming to see except for the sake of the people; who present a perpetual subject for thought and reflection—how often have I wished for you all and for your journalizing pens—unfavourable as our mode of travelling is to conversing with people, you would find much to set down and describe, particularly you, dearest Dorothy. In Kerry I was frequently reminded of your Scotch journal, and old as we are I should well like to pass a month with any of you not excepting dearest Dora, in that singular region. As to Tarns, West<sup>nd</sup>, Cumberland and the whole country are poor in comparison with it, one Hill alone is said to show 800 of these, and from the top of Caranthouel are seen heaven knows how many, and one (tell Southey) at vast depth to which the

<sup>1</sup> Sir Aubrey de Vere (1788–1846), poet, author of *Julian the Apostate* (1822), and *A Song of Faith, Devout Exercises and Sonnets* (1842), dedicated to W. But it was probably his son, and not Sir Aubrey, who was Mr Dane's pupil. For his reminiscences of W., v. G. iii. 486–99.

<sup>2</sup> v. pp. 974, 975.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. Henry Nelson Coleridge.

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fine one on Saddleback is a meer pool. The Sun I think never shines upon it or its volcanic crater. I have brought Mrs Robinson a small stone from its summit where grows the mountain or sea-pink (thrift) and all up the sides as does London pride both so common in our garden—on the Cushions of the pink I trod everywhere for softness sake—The Irishwomen one meets, but do not repeat this, are never lovely, and scarcely ever handsome—but I must stop for tea and bed, how I long to hear of you all  
—Farewell my dearest Friends

*Address:* Mrs Wordsworth, Rydal Mount, Kendal, Westmoreland.

K.                    887. *W. W. to C. W.*

Limerick, 17<sup>th</sup> [Sept., 1829.]

My dear Brother,

Read this first. This letter, begun on the 5<sup>th</sup>, I could not think worthy of being sent off, and I never have found time to write a better, for I really have worked hard. The day before yesterday Mr James Marshall and I breakfasted at five, set off from Kenmare at half past, rode ten Irish miles, took to our feet, ascended nearly fifteen hundred feet, descended as much, ascended another ridge as high, descended as much, and then went to the top of Carrantuohill, three thousand feet, the mountain being the highest in Ireland, three thousand four hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea. We then descended, walked nearly two hours, and rode on bad horses an hour and a half or more, and reached Killarney at ten at night, having eaten nothing but a poor breakfast of spongy bread without eggs and one crust of the same quality, and drank milk during the whole day. I reached Killarney neither tired nor exhausted after all this. We were richly recompensed by a fine day, and most sublime views. We saw everything at and about Killarney, the bay and the glen of Glengariff (a celebrated scene not far from Bantry) included. With the county of Kerry I have been much pleased, and by some parts almost astonished.

As to the Irish people, our mode of travelling is not favourable to conversing much with them; but I make the most of my opportunities. Poor laws cannot, I think, be introduced into

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Ireland. There is no class to look to their administration, and the numbers who would have a claim for relief are so vast that any allowance which would tell for their benefit could not be raised without oppression to those who are already possessed of some property. I have no more room, and the subjects before me are inexhaustible. Farewell. God bless you, my dear brother. We shall push on as fast as we can from this place.

Affectionately yours,

W. W.

MS. 888. *W. W. to his Family at Rydal*

Birr, recently named Parson's Town

Friday 18<sup>th</sup> [Sept. 1829]

My dearest Friends

Today I posted for you at Nenagh a Letter written at Limerick, which uninteresting place we left this morning in the rain (which has persecuted us all day) and breakfasted at Castle-connel a very agreeably situated village on the banks of the Shannon. It is a place of resort for drinking waters like the German Spa, and the Shores of the River are sprinkled with Villas and gay pleasure-boxes. On a bold limestone rock stand and lie the remains of an old Castle overgrown or richly hung with ivy—the whole landscape exceedingly pleasing. Here we took boat perhaps a little incautiously, and soon found ourselves in the noisy bed of the Shannon among water breaks and wears for the catching of salmon. We were hurried down the foaming bed of the river among waves that leapt against the stream and on one side was an eddy which would have swallowed us up had the Boatmen been wanting in skill to avoid it. But they understood their business. Imagine to yourself a River a good deal broader to the best of my remembrance than the Neckar at Heidelberg, and foaming along over rocks and shelves much more furiously—on each side were groves and Country houses—but what were we going to see—the *falls* of Doonas—falls they scarcely are—but tremendous rapids which as we saw them today would have swallowed up any vessel that should venture among them.—We disembarked and walked along the margin of the magnificent stream to a limestone Rock that rises abruptly

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from the bed of the river, and makes part of a pleasure garden. Here we stood and saw a curve of the agitated stream of at least 500 yards—it remind[ed] me as I have said of the Neckar, of the Rhine, dearest Dora, which we saw below Bingen last summer and above St. Goar—but the trouble of the water was many degrees more formidable than in any of those places. Our Boatmen told us that when the River is swoln to its utmost by the water-floods—there are here Billows like those of the Atlantic and the River drove against the elbowing lime-stone rock as if it would sweep the barrier away in the excess of its violence. I can easily conceive this—for today the sight was very impressive—from the sides of the rock grows a large Ewe tree which extends its branches some yards over the stream, and in hot weather the Salmon are accustomed to take shelter in numbers from the beams of the Sun. Distant Hills terminate the landscape but we could not see them for mist and rain. We left this truly interesting spot after drying and changing our wet clothes and proceeded up the Shannon to Killaloo—a Bishop's See with its Cathedral and some very antient ecclesiastical Ruins. It is a poor place but well situated below the outlet of Lough Derg. Had the day been fine we should have taken a boat and sailed on the water—the banks of which here are pretty high hills of rather heavy forms but pleasantly ornamented with wood—a good way up the lake is the holy island—with the ruins of seven Churches, and a tall column among them as we saw at Glendalough in the county of Wicklow. These Churches of Lough Derg have probably disappeared in a great measure as several of those in Wicklow have done—but today we distinctly saw at some distance the Pillar rising from the holy island—which the Postboy told us was the most fertile piece of ground in Ireland; and certainly it looked green as Emerald—had the day been favorable I should have liked to visit this spot—nearly opposite to it the road left the lake altogether—but not till we had a view of this immense sheet of water to its head—The Shores of the upper part are so flat that we left it without regret—and have seen nothing worthy of remark since except the small Town or Village of Borusakene<sup>1</sup> where about two months ago 20

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Borrisokane.

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people or so were killed in a disturbance. These fatal events arise out of unwillingness in the people to submit to the Police—so they quarrel and lives are lost—but it does not seem that religion has anything to do with these disputes.—A little time before we came to Nenagh the Postboys alighted and in the highway redressed themselves in full view of their Lords and Masters in the Carriage. What are you about we exclaimed—only making ourselves decent plase your honor before we enter the Town. Accordingly off they took their coarse great coats and upper waistcoats—like jockies before a race—made many adjustments and appearing before us in smart drab jackets with gold Buttons, mounted their jaded and restive horses to their own infinite satisfaction—and not a little to our amusement. Tomorrow we proceed to Edgeworth Town I believe by Athlone, which if you look in the Map stands exactly as you will see in the centre of the Island at the outlet of Lough Rea—and here I will stop for the present—

Sligo 22<sup>nd</sup>

My dearest Friends here we are, having come from Edgeworth Town where we passed two days this morning. At Athlone, the streets of which are very narrow, the Postboys ran the carriage against a cart laden with hay which caused an injury to it that detained us three hours and a half. So that we were obliged to sleep at a place called Bally-mahon and did not reach the Edge-worts till breakfast time Sunday morning. Here we found Mr Edgeworth, proprietor of the Estate, Mrs Edgeworth a lady sixty years of age, Widow of old Edgeworth, an antient Sister of Honora Sneyds, Miss Edgeworth the authoress, two daughters of that Mrs Edgeworth who was Honora Sneyd, and Francis Edgeworth, a young man of Genius, the youngest Son of the whole medley. Professor H— was here also and we passed two agreeable days, though it rained all Sunday. Five miles on this side of Athlone, as I ought to have observed, we passed through Auburn, Goldsmith's famous village, where are the Ruins of a Hawthorn said to be planted by him, and a roofless House in which his father or brother once resided as a parish priest passing rich with forty pounds a year.<sup>1</sup> Goldsmith was born at Elphin

<sup>1</sup> *The Deserted Village*, l. 142.

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and educated at Edgeworth Town. At Athlone during our detention I made the best use of my time in conversing with the people. Today we have had an agreeable drive, but nothing striking except Lord Lorton's house and grounds upon Loch Key, and Boyle Abbey, a fine old ruin at Boyle; the last hour and a half we were in the dark, having been detained by General King, Lord Lorton's Brother in looking about the place. We saw Lord Lorton himself, but he was going out, and committed us to the care of his Brother and a Clergyman. They both described the state of the country as more unquiet than ever, and forbode the very worst from Catholic bigotry and intolerance in alliance with political Demagogues. But remember Lord Lorton and his family are Brunswickers of the first water; Mr Edgeworth whom we had left in the morning sees things in quite a different point of view.—For my own part my apprehensions are little abated—but I will not now enter into particulars, it is late and I bid you all goodnight as I purpose to be up before six to look about me. The Country around Sligo is hilly I believe, and almost mountainous; and said to be beautiful—in the morning I shall be able to judge. I expect a Letter at Inniskilling which we shall reach tomorrow. In eight days we calculate upon reaching Belfast; so write by return of Post to that address. Do not fail.—God bless you all most affectionately yours. We liked Mr Edgeworth much—the authoress<sup>1</sup> is very lively—again and again Farewell

W. W.

Address: Mrs Wordsworth, Rydal Mount, Kendal, Westmoreland.

MS.

889. W. W. to D. W.

Thursday Evening  
Inniskilling 24<sup>th</sup> [Sept. 1829]

My dearest Sister,

We did not reach this place till today at 2—having been agreeably detained at Sligo in the neighbourhood, so that we were obliged to sleep at a place called Manor Hamilton, and

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Maria Edgeworth (1767–1849), author of *The Parent's Assistant* (1796–1800), *Castle Rackrent* (1800), *Belinda* (1801), &c.

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could not proceed farther today, the only sleeping place in our direction is so far distant.—

Your Letter my dearest Dorothy was very welcome though dated far back—I am glad to hear you are all well—and I now write merely to acknowledge the receipt of yours and to tell you how we go on; and to say that as soon as we can be tolerably sure as to the time of our reaching Halsteads; within a day or two, I will write to you with a view to your meeting us on our arrival if that does not interfere with the Penrith races, because in that case there would not be beds for us at Halsteads.—Mr Marshall's present calculation is that he will reach home towards the latter end of Penrith race week. We have no object before us except the Giant's Causeway and the promontory of Fair Head that are at all dependent upon weather—but still there are so many impediments from want of Horses and Sleeping places where it would suit us to find them and from other causes that it is impossible to calculate with exactness our movements.

I cannot find time to write to Wm and Mr Gordon and Mr Pappendike also, and therefore I do earnestly beg that you would instantly write in my name and your own, and enjoin Wm not to fatigue himself by application and beg that Mr Pappendike would insist upon it. Pray do this for me. You cannot guess how hard I work to see and hear all I can. I am never in bed later than half after five, and often rise at five—so that I am obliged to go early to bed, and my eyes do not serve me for much writing by Candlelight—I could not bear to write to dear Wm unless I wrote him an entertaining Letter, which would cost me a great deal—I spoke to Professor Hamilton about John's wish for a pupil, and he mentioned it to Mr Otway, who wished to know John's terms, which if I recollect right were £100 for tuition alone—I should fear there is little prospect of succeeding in Ireland. I forgot to mention it to his Uncle W—to whom I wrote a Letter of 2 sheets and  $\frac{1}{2}$  since I came to Ireland. I have not written to the Howards.

How do you think of getting to Halsteads, I fear the fatigue of your crossing Kirkstone—for heaven's sake let no dread of expense tempt you to any exertion or exposure—take a chaise to Paterdale and the M.s would meet you there, if you go before

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the Race week, for you cannot be there then—We must indeed economise but I cannot reconcile myself to your proposal as to the 20 pounds.

Yesterday was a very productive day—we had the company of Mr Avenbury, a protestant clergyman, who showed us everything interesting in the neighbourhood—the scenery is beautiful, and his conversation was highly interesting. When I place the map of Ireland before you my dearest friends I shall tire you with what I have to say as to the face of the Country—and as to the people though I have learned little I have learned something. The Romanists are entirely (that is the lower orders) under the command of their priests, ready to stir in any commotion their spiritual leaders may be inclined to incite them to—and besides this the lower Irish of all persuasions are ever ready for a broil—so that the country may be pronounced to be in a most unwholesome if not alarming state—it becomes then a question whether the priests and populace will be seconded by the Catholic gentry now that the Riley bill is passed—not certainly by so many of them as before—but still there are the political Agitators and through them and the priests and the bigotry and ignorance of the lower orders who are so prodigiously numerous, I dread the worst for the Established Church of Ireland—after all tranquillity might be established and the country preserved if the English Parliament and Government could see their interest and would do their duty—The fact is they know not how formidable popery is, how deeply rooted it is, how that it is impossible that Ireland can prosper or be at peace, unless the protestant Religion be properly valued by the Government. But no more of this—This morning I walked out before six at Manor Hamilton—it is seated among hills and Rocks of Limestone—The Sun though not above the horizon had filled the East with purple and gold—One mountain opposite of Majestic size and varied outline was steeped in deep purple, so were the battlements and towers of a Ruined castle at one end of the small town—the Ruin is one of the finest we have seen in Ireland—the stream was visible in the valley, blue smoke ascending from the thatched cottages, and in different parts of the valley forming itself into horizontal lines resembling vapour,

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and on the sides of the hills also, all was quiet and beautiful, glowing light and deep shadow—yet not two months ago two persons were killed here and 15 wounded in a fray, between the Protestants and Catholics, because an old Woman sang in the streets a Ballad which one of the Parties did not like.—About the same time six people were killed in another quarrel in a village not far from which we passed—so that it is truly deplorable to reflect upon the hatred which exists between the two parties—Of this I will tell you much when we meet.—At present my eyes hint that I must conclude—but upon the whole I have suffered little from them—though I cannot read at all by Candlelight having left my spectacles at Rydal. Dearest Mary and Dora why did not you write to me—You cannot imagine how I long to see you all, and how deeply I regret having so miscalculated our movements. I directed you before to write to Lurgan—if you write by return of Post I think another Letter might reach us at Lurgan—but if you do not, write again to Belfast—for I think I have already directed you to write to that place. Pray tell me as many facts as you can—I am delighted you are so well pleased with the improvements.—Our Tour has answered our expectations to the utmost. My Companions are very interesting; and we have been fortunate upon the whole in weather, having mostly had it good where we most wanted it. Today has been beautiful—but the Country not half as interesting as yesterday. Tomorrow we coast the western side of Lough Erne to Ballyshannon, and thence we go to Donegal and if possible a stage further thence to Strabane, Londonderry and after that to the Causeway and Fair Head—when our Tour as to objects of Nature will be finished—Love to you all—Sarah I hope is arrived—

most affectionately yours

W. W.

Give my love to John when you write.

This day we have visited Florence Court, seat of Lord Iniskilling, Lord Belmour's also, said to be the finest House in Ireland, and a place called Bellisle upon the upper lake of Lough Erne, formerly Lord Ross's—

*Address: Miss Wordsworth, Rydal Mount, Kendal, Westmorland.*

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MS. 890. W. W. to his Family at Rydal

Donegal Friday 25<sup>th</sup> [Sept. 1829]

My dearest Friends,

I posted a Letter for you this morning at Enniskillen, and here we are this evening—having expected to get a stage further but could not for want of horses at Ballyshannon, so that we had to wait there upwards of two hours. This day our journey has been on the Western side of Lough Erne, that is the lower of the two lakes of that name. This morning I rose at five, and dressed in the dark, and 20 minutes before six went out and ascended a Hill near Enniskillen from which I had a view of the town below me, which stands upon a ridgy island, with waters visibly sleeping or creeping about it almost on all sides—It is rather a pleasant situation and the Town neat though almost every other house is thatched; as is the Hotel (the best in the Town) in which we slept—There is one conspicuous Church with a Tower, and a Roman Catholic chapel.—

Our journey has not today been very interesting, though some of the views of Lough Erne as we came along are striking—one in particular where we looked down upon it from our Eminence, and saw a number of Islands chiefly wooded and what looked like a shoal of huge whales that had been stopped in their course up the channel of Waters and fixed in their present position. The lower part of the Lake is about eight Irish miles wide and without Islands. The River that flows out of it falls furiously over rocks, at a place called Belleek; and also at Ballyshannon—in strange and striking contrast to the lazy diffusion in the two lakes among swamps and Islands. At Belleek I fell into conversation with a person who no doubt was a Protestant—his report was that the Country was inwardly more discontented than ever and that it was unsafe for Protestants to live in it. Such seems pretty generally the opinion of the lower class of this persuasion; my own is that all will depend upon the firmness of the united Parliament, and of the Government; if the former is to continue to be deceived as in my opinion it has been as to the degree in which the Catholic Religion is pernicious and formidable, and the latter to oscillate and crouch as it has

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been doing hitherto—my decided opinion is that the whole country will be in confusion—if a contrary course be pursued by the Government, then a convulsion may be avoided.— There is nothing interesting between Ballyshannon and this place, Donegal, a small Town scarcely so large as Ambleside, lying in a hollow between Limestone Hills and rocks with a rocky river small also, and in the Town upon the banks of the stream are the roofless walls of a large old Edifice something between a Castle and a Mansion—Beside it stands a newly erected Church—and a little below is a small quay where two Sloops were lying at Anchor. One of the hills above commands a striking view of the upper part of the Bay of Donegal besprinkled with Islands, and almost bisected with promontories.—

Though there is great want of employment all these little towns are increasing and improving. We see also few beggars, a convincing proof of protestant influence—but alas—the Romanists appear gaining ground in these more protestant parts as well as elsewhere—and this will continue to be so unless the standard of civilization be raised generally throughout the Country, and information and knowledge spread both in conjunction with such improvement in the condition of men and for the sake of truth as truth.—

Tomorrow we hope to reach London Derry, where perhaps I may add something to this Scrawl—At present good night. I hope you have written about Dear Willy who is seldom out of my thought—but I begged earnestly that you would do so in my letter from Killarney—Thank you again Dearest Sister for being so particular about your health, I cannot say how anxious and fearful I am about you all—Goodnight once more—

Strabane 2 o'clock

We left Donegal a little after six—a gloomy wet morning—which deprived us in a great measure of the sight of a mountain pass called Barnesmoor which is thought much of in Ireland— After we had left it we entered on a moorish Country without grandeur or beauty or the least sign of cultivation. We breakfasted at [ ]<sup>1</sup> reached this place at noon—it is a thriving Town situated in a spacious [ ]<sup>1</sup> upon a fine stream which

<sup>1</sup> Blank in MS.

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a little below joins another and they pass on their way to London Derry. Mr Marshall has called on some person upon business which detains us here longer than we expected—I find nothing to interest me, and therefore have sate down to scribble this, having in vain tried the Booksellers shops—nor have I had an opportunity of entering into Converse with any one, which rarely happens. We are now in a Protestant Country the appearance of things generally improved—it is pleasing to observe in this spacious vale how high cultivation is carried up the hills —here are few or no beggars, and the tillage is improved and everything looks well; though trade is languid as I suppose here as elsewhere—having reach[ed] the bottom of the sheet I bid you adieu.

*MS. 891. W. W. to his Family at Rydal*

London Derry 7 in the Evening

Sat. 26<sup>th</sup> [Sept. 1829.]

My dearest Friends,

According to our best calculation we shall reach Penrith the middle of week after next—that is the race week; and we are of opinion that if you are not gone to Halsteads you must put off your journey till after my return, as the House at Halsteads will be full. I therefore shall make the best of my way to you, either through Patterdale, or by Keswick as conveyances may serve—if John has not come to see his Aunts could he not wait till my return—I should be so glad to see him—

—I expect a Letter from you tomorrow at Coleraine and another if not two at Lurgan—write to me again also at Port-Patrick as soon as you receive this—And a note at Halsteads to let me know how you are, in case I pass that way.—London-derry is one of the pleasantest Irish towns I have seen, it stands upon a hill with a broad stream below it, over which is a wooden bridge of a vast number of arches, the walls of the Town, which are perfect, make an excellent walk and at the top of the Town stands a very handsome Church with a commanding spire.—Mr Marshall having seen the Giant's Causeway, does not mean to incur the fatigue again—he goes with us no farther than

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Coleraine—and Mr Jones and I will proceed in a Car to Bush Mills and then take to our feet—we shall see Dunluce Castle, the subject of a poem by Mr Quillinan, and also Fairhead, a Promontory which you will find on the map—and rejoin Mr Marshall on his way to Antrim, so that in a couple of days, as far as sights go, I consider our Tour to be over; and I cannot tell you how anxious I shall be to see you all again.

—Give my kind regards to John Carter, remember me also to Mr Barber, the Harrisons, Robinsons, Mrs Luff etc etc and to the Servants Anne and James and Mr Bell's scholar.

Dearest Sister I am delighted you were so much pleased with the improvements; I hope Sara will be so too—As to our bedroom no words can express the comfort it has been to me—

Have you found the drab cloth for the waistcoat. I bought it at Harrogate, which Anne and I had such a rummage for; Anne would tell you. I took something of yours for a Letter-case, I might as well have left it behind me for I have used Mr Marshall's pen and ink etc., etc.

You will observe that we shall not take the direct way to Belfast from the Causeway—our Route thence is to Antrim and parallel to the vast lake of Loch Neagh to Lurgan at its head—from Lurgan to Banbridge Lisburne Belfast Donaghadee.—I shall call at Carlisle to see if the Dentist cannot supply [me] with a tooth for the under one I have lost, but this I fear cannot be done without putting me to a good deal of pain as the stump remains in—God bless you 'all and take care of yourselves. Doro—keep clear of cold—You did well as Bridesmaids not to risk your fame by a 2<sup>nd</sup> exhibition—I see that you will all make good women if prudence be sufficient, what are the young men about

Ever yours

W. W.

My dearest M.

Your letter just received—and Mr Jones and I start almost immediately for Bush Mills 2 miles from Giants Causeway—and will join Mr Marshall at Ballimena on this side of Antrim—on Tuesday.—I received your letter enclosing Heaths—at Killarney—but the one for Cork never reached Mr Marshall—

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I am pleased with the news from Longman, wholly expected. Londonderry is most pleasantly situated—we walked round the Ramparts this morning—today we passed a great thriving Town, and Coleraine is the same but the drive was in other respects uninteresting.

The Scotch Presbyterians are numerous in this neighbourhood, and industrious and well-behaved People. Farewell. Love to all

W. W.

I never read these letters again so you must supply all gaps and guess well.

*Address:* Mrs Wordsworth, Rydal Mount, Kendal, Westmorland.

*MS.*            892. *W. W. to Alexander Dyce*  
*M. G. K.*

Rydal Mount, Kendal, Oct. 16<sup>th</sup>, [1829.]

My dear Sir,

On my return from Ireland, where I have been travelling a few weeks, I found your present of George Peele's Works,<sup>1</sup> and the obliging letter accompanying it; for both of which I offer my cordial thanks.

English Literature is greatly indebted to your Labours; and I have much pleasure on this occasion of testifying my respect for the sound judgement, and conscientious diligence, with which you discharge your duty as an Editor. Peele's works are well deserving of the care you have bestowed upon them, and as I did not previously possess a copy of any part of them, the beautiful book which you have sent me was very acceptable.

By accident, I learned lately that you had made a Book of Extracts, which I had long wished for opportunity and industry to execute myself. I am happy it has fallen into so much better hands. I allude to your *Selections from the Poetry of English Ladies*.<sup>2</sup> I had but a glance at your work; but I will take this opportunity of saying, that should a second Edition be called for, I should be pleased with the honor of being consulted by

<sup>1</sup> Dyce had edited the works of Peele in 1828.

<sup>2</sup> The correct title of this book is *Specimens of British Poetesses* (1825).

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you about it. There is one Poetess to whose writings I am especially partial, the Countess of Winchelsea. I have perused her Poems frequently, and should be happy to name such passages as I think most characteristic of her Genius, and most fit to be selected.

I know not what to say about my intended Edition of a portion of Thomson. There appears to be some indelicacy in one poet treating another in that way. The Example is not good, though I think there are few to whom the Process might be more advantageously applied than to Thomson; but so sensible am I of the objection, that I should not have entertained the thought, but for the Expectation held out to me by an Acquaintance, that valuable materials for a new Life of Thomson might be procured. In this I was disappointed. Mr Longman can forward Books to me at little or no expense, through a Country Bookseller, once a month and sometimes I believe oftener. I mention this from being unwilling that you should have to pay for carriage of any mark of your attention of this [? kind] with which you may honour me.

With much respect, I remain, dear Sir,

Sincerely yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

P.S. Excuse my observing that the expression, in your Edition of Collins, of *shamefully* incorrect as applied to a Transcript made by Sir Egerton Brydges in the *Sylvan Wanderer*, is too harsh, or rather not sufficiently [ ? ] to so distinguished a person who is at the same time so ardent an Admirer of Collins, though I think it the duty of an Editor to point out all faults of this kind if considerable.

*Address:* The Rev<sup>d</sup> Alex<sup>r</sup> Dyce, 9 Gray's Inn Square, London.

*MS.*        893. *D. W. to Catherine Clarkson*

Begun Monday 18<sup>th</sup><sup>1</sup> October [1829]

My dear Friend,

It is with inexpressible delight that I take pen in hand and my blotting paper book on my knee to write to you—for in

<sup>1</sup> This figure is illegible; it may be the 18<sup>th</sup>, but the 18<sup>th</sup> was a Sunday.

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whatever state the letter may find you and your dear Husband I am sure that the very sight of my irregular hand-writing will impart pleasure, and still more when you learn from myself that I am not only improved in health and strength almost to a miracle, but that I advance so regularly—(though day by day *imperceptibly*) that it seems hardly presumption to speak of hopes that the Spring may find me no longer on the invalid list or at the very bottom of it—I will say nothing of what is past, for it is no cheerful subject for *your* consideration, and I am completely tired of it. Only so far I will go—as to tell you that pain and weakness long continued have prepared me for actual enjoyment in my present state; and with sincerity do I answer ‘very well’ to the question ‘and how are *you*, Miss Wordsworth?’ There *were* times when I could neither read nor listen to reading—much less employ my hands in sewing or any thing else—and I could not stand for a minute together even leaning upon another. Sickness and violent perspirations—hot and cold—with pains in my Bowels were my daily, and often almost constant, companions—This leads me to the point where I began, my present state, I go up and down stairs without help and walk about in the house a quarter of an hour at a time, which gives me but little pain—only there is a sense of weakness with unconquerable stiffness—I say unconquerable because it goes away so slowly, but have no reason to conclude that it will continue so, for, only looking back to the time when Henry Robinson was here to lend a helping arm, the change surprizes me. If autumnal cold dampness had not come on, I think I should now be able to walk far enough to have a Look at the prospect from the old Terrace, but cold is my horror; for it flies instantly to my bowels so I must not execute this large scheme till we have Spring Breezes and sunshine. Whenever the weather allows I continue to go out daily either in the Family phaeton which is dragged by one of the steadiest and best of horses guided by a very skilful Driver (my dear Niece)—or the Manservant takes me round and round the garden and upon the lower new-made green terrace in a Bath-chair formerly used by old Mrs Curwen of the Island; but that little carriage cannot be drawn up the steps leading to the old Terrace and I have not

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been there for several months. By way of special Treat James and his Master bore me thither on a Chair, which indeed was my first mode of taking exercise out of doors.—A whole page all about myself! I should be ashamed were it not for my reliance on your tender friendship which makes me confident of imparting pleasure to you.

Do not suppose, my dearest Friend, during all this long period of my confinement to bed or chair, that I have been forgetful of absent Friends. Never was my mind more busy and active. And my thoughts have been very much with you. When your long and interesting letter came to me detailing your past sufferings and present weakness I was too ill to read the letter with my own eyes—much less to answer it, and dear Sarah promised me she would do it, but I think she did not, and I do not wonder, she was so fully occupied by anxiety on my account. After that time better tidings reached us;—and a few weeks ago Sarah transmitted your letter to her, from Brinsop, which spoke chearfully of your improved state, though you were then labouring under peculiar anxiety for Mr Clarkson, as you expected him to go to London to have the operation performed in two or three weeks.—He seemed to be waiting only for the cure of a slight wound on his leg; and I have been in constant expectation of hearing of the journey, and very anxious for the result; but now I fear there is some cause for further delay. Pray let me have a letter (I care not how short it is; for, like me, to write a long one you require many beginnings) I am too anxious to hear of poor dear Mr Clarkson to wait patiently for additions to the facts connected with the condition of his eyes and general health, and of yours on the latter point—we have all in this house, within a few weeks past, had more than ordinary cause for turning our thoughts to you. William has been suffering from his eyes far more than ever before. The right eye was first seized with inflammation, and was bad indeed when he applied to the Surgeon (Mr Fell, Mr Carr's partner, Mr Carr being (with his Wife) then on a Tour on the Continent.) Mr F, tho' a very thoughtful, is a young, man and could therefore have had little experience, and we regretted bitterly that Mr C was from home; but by God's good providence it happened that a skilful

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physician who has given up practice, and has himself endured much from inflammation of the eyes, was lodging at Ambleside; and Mr Fell, seeing at once how alarming was my poor Brother's state, instantly laid the matter open to *Dr Vose*, who attended daily (with Mr F) prescribing with the utmost skill and tenderness. Mr Carr being absent, we should certainly have thought it right for my B<sup>r</sup> and Sister to go to London without delay, though it was very satisfactory to find that Mr Fell's judgment of the case previous to consulting with Dr V. exactly coincided with his—You will perceive, however, that Mr F's inexperience of such disorders of the eye would have been sufficient ground for our not trusting to him alone—nor do I think he would have consented we *should* do so. I will not detail the melancholy progress of a disease which long threatened total blindness in the *left* eye, the *right* being relieved in a comparatively short time. The Ball of the eye was opaque for a long time; but in the course of last week Dr V. left his patient with the power of distinguishing a dull light from darkness; and the inflammation was nearly subdued. The means used have been tedious and distressing,—frequent bleeding with leeches, blisters, and a course of powerful medicines, of which calomel was I believe the foundation; and the effect upon his bodily feelings is oppressive, besides the irritability occasioned by such medicines—and the weakness by low diet. Mr Fell, though Mr Carr is returned, continues his daily visits, and each day reports more and more favorably of the progress made. The eye is almost clear (they *tell* me, for I have not yet ventured to look upon it, being unable to be of the least use) and he can distinguish objects in the room; for instance, the pictures—and can now say which is a print, which a painting. The progress has been much more rapid than Mr Fell expected, and I have no doubt of his reports since Dr Vose's departure giving the most lively satisfaction to Dr V.—, who warned us that the recovery would be *very slow*. My dear Friend, I should not have ventured upon this minute detail to any one but you—you who are so much interested in my sufferings—and in *his* so peculiarly as centring in the eyes—though I suppose Mr Clarkson's malady is of a very different kind, and not attended with so much pain—Let us turn to something else;

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but not till I have again entreated you to write as soon as you can. I hope you will see Henry Robinson ere long—perhaps at Xmas for he will then probably visit his Friends at Bury, and he was not only very anxious concerning Mr Clarkson's eyes and your health but actually promised to send me a report of your domestic condition—What a wonderful Creature he is both as to activity of body and mind! That gift which he has of dropping asleep at will, and waking up like the Lark most likely I think repairs nature in an extraordinary way; for after fatigue, so refreshed, he will go on talking with unabated and unabating vigour as long as there are ears to hear. I did not observe one symptom in him of derangement either bodily or mental except that thrice, when he was in bed at night, and I awake on my pillow, I heard the most dreadful screams proceeding from his room. Once (lame as [I] was) I was on the point of getting up to make a loud knocking at his door, when silence relieved me: I cannot tell you how much I value Mr Robinson's friendship. He is a rock on which I could lean in all difficulties assured of support—and how kind he is to every one!

Tuesday 27<sup>th</sup> October. It was a week on Monday since this letter was begun, and thus far advanced at 3 Sittings: Alas! this is the first morning I have had since Thursday when I have had the power of finishing, which I must do as briefly as possible, allowing myself time to assure you there is no cause for alarm my malady being subdued, I have had a diarrh[*del.*]oea\* and have not sate up half an hour: I now write on the Bed, and am easy and comfortable as possible. Dora in her lively way has just been telling me I look charmingly—and indeed she observed seriously that I had n[ever] had an attack which had told so little on my looks. One thing it has done—entirely reduced the swelling of my eyes.

\* I cannot get that word rightly spelt. D. W.

There has been no tendency to inflammation in the Bowels—I have only had bilious sickness—headaches, and sharp pains of the Bowels. Conclude if you hear nothing that we go on well. I *must* not be a letter-writer but promise you shall know if we are suffering from sickness or distress of any kind.—Remember 'No news is good' if we be silent.

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Farewell and may God preserve your dear Husband through his trial—and both of you be allowed some years longer of peace and content.—William's eyes have gone on as well as possible all the week—He can now discern all objects that are near him—and walks with his daughter every day.

I must be done—What a little matter is too much for me to perform!—All send love and best of wishes! dearest Friend ever your affec<sup>te</sup> D. W. I can not ask any thing I wish to know—

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk.

MS.  
K(—)

894. *W. W. to D. W.*

[Sunday 25<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1829]

My dear Sister,

At Patterdale I took to my feet having the mortification of seeing Mr Dobson's Boat pull before me on its way to the Stag Hunt at Lyulph's Tower. At Patterdale Hall all gone to the Stag hunt. I was in luck however for just as I came opposite Lyulph's Tower lo—Lady Lonsdale's Carriage and I got a seat to Lowther on the Box.—Your Letter gives a sad account of poor Peggy's fate—I have not mentioned the matter here and I am very shy about these things but I will try—Today, Sunday, I shall write about it to Hallsteads. This Morning I had a Letter from Miss Marshall accompanying my Carpet bag left there when I returned from Ireland.—I wish to see Mr Marshall particularly for my money concerns; but unluckily he does not return till Sunday next which will force me very late if I wait for him either here or at Hallsteads. Sunday is the 1<sup>st</sup> Novbr—on Wednesday at the latest I must be at Levens. Lady Frederic luckily will be there at the same time; and I understand from her that Southey had received an invitation and only waited to hear from me about the time. As S. has not written I fear the [ ? ] may have forgotten my letters. Had it not been for this puzzle about Mr Marshall I intended to leave this place on Tuesday and return to Rydal on Wednesday, at present I am quite at a loss.—The Bp of Durham was so deaf the day he was here there was no conversing with him. Tomorrow we shall have

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the Bp of Carlisle. There is no company here but Henry Lowther, his sister, Miss Grisedale and Mrs O'Callan.

My dearest Sister you must not walk not even in the garden to *fatigue* yourself—everything of the kind is to be avoided like the grave. Lady Lonsdale had a dreadful Illness a few years back, she is now strong and stout and capable of any fatigue; but premature exertion would have destroyed her. Henry Lowther says the same of his own case—he has just recovered from dangerous Cholera and is confident that he must have died, had he persisted in the Whitehaven Doctor's mode of Treatment, but he wrote to Dr Ainslie, who prescribed for him as stated above. Dr Ainslie is at Kellet near Burton and continues there till the first week of November and I have a strong desire to consult him on your case, if you would write down briefly the history of your three illnesses, and how you have been treated; Mr Carr, I trust, would not be offended at my consulting Dr A. for our future guidance if unfortunately any of these complaints should recur, as all would be done subject to Mr Carr's approval. I will bring a frank along with me, come when I may. How unlucky Mr Marshall should not return earlier. Give my kindest regards to Mr Quillinan with my regrets that I am so little likely to see him.—Mr H. Lowther will call at Rydal between the Thursday and Saturday next and will explain whatever is needful.

[Enclosed is an account of Dr A's treatment, 'kindly written down by Mr H. Lowther'.]

No Signature

Address: Miss Wordsworth, Rydal Mount, Ambleside.

MS. 895. D. W. to Mary Anne Marshall<sup>1</sup>

Thursday Novr. 19<sup>th</sup> [1829]

I thank you heartily, my dear Mary Anne, for your very kind letter, which, as it does not speak at all of your Mother's cold (I was going to say Mama but the word Mother dropped from my pen to myself unconsciously)—and tells me that your poor

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Lady Monteagle.

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dear Sister Ellen's sufferings are diminished, brings as good tidings as I could have expected. All hope of seeing any one, two, or three of you on this side Kirkstone had long left us—yet it was most mortifying that this capricious unrelenting season should have checked your friendly purposes when Papa and you were so very near to us—with a fair road before you—as at Keswick. It is, however, a pleasure to us to find that such were your friendly intentions—an earnest for the future—for if we all live and enjoy health and spirits, you may, in the course of next summer, execute a like scheme; for you will both want to look after the Scale Hill Trees which you have so heroically planted in cold and wet. By the bye the scheme of improving the precincts of that Inn pleases me much, as not only a local, but even a patriotic service—for to whom, in these travelling days are not the names of the Low Wood Inn, the Grasmere Red Lion the Wytheburn Nag's head the Buttermere Inn, and the Scale Hill familiar Names?

My Brother and Sister join with me in thanks to Mr Marshall for his kind offer of a supply of apples, which we gladly accept as of *much more* value than the carriage. They will send a cart for them early in next week (perhaps on Tuesday or Wednesday unless we should hear from you that the apples will not then be ready.) Our Man, James, will accompany the Cart—a great privilege for him—as he wishes to see your Place—Gardens, hot-houses, Green house &c. If you should happen to be at home you will not be displeased to hold a little discourse with James—nor would your Aunts—there is about him so much old bachelor like (yet he is not *old*) simplicity and innocence. In the first place, he never in the course of his whole life drank a drop of spirituous or fermented liquors. Of course he has no *wish* for them, and I believe the taste would be disgusting to him; but his entire estrangement to the very taste of liquor arose from a promise made to his Mother at ten years old on her death-bed—never to indulge in drinking—a vice which to his Father had caused disgrace and poverty—and to *her* wretchedness. This promise he considered in the light of a vow, and he solemnly, at that early age, resolved never to suffer any intoxicating liquor of any kind to enter within his lips.

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He knew nothing of gardening when he came to us—but took kindly to the work; and is now even passionately attached to the garden—especially the ornamental part. As my Sister says, ‘he *worships* his flowers.’ Every morning from her bed-room window does she see him going his Rounds and standing over every particular Plant that pleases his fancy.

Observe, with all James’s simplicity he is the very man for us. His health is delicate and he could not stand hard exercise; and the business of our garden, the two ponies, and the poney-chaise exactly suits him. What a long round-about story I have unconsciously slipped into, little thinking that to you it may be very tiresome—and I have deferred to the last, the second part of my business, namely to ask Mr Marshall if he has any of the same kind of potatoes with which he once supplied us, and which to this day we talk of as the best potatoes in the world—(the long black-skinned kidneys I believe). The stock still survives, planted by a neighbour of ours; but he is able to let us have but a very small quantity. Now if you have any of these same potatoes my Brother would be greatly obliged to Mr Marshall if he would order a few to be added to the apples which he kindly intends for us. We should be thankful even for the smallest possible quantity—and if very small would preserve the whole for seed for next year.

Dora’s teeth, I am happy to tell you, are now at ease, and her health and looks much improved since I wrote to Mrs Pollard—She has been much disappointed at seeing none of you this year—and especially her name-sake, to whom, if still at Hallsteads she sends her kind love. You do not mention her. Give my most affectionate regards to all your Aunts, with wishes for a prosperous journey and a happy meeting with their old Friend, to whom I beg my respectful regards.—Pray tell Mrs Pollard that I find daily comfort (or rather *fair* day comfort) in her muff and tippet as well as Mrs Catherine’s Merino Gown—which by the way, is trimmed with Mrs P’s fur, and keeps me so warm and comfortable in the poney chaise. I have continued quite well since my last writing, but this I am now convinced comes only from acting the Invalid, however strong and well I feel myself to be: for I find that exercise amounting to the slightest degree

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of fatigue invariably disorders me. Your dear Mama and other Friends told me this long before I found myself strong enough to make the trial; but no conviction is so strong as that which is produced by experience. I suppose you have now no female companion at home except Susan—unless Mrs Temple be still with you.—To Julia give my best Love, and tell her that I tried at some Christmas [? boxes] for her; but could not make a finish of them.—

And now, my dear Mary Anne, let me beg your excuses for this rambling, long dark-hued letter. I hope for a few lines from you by James, if not gone when he arrives; and at all events do let me hear from Headingley as soon as possible after Mama's return. How is Mrs William Marshall? How long will they remain at Paterdale? How is your Brother? Remember me to both and believe me, dear Mary Anne, your much obliged and very affectionate Friend

Dorothy Wordsworth

My Brother and Mrs Wordsworth are walking to Langdale—ten miles at least!—He bade me say to Mr M that he was very sorry not to see him again

*Address: To Miss Marshall*

MS. 896. W. W. to Edward Quillinan

[? Nov. 1829]

My dear Q.

Thanks for your Letter. I should have replied to Mr [ ? ] Letter—but I have been from home. I have neither industry nor talent for the kind of labour in which he would engage me.

Thank you also for the trouble you have taken in my pecuniary matters. I trust the affair will be satisfactory to all concerned. I have the highest opinion of Col<sup>n</sup>l Barrett, and my peace of mind is so dependent upon this sum being in security for my family, that I am sure Col<sup>n</sup>l B— would not deal with me were he not convinced it would be for my benefit. This is Saturday—on Thursday a little before eleven I left Rydal Mount with two Gentlemen in a Car—we proceeded to Keswick, took a fresh

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horse, went up into Borrowdale as far as Stonethwaite, a mile beyond Miss Barker's, returned to Keswick by the opposite side of the Lake, and I passed the Evening at Southeys; where Dora is; she does not complain—but certainly she has not recovered her good looks, since she suffered so much from the late attack of the teeth. The Southeys are all pretty well. Yesterday we returned to Ambleside by Lyulph's tower, and Patterdale—over Kirkstone in a fierce storm, which astonished my Companions who were both Londoners—farewell. Mrs W. begs me to say that it appears from Wm's Londo[n] accounts, that he paid for a hat and strong box to take it to Bremen—1. 10—and his Mother has asked him today to whom he paid this money, and as in his last he speaks of writing to you, [you] will have his answer—

W. W.

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq., Bryanston Street, Portman Sq.

*M. G. K. 897. W. W. to George Huntly Gordon*

Rydal Mount, Dec. 1, 1829.

My dear Sir,

You must not go to Ireland without applying to me, as the guide-books for the most part are sorry things, and mislead by their exaggerations. If I were a younger man, and could prevail upon an able artist to accompany me, there are few things I should like better than giving a month or six weeks to explore the county of Kerry only. A judicious topographical work on that district would be really useful, both for the lovers of Nature and the observers of manners. As to the Giant's Causeway and the coast of Antrim, you cannot go wrong; there the interests obtrude themselves on every one's notice.

The subject of the Poor Laws was never out of my sight whilst I was in Ireland; it seems to me next to impossible to introduce a general system of such laws, principally for two reasons: the vast numbers that would have equal claims for relief, and the non-existence of a class capable of looking with effect to their administration. Much is done at present in many places (Derry, for example) by voluntary contributions; but the narrow-

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minded escape from the burthen, which falls unreasonably upon the charitable; so that assessments in the best-disposed places are to be wished for, could they be effected without producing a greater evil.

The great difficulty that is complained of in the well-managed places is the floating poor, who cannot be excluded, I am told, by any existing law from quartering themselves where they like. Open begging is not practiced in many places, but there is no law by which the poor can be prevented from returning to a place which they may have quitted voluntarily, or from which they have been expelled (as I was told). Were it not for this obstacle compulsory local regulations might, I think, be applied in many districts with good effect.

It would be unfair to myself to quit this momentous subject without adding that I am a zealous friend to the great principle of the Poor Laws, as tending, if judiciously applied, much more to elevate than to depress the character of the labouring classes. I have never seen this truth developed as it ought to be in Parliament.

The day I dined with Lord F. L. Gower at his official residence, in the Phoenix Park, I met there with an intelligent gentleman, Mr Page, who was travelling in Ireland expressly to collect information upon this subject, which, no doubt, he means to publish. If you should hear of this pamphlet when it comes out, procure it, for I am persuaded it will prove well worth reading. Farewell.

Faithfully yours,  
William Wordsworth.

898. *W. W. to William Rowan Hamilton*

*Hamilton.*  
*G(—) K(—)*

Rydal Mount, December 28, 1829.

Your letter would have received an immediate answer but for the same reasons which prevented my writing before its arrival, viz. numerous engagements, and a recurrence of inflammation in my eyes, which compels me to employ an amanuensis.

The pamphlets were intended for yourself and Mr Edgeworth,

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as you conjectured ; the poem you were so kind as to enclose gave me much pleasure, nor was it the less interesting for being composed upon a subject you had touched before. The style in this latter is more correct, and the versification more musical. Where there is so much of sincerity of feeling, in a matter so dignified as the renunciation of Poetry for Science, one feels that an apology is necessary for verbal criticism. I will therefore content myself with observing that *joying* for *joy*, or *joyance*, is not to my taste—indeed, I object to such liberties upon principle. We should soon have no language at all if the unscrupulous coinage of the present day were allowed to pass, and become a precedent for the future. One of the first duties of a writer is to ask himself whether his thought, feeling, or image cannot be expressed by existing words or phrases, before he goes about creating new terms, even when they are justified by the analogies of the language. ‘The cataract’s steep flow’ is both harsh and inaccurate—‘Thou hast seen me bend over the cataract’ would express one idea in simplicity, and all that was required ; had it been necessary to be more particular, *steep flow* are not the words that ought to have been used. I remember Campbell says, in a composition that is overrun with faulty language,

And dark as winter was the *flow*  
Of Iser rolling rapidly—

that is, flowing rapidly. The expression ought to have been *stream* or *current*.

Pray, thank your excellent sister for the verses which she so kindly entrusted to me. I have read them all three times over with great care, and some of them oftener. They abound with genuine sensibility, and do her much honour ; but, as I told you before, your sister must practise her mind in severer logic than a person so young can be expected to have cultivated ; for example, the first words of the first poem, ‘Thou *most companionless*.’ In strict logic, ‘being companionless’ is a positive condition not admitting of more or less, though in poetic feeling it is true that the sense of it is deeper as to one object than to another ; and the *day* moon is an object eminently calculated for impressing certain minds with that feeling ; therefore the expression is not faulty in itself absolutely, but faulty in its

position—coming without preparation, and therefore causing a shock between the common-sense of the words, and the impassioned imagination of the speaker. This may appear to you frigid criticism, but, depend upon it, no writings will live in which these rules are disregarded. In the next line,

Walking the blue but foreign fields of day,

the meaning here is walking blue fields which, though common to see in our observation by night, are not so by day, even to accurate observers. Here, too, the thought is just; but again there is an abruptness; the distinction is too nice, or refined, for the second line of a poem.

‘Weariness of that *gold* sphere.’ *Silver* is frequently used as an adjective by our poets; *gold*, as I should suppose, very rarely, unless it may be in dramatic poetry, where the same delicacies are not indispensable. ‘Gold watch,’ ‘gold bracelet,’ etc., are shop language. ‘Gold sphere’ is harsh in sound, particularly at the close of a line. ‘Faint, as if weary of my golden sphere,’ would please me better. ‘Greets thy rays.’ You do not greet the *ray* by *daylight*; you greet the *moon*; there is no *ray*. ‘Daring flight’ is wrong; the moon, under no mythology that I am acquainted with, is represented with wings; and though on a stormy night, when clouds are driving rapidly along, the word might be applied to her apparent motion, it is not so here; therefore ‘flight’ is here used for unusual or unexpected ascent, a sense, in my judgment, that cannot be admitted. The slow motion by which this ascent is gained is at variance with the word. The rest of this stanza is *very* pleasing, with the exception of one word —‘thy nature’s *breast*’—say ‘profane thy nature’; how much simpler and better! ‘Breast’ is a sacrifice to rhyme, and is harsh in expression. We have had the *brow* and the *eye* of the moon before, both allowable; but what have we reserved for human beings, if their features and organs etc., are to be *lavished* on objects without feeling and intelligence? You will, perhaps, think this observation comes with an ill grace from one who is aware that he has tempted many of his admirers into *abuses* of this kind; yet, I assure you, I have never given way to my own feelings in personifying natural objects, or investing them with sensation,

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without bringing all that I have said to a rigorous after-test of good sense, as far as I was able to determine what good sense is. Your sister will judge, from my being so minute, that I have been much interested in her poetical character; this very poem highly delighted me; the sentiment meets with my entire approbation, and it is feelingly and poetically treated. Female authorship is to be shunned as bringing in its train more and heavier evils than have presented themselves to your sister's ingenuous mind. No true friend, I am sure, will endeavour to shake her resolution to remain in her own quiet and healthful obscurity. This is not said with a view to discourage her from writing, nor have the remarks made above any aim of the kind; they are rather intended to assist her in writing with more permanent satisfaction to herself. She will probably write less in proportion as she subjects her feelings to logical forms, but the range of her sensibilities, so far from being narrowed, will extend as she improves in the habit of looking at things through the steady light of words; and, to speak a little metaphysically, words are not a mere *vehicle*, but they are *powers* either to kill or to animate.

I shall be truly happy to receive at your leisure the prose MSS. which you promised me. I shall write to Mr. F. Edgeworth in a few days. I cannot conclude without reminding you of your promise to bring your sister to see us next summer; we will then talk over the poems at leisure, when I trust I shall be able to explain myself to our mutual satisfaction. With kind regards to all your family, your cousin included,

I remain

Yours most sincerely,

Wm. Wordsworth.

My sister Miss Wordsworth and Miss Hutchinson beg to be kindly remembered to you.

K(—) 899. *W. W. to Francis Beaufort Edgeworth<sup>1</sup>*

[Dec. 1829.]

... As you were so much struck with the yew-tree at Mucross, do not fail, if ever you come near Askeaton, to visit the ruins of

<sup>1</sup> Half-brother of Maria Edgeworth.

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its abbey, where you will find a much finer cloister, with a tree standing exactly in the centre as at Mucross. The tree is infinitely inferior to that of Mucross in gloomy grandeur, but the whole effect being of the same kind, the impression on my mind at Mucross was not so deep as it would have been if I had not seen Askeaton before.

The faults I found with Killarney were, the bog between the town and the lake, the long tame ridge which you complain of, the want of groves and timber trees, though there is a prodigality of wood, the heavy shape of the highest hill, Mangerton, and the unluckiness of Carrantuohill being so placed as only to combine with the lake from its tamest parts. Your objection to the rocky knolls in the upper lake, as savouring of conceits in Nature, is a sensation of your own, which it would be absurd to reason against. I did not feel it when on the spot, nor can I admit it now....

K.<sup>1</sup> 900. W. W. to Catherine Grace Godwin<sup>1</sup>

[1829]

Dear Madam,

I have long been in your debt—so long that I regret not having written my acknowledgment on the day I received your book. This would have been done, but I felt there would be little value in such a return for the mark of respect you have paid me; and I relied on your candid interpretation of any delay that might take place. I wished to read your volume carefully through before you heard from me. I have done so, and with much pleasure. Wherever it is read, such poetry cannot but do you honour. It is neither wanting in feeling, nor in that much rarer gift which is the soul of poetry, Imagination. There is a great command of language also, and occasionally fine versifica-

<sup>1</sup> Catherine Grace Godwin (*née* Garnett), 1798–1845, published in 1824 some rather crude verses which attracted the attention of W. W., Southey and John Wilson. Her next volume, *The Wanderer's Legacy, a Collection of Poems on Various Subjects* appeared in 1829 with a dedication to W. W. dated Nov. 1, 1828. She lived at Barbon, near Kirkby Lonsdale. This letter was first printed in the preface to *Poetical Works* of the late C. G. G., 1854.

tion; but here and in some other points of workmanship, you are most defective, especially in the blank verse. Am I right in supposing that several of these pieces have been written at different periods of life? 'The Wanderer', for example, though full of varied interest, appears to me, in point of versification, and in some respects of style, much inferior to 'Destiny', a very striking poem. This, and the 'Monk of Camaldoli' are, in my judgment, the best *executed* pieces in the volume. Both evince extraordinary powers.

The fault of your blank verse is, that it is not sufficiently broken. You are aware that it is infinitely the most difficult metre to manage, as is clear from so few having succeeded in it. The Spenserian stanza is a fine structure of verse; but that is also almost insurmountably difficult. You have succeeded in the broken and more impassioned movement—of which Lord Byron has given good instances—but it is a form of verse ill adapted to conflicting passion; and it is not injustice to say that the stanza is spoiled in Lord Byron's hands; his own strong and ungovernable passions blinded him to its character. It is equally unfit for narrative. *Circumstances* are difficult to manage in any kind of verse, except the dramatic, where the warmth of the action makes the reader indifferent to those delicacies of phrase and sound upon which so much of the charm of other poetry depends. If you write more in this stanza, leave Lord Byron for Spenser. In him the stanza is seen in perfection. It is exquisitely harmonious also in Thomson's hands, and fine in Beattie's 'Minstrel'; but these two latter poems are merely descriptive and sentimental; and you will observe that Spenser never gives way to violent and conflicting passion, and that his narrative is bare of circumstances, slow in movement, and (for modern relish) too much clogged with description. Excuse my dwelling so much on this dry subject; but as you have succeeded so well in the arrangement of this metre, perhaps you will not be sorry to hear my opinion of its character. One great objection to it (an insurmountable one, I think, for circumstantial narrative) is the poverty of our language in rhymes.

But to recur to your volume. I was everywhere more or less interested in it. Upon the whole I think I like best 'Destiny'

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and the 'Monk', but mainly for the reasons above given. The 'Wanderer's Legacy' being upon a large scale, and so true to your own feelings, has left a lively impression upon my mind; and a moral purpose is answered, by exhibiting youthful love under such illusion with regard to the real value of its object. The 'Seal Hunters' is an affecting poem, but I think you linger too long in the preclusive description. I could speak with pleasure of many other pieces, so that you have no grounds for the apprehensions you express—as far, at least, as I am concerned.

As, most likely, the beauties of this country will tempt you and Mr Godwin to return to it, I need not say that I should be happy to renew my acquaintance with you both; and I should with pleasure avail myself of that opportunity, to point out certain minutiae of phrase in your volume, where you have been misled by bad example, especially of the Scotch. The popularity of some of their writings has done no little harm to the English language, for the present at least.

Believe me etc.,

W. Wordsworth.

Pearson.

901. D. W. to William Pearson

Rydal Mount,

Jan. 5 1830.

My dear Sir,

My niece desires me to request that you will be so good as to procure for her a supply of straw, which I believe you kindly promised to do in case she should want it. I suppose she and you settled about the quantity, as she has left me without directions on that point—however, for your guidance, in case nothing was said on that score, I will remind you, that we have two ponies; and I suppose she wants enough for the winter.

You have been so much interested concerning my health, that I must not close this note, without telling you that I am now perfectly well; but, in order to keep myself so, I avoid exposure to cold, which in one or two instances, has been injurious. I therefore do not go out in the frosty weather, at all; and this confinement agrees with me as well as air and exercise

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used to do ; and I trust that in Spring, I shall be able, in degree, to resume my old habits.

You will be glad to hear that my Brother and Sister, and the rest of the family are well. Two Miss Hutchinsons are with us, and my nephew John also, who after spending a week at Rydal, is going to Oxford to take his Master of Arts Degree. He is much pleased with his situation at Moresby.

I hope it will not be long, before we have the pleasure of seeing you at Rydal Mount.

Of one thing you may be secure, that you will never now, find the house emptied of its inhabitants ; for I am always at home, except, indeed, for an hour or two in the mornings, when the air is mild. I then always go out in the pony chaise.

My Brother and Sister join with me in sincere wishes, that you may spend the coming year happily.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your obliged and sincere Friend,

D. Wordsworth, Sen<sup>r</sup>.

MS.  
K(—)

902. D. W. to Mary Lamb

Rydal Mount, 9<sup>th</sup> Jany, 1830.

My dear Friend,

My nephew John will set off to-morrow evening to Oxford, to take his Master of Arts degree, and thence proceed to London, where his time will be so short that there is no chance of his being able to go to see you ; but there is a *possibility* that your brother may happen to be in town at the same time, in which case it would grieve *him* and *us* at home not less, that he should not see him. Therefore, if it should happen that your Brother is in Town at any time from the 17<sup>th</sup> to the 26<sup>th</sup> of this month, pray desire him to inquire for the Rev. J. Wordsworth at Mr Cookson's<sup>1</sup> at No. 6 Lincoln's Inn. There he will be sure to learn where John may be found. [ ? ] at present he knows no more than that he will not *lodge* at Mr Cookson's tho' he will certainly call there, and leave his address immediately after he reaches Town.

<sup>1</sup> W. Strickland Cookson, son of the Kendal Cooksons, and W.'s solicitor.

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I do not write merely for the chance of John seeing your Brother (and you also if you happen to be in London) but to inquire after you both, for now that our good friend Henry Robinson is absent *you* might as well be also living in Rome for anything we hear concerning you, and believe me we are often [? sad] in the thought that all communication seems cut off between us; and sincerely and earnestly do we all desire that your Brother will let us have a *post* Letter (no waiting for Franks or private conveyance). Tell us minutely how you live, what you both are doing, and whom you see of old Friends or new as visitors by your fireside. I do not ask you, Miss Lamb, to write, for I know you dislike the office; but dear Charles L., you whom I have known almost five-and-thirty years, I trust I do not in vain entreat you to let me have the eagerly desired letter at your earliest opportunity, which letter will, we hope, bring us tidings of H. C. Robinson. We have not heard anything concerning him since his departure from England, though he promised absolutely to write on his arrival at Rome, and if his intentions were fulfilled, he must have been resident there for many weeks. Do you see Talfourd?<sup>1</sup> Does he prosper in his profession? What family has he? etc., etc. But I will not particularise persons, but include all in one general inquiry (Miss Kelly<sup>2</sup> among the rest). Tell us of all whom you know, in whose well-doing you know us also to be interested, but above all, be very minute in what regards your own dear selves, for there are no persons in the world, exclusive of members of our own family, of whom we think and talk so frequently, or with such delightful remembrances. Your removal from London (though to my thought London is hardly London without you) shall not prevent my

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Noon Talfourd (1795–1854), judge and author. In 1815 he made the acquaintance of Lamb, who introduced him to W. for whom he had a great admiration, and of whose poetry he wrote a eulogy in the *New Monthly Magazine*. In 1833 he was made serjeant, in 1849 a judge. From 1835 to 1841 he was M.P. for Reading, and on May 12, 1837 introduced the Copyright Bill (*v.* Letter of June 4, 1837). For the fortunes of the Bill, in which W. was deeply interested, *v.* Index. T. N. T.'s chief works were his drama of *Ion*, successfully performed in May 1836 with Macready in the chief part (W. being present at the first night) and *The Life and Letters of Lamb*, 1837, 1848.

<sup>2</sup> Fanny Kelly (1790–1882), the actress, to whom Lamb had made an offer of marriage.

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seeing you both in your own cottage,<sup>1</sup> if I live to go there again; but at present I have no distant plans leading me thither.

Now that Mr. Monkhouse<sup>2</sup> is gone, we females have no absolute home there, and should we go it will probably be on our own way to the Continent, or to the southern shore of England. *Wishes* I do now and then indulge of at least revisiting Switzerland, and again crossing the Alps, and even [? strolling] on to Rome. But there is a great change in my feelings respecting plans for the future. If we make any, I entertain them as an amusement perhaps for a short while, but never set my heart upon anything which is to be accomplished three months hence, and have no satisfaction whatever in *schemes*. When one has lived almost sixty years, one is satisfied with present enjoyment and thankful for it, without daring to count on what is to be done six months hence. But forgive me I am prosing and do not say a word to satisfy your desire to know how we all are and what doing. And to begin with the heads of the house.

My Brother and Sister are both in excellent health. In *him* there is no failure except the tendency to inflammation in his eyes, which disables him from reading much, or at all by candle-light; and the use of the pen is irksome to him. However, he has a most competent and willing amanuensis in his daughter, who takes all labour from Mother's and Aunt's aged hands. His muscular powers are in no degree diminished; indeed, I think he walks *regularly* more than ever, finding fresh air the best bracer of his weak eyes. He is still the crack skater on Rydal Lake, and, as to climbing of mountains, the hardest and the youngest are yet hardly a match for him. In composition I can perceive no failure, and his imagination seems as vigorous as in youth; yet he shrinks from his great work, and both during the last and present winter has been employed in writing small poems. Do not suppose, my dear friend, that I write the above boastingly. Far from it. It is in thankfulness for present blessings, yet always with the sense of the possibility that all will have a sudden check; and, if not so, the certainty that in the course of man's life but a few years of vigorous health and

<sup>1</sup> The Lambs were now living at Enfield.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Monkhouse, died 1825.

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strength can be allotted to him. For this reason, my sister and I take every opportunity of pressing upon him the necessity of applying to his great work, and this he feels, resolves to do it, and again resolution fails. And now I almost fear habitually that it will be ever so.

I have told you my Sister is well, and indeed I think her much stronger than a few years ago, and (now that I am for the whole of this winter set aside as a walker) she takes my place, and will return from an eight miles' walk with my brother unfatigued. Miss Hutchinson and her sister Joanna are both with us. Miss H. is perfectly well, and Joanna very happy, though she may be always considered an invalid. Her home is in the Isle of Man, and, with the first mild breezes of spring, she intends returning thither, with her Sailor Brother Henry; they two 'toddling down the hill' together. She is an example for us all. With the better half of her property she purchased Columbian bonds at above 70, gets no interest, will not sell, consequently the cheapness of the little Isle tempted her thither on a visit, and she finds the air so suitable for her health, and everything else so much to her mind, that she *will*, in spite of our unwillingness to part with her, make it her home. As to her lost property, she never regrets it. She has so reduced her wants that she declares herself to be now richer than she ever was in her life, and so she *is*, for she has always a little to spare at the end of the year and in her little way can always assist the distressed. I believe you never saw Joanna, and it is a pity; for you would have loved her very much. She possesses all the good qualities of the Hutchinsons. My niece Dora, who remembers you with the greatest affection, has lately been in much better health than within the last few years, she is very active and a most useful personage at home—her Father's helper at all times; and in domestic concerns she takes all the trouble from her mother and me, and we trust that in the course of a year or two she may become strong, but now she is no walker and cannot climb a mountain. It is not improbable that her Father may take her to Cambridge in the spring, and if so to London—and in that case they would see you, but no plans are laid, though now and then Dora amuses herself by talking about it. As for myself you will be glad to

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hear that I am perfectly well, but after this pleasant assurance I must tell you that my health had a sad shaking last April when I was with John in Leicestershire. The disorder was inflammation of the Bowels. In June I left that country and from want of care have had two or three attacks, but neither so severe nor of the same kind ; however, enough to convince me of the necessity of great care, and therefore now though perfectly well I am acting the invalid, never walk except in the garden and am driven out whenever weather permits by my Niece in her pony chaise. By this means I hope to recover my former habits next Summer, in the present winter laying in a stock of strength. My dear Friend your eyes are weaker and you will find this a sad troublesome prosy letter. Vexed I am, for using proper discretion, I might have told you all I have told you in half the number of lines. Pray forgive me and entreat your kind Brother to send me a written assurance that you do so and with that yours. I trust I do not in vain entreat you to let me have the eagerly desired letter at your earliest opportunity which letter we hope will bring us tidings of Mr Robinson. So send me a minute account of all that concerns your plans and as much about mutual friends as he has leisure for and inclination. My Brother, Sister, Miss H., and Dora unite with me in sincerest good wishes for the coming year and every succeeding one of your lives and that they may be many. God bless you both and my dear Miss Lamb believe me your affect. friend

D. Wordsworth.

Strange that I should have written this long letter without a word of our absent William to whom you were so kind when a London schoolboy.<sup>1</sup> He has been at Bremen since last June. When he left Rydal Mount his health was but indifferent—but in Leicestershire he recruited and left *England* in good health but at first the change of climate, habits etc. etc. disagreed with him and he was very unwell. Yet he always writes in good spirits and I am happy to tell you that his late letters have spoken of ‘excellent health’. But it [is now] nearly two months since his last and we are anxiously expecting letters. He is much attached

<sup>1</sup> v. Lamb's letter to D. W. of Nov. 25, 1819—ed. E. V. Lucas, p. 534. For Lamb's reply to these letters v. ed. E. V. Lucas, p. 826.

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to the excellent family with whom he lives; and we have reason to believe that his time passes profitably.

Do you ever see Mr and Mrs Thomas Clarkson? Mr Clarkson's health is improved, but his wife is less equal to exertion than formerly.

John makes an excellent parish priest, other particulars he will tell you himself.

*Address:* To Charles Lamb Esq<sup>re</sup>, Enfield Common, Enfield.

*for Miss Lamb*

*MS.*

*903. W. W. to Charles Lamb*

(enclosed in previous letter)

Sunday, Jan<sup>y</sup> 10<sup>th</sup>, 1830

My dear Lamb,

A whole twelve-month have I been a Letter in your debt,—for which fault I have been sufficiently punished by self-reproach.

I liked your play<sup>1</sup> marvellously, having no objection to it but one, which strikes me as applicable to a large majority of plays, those of Shakespear himself not entirely excepted, I mean a little degradation of character, for a more dramatic turn of Plot. Your present of Hone's Book<sup>2</sup> was very acceptable, and so much so, that your part of the book is the cause why I did not write long ago—I wished to enter a little more minutely into notice of the dramatic Extracts, and on account of the smallness of the print deferred doing so till longer days would allow me to read without candle light, which I have long since given up. But alas! when the days lengthened my eyesight departed, and for many months I could not read three minutes at a time. You will be sorry to hear that this infirmity still hangs about me and almost cuts me off from reading altogether. But how are you? And how is your dear Sister? I long much, as we all do, to know —For ourselves this last year, owing to my Sister's dangerous

<sup>1</sup> *The Wife's Trial; or the Intruding Widow*, printed in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Dec. 1828.

<sup>2</sup> *The Table Book* (William Hone, 1827) contained Lamb's extracts from the Garrick Plays.

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illness, the effects of which are not yet got over, has been an anxious one, and melancholy. But no more of this—My sister has probably told everything about this family, so that I may conclude with less scruple, by assuring you of my sincere and faithful affection for you, and your dear Sister.—

Wm Wordsworth.

My son takes this to London.—

(D. W. adds)

Sunday 10<sup>th</sup>.

My Brother has given me this to enclose [with] my own—His account of me is far too doleful—I am, I assure you, perfectly well—and it is only in order to become *strong*, as heretofore, that I confine myself mainly to the house—and yet, were I to trust my *feelings* merely, I should say that I am strong already.—His eyes, alas! are very weak—and so will, I fear, remain through life; but with proper care, he does not suffer much.

D. W.

MS. 904. W. W. to Edward Quillinan

Rydal Mount, 4<sup>th</sup> Feby 1830.

Private and confidential.

My dear Sir,

I write this in consequence of the P.S. to Miss H.'s just received—I am still in want of a Mortgage—for between £2 and 3000. My Sol<sup>r</sup> is Mr Strickland Cookson, No 6 Lincoln's Inn. But I have first to speak with you on this matter as a Friend. In Mortgages every one says avoid distressed Borrowers, you are neither sure of principal or interest. Now if this money be wanted for the Lee Family there is not a member of it but C. B.<sup>1</sup> on whom I could rely. Sir E. B. is too distressed a Man and too little of a man of business.

Therefore do consider well of this for me, and let me know if it be at all advisable to have dealings in that quarter. Verbum sat. Perhaps the money may be wanted for some one else.

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Barrett.

Poor Dora has suffered dreadfully for some days from a swoln face, with Rheumatic cold—aggravated if not caught by last Sunday's Church. She is in bed—the rest of the family are well.—It is to be regretted that Jemima has missed the measles. John was unlucky in not seeing you, he reached Rydal looking anything but well—he travelled from London on the top of the Coach, and his humanity induced him to lend his cloak to a poor Female who was perishing with cold—a violent diarrhoea was the consequence—and he arrived much exhausted.—Miss W. is doing very well—Your message will be delivered to Barber probably to-day—as he intends to call. Your theatrical performance amused us much. I should have liked to be a spectator—particularly when the author made his appearance. The Rev<sup>d</sup> Chauncey Hare Townsend<sup>3</sup> is as pretty a rascal as ever put on a surplice. He is one of Southey's most intimate Friends and has been so for about a dozen or 14 years—during a good part of that period I have occasionally seen him upon very friendly terms, both at Cambridge, where I had dined with him, at Keswick and at my own House where he has slept—and where he was cordially received twice while this attack upon my person and writings was in process. The thing as an intellectual production is safe in its own vileness. Who that ever felt a line of my poetry would trouble himself to crush a miserable maggot crawled out of the dead carcass of the Edinburgh review. But too much of this.

<sup>1</sup> Chauncey Hare Townshend (1798–1862), minor poet—published *Poems* in 1821, *Sermons in Sonnets*, 1851; *Facts in Mesmerism*, 1840 (2nd ed. 1844). To *Blackwood's Magazine*, Sept.–Dec. 1829, he contributed four anonymous articles on W. which as Southey pointed out to him were ‘obnoxious’, and, as W. said truly, ‘contained much scoffing, much literary misrepresentation and personal disparagement’. Ten years later (Feb. 29, 1840) he wrote a long and elaborate recantation, in which he stated that the *Lyrical Ballads* were the first poetry that ‘awoke his childish breast’, but that at Cambridge, ‘in a witty set’, he had learned to scoff, and ‘among the subjects canvassed with the most party spirit and even acumen was the merit of W.'s poems’. He then enrolled himself as an anti-W.ian, and wrote the greater part of the offending essays at that time. But he had soon regretted them, ‘age and experience had brought wisdom’ and ‘now it will be seen from my writings how deeply I am indebted to an author whom I presumed to criticize in the rashness of ignorance’. W. accepted his apology and was once more on friendly terms with him. *v. p. 1024.*

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Below is a note for Mr S. Cookson.

Dear Strickland, I think you know Mr Quillinan, he is the Bearer—and calls to name a matter of business to you, to which as my professional adviser I beg you to give your attention.

ever faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth.

Love from every one to the Little ones. Kind regards to Col. Barrett. I like Dora's watch and trust that it keep the promise of its good looks. I am afraid of hurting the sale of the present Edition if I publish before it is nearly out. On this consult with Longmans.

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq. No 12, Bryanstone Street,  
Portman Square, London.

*MS.*            905. W. W. to Edward Quillinan

Rydal Mount Feby 11<sup>th</sup> 1830

My dear Friend,

My first words must be an expression of regret and shame for having omitted in my last to thank you for the elegant copy of the 'Lay of the Papist', in fact business upon which I wrote and the unpleasant affair of Parson Townshend (who has confessed) put it out of my head and I was greatly mortified at so unbecoming an act of forgetfulness when it was too late to repair it.

I write with reluctance not having command of a frank, but it seems that I ought to write to say that there is no man living in whose honor I have higher confidence than Col. Barrett, so that as far as that goes I am perfectly satisfied; the rest must be taken care of by my Solicitor to whom I will write upon the subject as soon as I am informed that it is likely to go forward.

Dora you will perceive is my Amanuensis. She is now without pain but as yellow as a gipsy and as thin as a lath (Is it not too bad to insist upon *my* writing this) she has not yet been out of doors. Miss Wordsworth is going on very well. Thanks for your kind notice of your little Ones, so no more at present from your's faithfully

(signature cut away)

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MS. 906. W. W. to Edward Quillinan

Rydal Mount 18<sup>th</sup> Feby, [1830]

My dear Friend,

I have just written to Strickland Cookson, 6 Lincoln's Inn, my Sol<sup>r</sup>. The sum I have named is £3500 or £2500 as may best suit the Borrower, if the security is found undeniable. Col. Barrett will therefore be so kind as to communicate with Mr Cookson at his earliest convenience.

This letter might have been sent you today—through a Frank—Dora tells me that it shall—I am glad of it, being ashamed to put you to the expense of mere letters of business—which I cannot make interesting by any sort of embroidery. Our life here is utterly unvaried, even in the Valentine season, when Miss H. complained of being forgotten by you.—Dora says you are a pretty Man of your Word, having sent Rotha to Langholm place—those *daft* vanity fair people of Derbyshire, she thinks, have turned your head, they have had more weight and influence than our Philosopher and *all* his Ladies.—As to Longman's people I, for my own part, am very glad they have not written; being decidedly of opinion that the publication would not be prudent unless the present Edition were nearly exhausted, which it is not.

Enclosed you will find an Education advertisement, words [? surely] to my taste—I really am serious, but promise and performance are very different things. Dont suppose by this, that I presume to recommend the School to you, but I am told that without such open profession, the Hendon School<sup>1</sup> did aim at and succeed in something of the kind.

I have called upon and seen Mr De Quincey—looking very well, and busy (he says) in writing a series of Canterbury Tales, for money—which he is in great need of, and his wife, of something still more pretious,—health. She has been suffering long in the jaundice. He named your call, and said that he should have been happy to return it—but it would have looked so ill, to appear at my House, upon a call not meant for me; and he had resolved not to be seen among his neighbours, till the fore-said Tales were concluded.

<sup>1</sup> The school kept by Mrs. Gee.

FEBRUARY 1830

Did I name poor Hartley C. to you? he is wandering about like a vagabond, sleeping in Barns, without the dignity of Gipsy-life, and picking up a meal where he can—in and about Ambleside. Barber is in a very low key, both as to health and spirits—and poor Man the latter evil and his treacherous friends are in a great measure accountable for. They keep him low in pocket—he names no one—but we suspect that Mr S. of Field head near Hawkshead has taken him in. B. said to me lately with a look at once wild and sour, that he was eating his own heart and very bad diet he found it. Duplicity and treachery are damnable things in life; and the image of a Man who has been guilty of this is odious in one's memory. As an author, I have been, I hope, singularly unfortunate, in falling in with persons of that stamp, but the last case is far far the worst, inasmuch as it was utterly unprovoked. I wish I could see Dora looking well.<sup>1</sup> Make my kind remembrances to your Brother and say to Col. Barrett that he is one of the few whom I always think of with entire pleasure.

most faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth.

MS. 907. D. W. to Mrs. S. T. Coleridge

Friday March 5<sup>th</sup> 1830.

My dear Friend,

I have at length the satisfaction of being able to say something decisive concerning your poor Hartley, and more satisfactory for you than till the present time has been in my power. From time to time, since my writing to you, we heard of him—calling at this house or that—where he was supplied with a meal—and housing at night in Barns etc. One evening he came, faint and hungry, to Mr Fell's lodgings—was supplied with refreshment, and Mr F. took him to one of the Inns, and paid for his bed and breakfast next morning. We commissioned every one likely to see him with a message requesting him to come to R. M<sup>t</sup>, and

<sup>1</sup> A passage has here been erased by Dora W., who appends the note: Nonsense which Father had written about me and my looks, which I have taken the liberty of putting out.

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last Friday evening the message was delivered to him by Mr Fell. He replied that he was actually coming hither: however, he did not arrive; but on Monday we heard that he was at Jonathan Rill's. He (Jonathan) had come over from Cocker-mouth to arrange his last business, remove beds etc. No debt was incurred by H., for of course J. could make no charge for those few days and when we paid him (a fortnight ago) we had desired him to inform the people who were to succeed him that Mr C. was not intending to remain at any publick house, and that if they received him neither his mother nor any other person would be answerable for payment. We had during the long time of H.'s wanderings been turning over in our minds all places likely for board and lodging; but till he 'cast up' we could take no steps whatever: however as soon as we knew him to be safe at the Red Lion we applied at that very place which of all others we thought the best; and I am happy to tell you that the people are willing to make a trial; and he is now most comfortably and respectably lodged and boarded with old Mr and Mrs James Fleming in a small cottage (which I hope you recollect) lately built by them close by. The Garden looks towards Thomas Ashburner's old Barn at the Town End, and the front of the house, (with a little court before it) towards the new Road and the Lake. Mrs Fleming came over to speak to us—but as neither she nor we had seen Hartley we could make no final arrangement respecting Terms—only she undertook to mend his stockings and linen, and to wash for him. We told her that *more* than £40 per ann. could not be given, that you had mentioned between 30 and 40; and to this she replied that till she had seen him and knew what he required she could not say what she could do for—only this was settled, that *at present* she was to take him in. Her bed was well aired, and there was no bed left for him at the Red Lion. As soon as Mrs F. had left us my Brother went to Grasmere, saw H. (I need not repeat their conversation) and invited him to dinner the next day. Accordingly he came (on Wednesday) looked as well as usual, and ate *more* heartily than formerly. His conversation and spirits in no respect changed. But when my Brother and I were left alone with him and began to talk of his past and the future, he was much agitated and

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poured out thanks and promises. He was quite satisfied with his lodgings in all respects—had agreed with Mrs F. that he must dine alone at his own hour, and have a room to sit in alone, with a fire when necessary, to do his work. They had not fixed their terms, but he thought she would do all for £40, and we think she will not be willing to take less, or that we ought to require it—in consideration of the extra accomodations of separate dinner and private sitting-room. We have had the whole of Jonathan Rill's account from June 1827 up to the time of H's last running off. At the beginning, especially, of the account (which you know had never been completely settled) there is often so much set down for liquor (wine, spirits, etc.) that we were inclined to take off for all extra liquor—but on hearing what Jonathan had to plead we could not stand to that mode of settling the account. He told us that though when you had seen the Bills you had frequently complained and remonstrated, you were well aware of the nature of them and that he had told you, his house being a publick house, he could not do otherwise—that Guests came—invited him to drink—he could never refuse—and would himself call for liquor—that you had observed you could possibly get him cheaper boarded and lodged in a private house, and that it might be better—but [ ] you observed he would go off to the publick houses and on the whole perhaps was better where he was—and therefore you wished him to remain there. This being the case we must deduct on another principle. You had seen the accounts (up to the time of your departure I believe) and beginning from that time J. took off 6d per day. Observe that the extra liquor was not nearly so much in the last account. J's bill amounts to £49.13.1—we paid him in full of all demands £46—10—. Observe on the last account he has not charged anything for H's bed on those nights when he was absent, and took off 6d a day since the 29<sup>th</sup> of September. I have paid the washerwoman to the present time 14/-s. A bill has come in to me from Preston of Ambleside for two hats (Jan 1825 do. 1826) I told Hartley you had given him money to pay for a Hat for him, expecting that he would want a new one, I supposed not knowing of this: therefore I should pay Preston. He thanked me and said he now *does* want

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a hat; but can pay for it when he receives the money from Liverpool. He has cloth for a new suit unmade which he got at Elleray. This he has not paid for—but said he would pay as soon as he got money for the Edinburgh articles ‘now ready to be sent off’. He owes something also to the shoe maker and said he would take that debt on himself, to which I replied that if the Man were pressing and his money not ready I would pay it in order that he might work with a more easy mind. We told him that we had mentioned to Mrs Fleming that he should have a pint of good table beer to dinner, and do. to supper and his answer was that he should not take it. He would drink nothing but water. This, I fear, he will never hold to, and aware of the danger of a vow being a snare to him, William told him that, however glad he might be that he should lay such a resolution, he would have him consider it only as a trial, and if he found it necessary—take the Beer, for after arrangement could be made with his hostess. How thankful shall I be if after the end of the year we find that he has really worked, so as to be able to pay off his debts of honour (of which no doubt he has several at the publick houses) to provide himself with cloaths and to repay you a part at least of what you have made such sacrifices to advance for him. At all events you will have (by being answerable for board and Lodging) the satisfaction of knowing that you at least have done all you can to guard him from perishing of cold and hunger. You say you can always help him out with cloaths; but my dear Friend, let me warn you against holding out to him this expectation. He ought to be thrown upon his own exertions for this—and for whatever he may chuse to spend in extras, and this I am sure of, it will be the more likely means to assist in enabling him to earn much more and to foster in him an ambition to release you from the very incumbrance which you voluntarily and openly take upon yourself. I have just written a letter to H. saying over again some things that I expressed in conversation and adding others that I omitted, but there is no need of troubling you with the details. It is enough that I have spoken with the utmost freedom, though kindly. Mrs Southey has sent me on your account £3-16—(I think that is the sum; but I have all written down)—you will perceive that enough remains with

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me for small tradesman's bills should I be called upon. Sara H. is going to Keswick in a fortnight or three weeks, she will then write to you. In the meantime, if you do not hear from me you may conclude that we have settled to our satisfaction with Mrs Fleming, and that all goes on smoothly. I trust that my dear Godson<sup>1</sup> is now perfectly recovered. I do not venture to hope that he is yet strong enough to resume his labours, and trust he will not do so till his strength is entirely restored. Give my kind love to him. What a good creature his Wife is! My affectionate regards to her and to Miss Trevenan. My dear Friend, what a load of misery you have lately had to bear about with you! I trust you will now be composed and easy. As to Derwent's charging himself with obligations for H. that cannot be. There would be no justice in this, and I am sure Henry and Sara have nothing to spare. We are all well except Dora, who says always that she is so, but she looks wretchedly—and is often worried with tooth ache. She is now staying with Mrs B. Harrison—Joanna still here; God bless you ever your affectionate

D. W.

4 o'clock Friday afternoon. I have broken the seal of my letter to tell you that, though the place where we have fixed Hartley is that which above all others we most wished for, we were so fearful that Mrs Fleming would not take him that my Brother applied to Mr Fell to inquire at and near Ambleside, but this morning he tells us that nobody would take him—his habits being such that they could not have any body else, and in fact they dare not venture and that less than £40 would not do, in fact John pays for lodging and fire alone £25, and near Whitehaven is very cheap. John finds his own candles and every thing, washing etc.

K.

908. *W. W. to Lord Lonsdale*

Rydal Mount, Wednesday.<sup>2</sup>

My Lord,

. . . There is one point also delicate to touch upon and hazardous to deal with, but of prime importance in this crisis.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Derwent C.

<sup>2</sup> Placed here by K., but there is no other indication of date.

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The question, as under the conduct of the present ministers, is closely connecting itself with religion. Now after all, if we are to be preserved from utter confusion, it is religion and morals, and conscience, which must do the work. The religious part of the community, especially those attached to the Church of England, must and *do* feel that neither the Church as an establishment, nor its points of faith as a church, nor Christianity itself as governed by Scripture, ought to be left long, if it can be prevented, in the hands which manage our affairs.

But I am running into unpardonable length. I took up the pen principally to express a hope that your Lordship may have continued to see the question in the light which affords the only chance of preserving the nation from several generations, perhaps, of confusion and crime and wretchedness.

Excuse the liberty I have taken, and believe me most faithfully,

Your Lordship's much obliged  
W. Wordsworth.

*Pearson.*  
*K(—)*

909. *D. W. to William Pearson*

Rydal Mount, 25<sup>th</sup> March, [1830].

My dear Sir,

Though I have been so slow in acknowledging your kindness, I assure you it has not been because I was insensible of it. My Brother happened to be from home when your letter arrived, which prevented my answering it (according to my usual custom) immediately, and thus from day to day, I have delayed. My brother was much interested by the information you had gathered from your vagrant neighbours, the Gipsies; so was I, and every member of this family, and we sincerely thank you for it, and for the readiness with which you complied with my Brother's wishes. He intends, if you have no objection, to send the account to be inserted in the 'Naturalists' Magazine', if the matter be thought new or sufficiently important. To us, as I have said, it was very interesting.

You will be glad, I know, to hear that we are all well. My niece has been with Miss Southey a fortnight at Keswick, and, if weather permit, her brother purposes riding over to K. from

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Moresby to-morrow, to conduct her back with him: and he hopes for her company during a whole month—a great loss to the Father at home! As you were so kind as to interest yourself concerning Mr —,<sup>1</sup> I must tell you that he dined with us last Sunday, was in good spirits, and very agreeable; and is now settled in most respectable lodgings at Grasmere.

I hope when fine weather tempts you again to Rydal, that my Brother may be so fortunate as to be at home. This happened the last time; but how often it has been otherwise! My Brother and Sister unite with me in kind regards

Believe me, dear Sir

Yours sincerely

Dorothy Wordsworth.

MS.  
K.

910. W. W. to Basil Montagu

Rydal Mount, Kendal,

5<sup>th</sup> April, 1830.

My dear Montagu,

I ought to have thanked you long ago for the 12<sup>th</sup> vol of Lord Bacon, which I received through John; and also for your little treatise on Laughter<sup>2</sup> which has amused me much. You have rendered good service to the Public by this Edition of the Works of one of the greatest Men the world has produced—I wish I had been younger to make a more worthy use of so valuable a Present.—Let me ask whether it would not have been better, to print the Letters of which the last Vol consists not as you have done, but in chronological order, only taking care to note from what Collection the several letters were taken. I should certainly have much preferred that Arrangement, so would Southey; but perhaps you have reasons for this plan, which do not strike me. With many thanks, I remain, dear M.,

Faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

John was gratified by the attentions you paid [him] for which we all return our thanks.—

<sup>1</sup> Hartley Coleridge, v. Letter 907.

<sup>2</sup> *Thoughts on Laughter*. London, 1830.

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K(—)

911. W. W. to John Gardner<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount, Kendal,  
5<sup>th</sup> April, 1830.

Dear Sir,

I admire the delicacy with which you decline purchasing this work<sup>2</sup> to my injury. These piracies do no credit to the Parisian publisher. As far as relates to the Continent, I am rather glad of this practice, but surely it is unfair to authors to be deprived of such benefit as they might draw from the sale of their works among their own countrymen and in their native land ; the more so when the short duration of copyright, as allowed by our law, is considered. That law at present acts as a premium upon mediocrity, by tempting authors to aim only at immediate effect.

Some years ago I named to my publishers my wish to try a cheaper edition, such as you recommend, but I was assured by them that the return of profit to myself would be little or nothing. Readers, I am aware, have since increased much and are daily increasing. Perhaps also my own powers are gaining ground upon the public ; but you cannot have failed to observe what pains are taken in many quarters to obstruct their circulation and to lower their character. Be it so, you would probably say ; and that is a still stronger reason for their author putting them in the way of being more generally known. The misrepresentations—whether arising from incapacity, presumption, envy, or personal malice—would be best refuted by the books becoming as accessible as may be. I trust that it would be so ; but still, having neither inherited a fortune, nor having been a maker of money, and being now advanced in life with a family to survive me, I cannot be indifferent to the otherwise base consideration of some pecuniary gain.

The edition you possess of 1827 is getting low, and a new one will probably be called for ere long. My intention at present

<sup>1</sup> John Gardner (1804–80), medical writer and practitioner. In 1832 W. placed his nephew John (son of R. W.) under his care to be trained as a surgeon (v. Letters 1004 and 1005). In 1843 G. published *The Great Physician: the Connexion of Diseases and Remedies with the Truths of Revelation*.

<sup>2</sup> The Galignani edition of his poems.

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is to reprint the whole, pretty much in the same form, only I shall print *two* sonnets in a page, a greater number of *lines* also, and exclude all blank pages (called, I believe, by the printers 'fat'); and, in this case, I hope to reduce the price of the work, and perhaps to compress it into four volumes, though there will be a good deal of additional matter. This, however, will be printed separately also to accommodate the purchasers of the former editions.<sup>1</sup> . . .

M. G. K. 912. W. W. to George Huntly Gordon

Rydal Mount, April 6, 1830.

My dear Mr Gordon,

You are kind in noticing with thanks my rambling notes.<sup>2</sup>

We have had here a few days of delicious summer weather. It appeared with the suddenness of a pantomimic trick, stayed longer than we had a right to expect, and was as rapidly succeeded by high wind, bitter cold, and winter snow over hill and dale.

I am not surprised that you are so well pleased with Mr. Quillinan. The more you see of him the better you will like him. You ask what are my employments. According to Dr. Johnson<sup>3</sup> they are such as entitle me to high commendation, for I am not only making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but a dozen. In plain language, I am draining a bit of spongy ground.<sup>4</sup> In the field where this goes on I am making a green terrace that commands a beautiful view of our two lakes, Rydal and Windermere, and more than two miles of intervening vale, with the stream visible by glimpses flowing through it. I

<sup>1</sup> This letter was meant to be shown to the Longmans by Gardner, as Wordsworth adds that if he (Gardner) 'thought it worth while to call on them, this letter would be your introduction. State your wishes and your reasons, and hear what they have to say. If your proposal could be reconciled with a reasonable emolument to myself, it would gratify me to adopt it. . . . Is it not your proposal that there should be two editions of different sizes?'—K.

<sup>2</sup> On a proposed tour (*note in M.*)

<sup>3</sup> A slip for Swift.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. in 'Dora's field', which had been bought to build a house on when W. was expecting to be turned out of Rydal Mount.

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shall have great pleasure in showing you this among the other returns which I hope one day to make for your kindness. Adieu,  
Yours,

W. W.

K.           *913. W. W. to Sir George Beaumont*

Rydal Mount, Kendal

April 15 [1830]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Sir George,

The papers inform me that a second son has made his appearance at Coleorton Hall. We all congratulate you and Lady Beaumont sincerely upon this happy event. May the newly-arrived, and his brother, live to be a blessing to their parents.

I congratulate you also upon having got through your troublesome office of sheriff; as it is so much more agreeable to look back upon such an employment, however honourable, than to have it in prospect.

My dear sister, though obliged to keep to the habits and restraints of an invalid for prudence' sake, is, I am happy to say, in good health. She and Mrs Wordsworth join with me in best wishes and regards to yourself and Lady Beaumont, as would my son and daughter have done; but they are now together in his abode, I cannot say his parsonage (for the living has none), at Moresby, near Whitehaven.

I remain, my dear Sir George,  
Faithfully yours

Wm Wordswoorth

M. K.           *914. W. W. to C. W.*

Rydal Mount, April 27,<sup>2</sup> 1830.

My dear Brother,<sup>3</sup>

Was Mr. Rose's course of sermons upon education? The more I reflect upon the subject, the more I am convinced that positive instruction, even of a religious character, is much overrated.

<sup>1</sup> K. dates 1831, but W. was away from home in April of that year. In April 1830 Dora was staying at Moresby with her brother (v. pp. 457, 464 and *C.R.*, p. 218).

<sup>2</sup> For D. W. to H. C. R. April 22, 1830, v. *C.R.*, p. 216.

<sup>3</sup> v. Letter of Dec. 11, 1828.

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The education of man, and above all of a Christian, is the education of *duty*, which is most forcibly taught by the business and concerns of life; of which, even for children, especially the children of the poor, book learning is but a small part. There is an officious disposition on the part of the upper and middle classes to precipitate the tendency of the people towards intellectual culture in a manner subversive of their own happiness, and dangerous to the peace of society. It is mournful to observe of how little avail are lessons of piety taught at school, if household attentions and obligations be neglected in consequence of the time taken up in school tuition; and if the head be stuffed with vanity, from the gentlemanliness of the employment of reading. Farewell.

W. W.

MS.            915. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson  
K(—)

[1830]

Begun many days ago—ended 27<sup>th</sup> April  
indeed it is a shame to write so illegibly and  
not to have the patience to correct

My dear Friend

I delayed answering your long and interesting though to me rather melancholy letter, in order to save you from the burthen of it lying beside you unanswered, for what you might deem an unreasonable length of time. But this, between you and me, is foolish; and I will wait no longer. You must cast off the burthen—not thinking ever that you have a letter to *answer*; but only that you have a Friend who at any and all times rejoices to hear from you, and that there is only one imperative reason for your writing at this time or that but to do away uneasy conjectures which *will* force themselves upon us during long fits of silence. In the last instance I had imagined nothing worse than the truth—but *that* was bad enough—an indisposition to writing from being unwell and uncomfortable—and lacking strength to help you through any labour that *might* be put off. God grant that your return to the fresh air and your spring flowers may have invigorated you!—Yet *with us* it is a far more chearless season than the winter. The flowers blow and the rain beats them

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down and they look absolutely comfortless in their sodden beds. *I enjoyed* the winter; for when, in other quarters snow choked up the roads—our way was always clear before us—and we had much more than our share of sunshine. The cold, it is true, was very severe; but except in furious winds—or snow-falls, one may always fence it off—by warm cloathing abroad—and good fires within doors. It is a fact, that I suffered less from *cold* weather last winter than I ever remember to have done since my youthful days. Early in November the Frost began—I shivered and shook—and was wretched at rising in the mornings—I took to a fire in my Bed-room—and ever since have had it lighted before getting up and really do think that to this comfort I am indebted for the excellent health I now enjoy. I have been perfectly well since the first week in January—but go on in the invalidish style—enjoying the pony-chaise—and walks whenever weather allows—as to my strength I hardly know its measure, for my Friends having had so much anxiety concerning me, I think it my duty not to *try* it. My longest walks have been to Fox Ghyll and back again, and such moderation I shall continue for another year—the time fixed by better judges than I am, that is needful to ascertain a perfect restoration of strength in the Bowels after such an attack as I had at Whitwick last April. But too much on this dull subject, which I promise not to renew in my next, if I continue as I now am and have been since the year —30 began. My spirits are not at all affected by sitting so much more than formerly within doors—and with such a prospect from the windows—and such terraces to walk upon there is no cause to lament this comparative imprisonment. My health is now *equable*, not exposing myself to headaches or to any other symptoms of over fatigue—and every one tells me I *look* well. Now my dear Sister is a wonder—but *she* is sometimes overdone with her exertions—and looks wearied—but spirits never fail her—she lies on the sofa for  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour's rest and rising restored, never shrinks from any fresh call of duty. . . . Yet she is rheumatic and her weak arm—sprained a few months before the Birth of her daughter Catherine, feels more of the rheumatic pain than any other part—She always holds that exercise is the best cure for rheumatism—and so I

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doubt not it is—but there are few who could have the resolution to use such a remedy! *She does*, however, and I believe is indebted to that elasticity of mind which enables her to do so for being preserved from anything that can be called a *fit of rheumatism*. Long may it be before it forsakes her! My Brother, though he passed his 60<sup>th</sup> Birthday on the 7<sup>th</sup> of this month, is as good a walker as most of the best young ones of 20, and is not much inferior to what he was himself at that age. His eyes are pretty well—with the application of a stimulating ointment when inflammation threatens; but never more can they be serviceable to him in reading or writing the day through. We are however very thankful for what has been gained since this last twelve months. He had a very severe attack of inflammation—Mary was attending at Whitwick—poor Dora, his sole companion at home—had a sore throat—cough and fever—and when these passed away she was left voiceless—so that the blind Father, and his then helpless Daughter were pitied by the whole neighbourhood. John Carter—the clerk was employed as a Reader and kind neighbours would come in and lend their voices (among them was good Mrs Elliot formerly Miss Maltby of Norwich. By the bye she and her Husband have lived in various houses in this neighbourhood—but are now residing elsewhere. They are, however, so fond of this country that I think they will yet return to it as heretofore after an absence of a year or two. This was a digression to which I was led by fancying you must know something of Mrs Elliot. She is a very clever woman—at first not attractive—from having a sort of commanding—decisive—*regulated* style of conversation and manner; but the more she is known the more beloved and esteemed. Indeed she is an excellent creature and a valuable Friend.) To return to William's eyes—Mary left me—convalescent—and found the invalids at home—also fast mending—and William has never since had a bad inflammation; but is obliged to be constantly watchful not to expose his eyes to sudden transitions or anything that may irritate—and he cannot continue reading for more than an hour or two without injury—Dora has been seven weeks from home—One week with our cousin Dorothy—a good soul as ever lived—who has married a

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goodly man and a rich<sup>1</sup>—and is our neighbour at Green Bank—the late Miss Knott's residence. Thence D went to Keswick where she found all the Family except Mrs Southey and Mrs Lovel in a bad Influenza—and she was the cheerer of their spirits, their comforter and nurse—Southey called her ‘the young Béguine.’ This reminds me to tell you that S is very fond of Dora and very kind to her, and she is much attached to all his Daughters—especially Edith—and D is Edith’s first Friend after Sara Coleridge. After a fortnight at Keswick John rode over from Moresby to fetch her, and she has been a month with him. They ride daily on their ponies when weather permits, and are very happy together—and we at home, are well reconciled to our present loss as D’s health has greatly improved while she has been with John. She has recovered her appetite, and is very much stronger, as appears by the *long* rides she is able to take—The last letters from William brought a good account of his health; but the winter’s cold sadly disagreed with him. He is very happy, and I doubt not full as industrious as his strength will allow him to be. Mr. Papendich speaks very favourably of him in all respects, but seems well aware of his peculiar delicacy of constitution, and therefore of the absolute necessity of not overclose application and of regular exercise out of doors, especially on horseback—You know how affectionate are William’s dispositions—he seems to love every member of Mr Papendich’s Family and it appears they are not less attached to him. Sarah H—is at Keswick, has been there a fortnight. We *had* some hope of the Southeys becoming our neighbours; but they have renewed the lease of their present house, and really I am disinterested enough to be glad, as, though wishing to be near us, they dreaded a removal. S. was *very ill* with Influenza, but he and all are recovered. Poor Mrs. Coleridge! we miss her very much out of the country, though we saw little of her. She regrets what she has lost bitterly, yet is well pleased with her daughter-in-law, and has great comfort in Derwent; but, at her age, it is a great change—to a boarding school with ten boys in the house—and a little Baby to boot and another expected ere very long—but in September (and this I think is no cause for

<sup>1</sup> Benson Harrison.

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joy) Sara is to be confined—and, of course her Mother goes to nurse her—and I almost fancy that after that time Sara will not be able to go on without her help—S. T. C. himself has been very ill—is recovering—but alas! thought [to be] breaking up—What, however, is worst of all is Hartley's hopeless state. We had provided good lodgings for him. He had no one want, was liked by the people of the house, and for seven weeks was steady and industrious. Money came to repay him for his work, and what does he do? Instead of discharging just debts, he pays a score off at a public house, and with eight sovereigns in his pocket takes off—is now wandering somewhere, and will go on wandering till some charitable person leads the vagrant home. We have only heard of his lodging at first at different inns—this no doubt while the money lasted—and since of his having been seen on the roads, and having lodged in this Barn or that. It has been my sad office to report to his poor mother of his doings, but my *late* reports have been of a clearing kind. I now dread the task that is before me. I shall not, however, write till he is again housed with the charitable Matron who is willing again to receive him. You will perhaps say, my dear friend, 'Why do you not rouse the country, and send after him? or at least yourselves seek him out?' Alas we have done this so often without any good coming we are determined not to stir—but it is impossible not to be very much distressed and uneasy in mind, and especially for his Mother's sake. Of course you will not speak of what I have told you—though it is notorious enough in these parts. I have no room left for inquiries—or sympathy in your distresses—but believe me I have not been thoughtless concerning any of them—and most of all am I grieved to hear of your dear Mary's very delicate health. I know we should all take heartily to her were we known to each other—and how unlucky our not meeting, and Rydal Mount being left to itself a thing that never before happened—I was at Halifax—Sara H in Herefordshire—Dora at Whitehaven for sea-air—and her Father and Mother there also, because driven from home by Workmen pulling down all the chimneys—Well! I hope Tom will bring her again—and that we shall have better luck. Mrs Luff is out of spirits and unsettled in mind by Lady Farquhar's not knowing yet what her

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plans will be—Whether to go abroad or to come to Fox Ghyll. Poor Mrs Luff's health suffers with her spirits—We drank tea with her on Saturday. Her House is very nice, but really better for a large family than for a single Lady. Now if Lady F. does not live here a good deal—what a pity she should have buried so much money in that garden and house—and even if she *does* two thirds of the money might as well have been spared. Farewell may God Bless you my dearest Friend

yours ever

D. W.

My love to your Sister. I am very glad her son is so hopeful a Boy.

Dear Mr Clarkson—I have not even named *him* give my very best love to him—and William and Mary send love to you both.

I cannot read over this scrawl—Understand as much as you can make out.

*Address:* Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk.

MS.

916. W. W. to Dora W.

[Spring, 1830]

My dearest D—

I cannot let your Uncle and Aunt depart without a word from me. News I leave to them and shall confine myself to requests and exhortations. Never *walk* to church but always go on your Poney—and avoid fatiguing yourself by walks in any direction.—Eat some animal food however small a quantity at luncheon, and ride every day if possible. Have I sent you the proper German Grammar? We have no Letters from Willy and I fear none by this morning's Post for any one. Your Mother and I called at Nicholson's last night and he promised to send them with your Aunt's clothes. He has not appeared. Attend particularly to John's pronunciation at Church.—his unaty, his charaty, his inexpressable, and the northernisms that must unavoidably be creeping upon him. I congratulate you dearest D. on this enchanting weather—tell me where I can sleep when I come to see you Both which I [am] most wishful to do by and bye.—Let John pay a little more attention to Mr Jackson, it is fitting that he should, and if I may allude to anything of that

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kind, *politic* also.—I now begin to fear that the *heat* will be too much for you—if so you will do well to ride in the afternoon, but your dinner hour seems awkward. All your Doves were out in the sunshine of yesterday. To-day we have Hayes digging among the gooseberries, and Tom Jackson and his boy preparing for the Gate of Entrance to the new Terrace. This walk charms everyone that has seen it. Mrs Barlow and Miss Bailey saw it yesterday—the former with great pleasure. Miss Bayley passed John at Calder Bridge the day we parted, she did not venture to speak to him. Had John any rain that day? I had none till one o'clock, and should have reached home without a drop if I had not called upon David Huddlestone, whom I found quite cheerful even gay, under stone and gout and with the prospect of a speedy operation. The Spring is here, Mrs Luff says, a month forwarder than last year. Tell John that our Ulverstone journey was not fruitless. Mr Church the other Ex<sup>r</sup> will take the trouble and send the Leg: Forms down to me—and the duty be paid at Ulverstone—One of the Testator's daughters has but a few days to live, Mr Church says; how this will affect the Duties he does not say further than that it will make the payment simpler. James gave but a poor account of Aunt Sara's pony on his return from Keswick, he says it is growing weak in its forequarter and very numb in its feet. I wish we could sell it—but it is no time to think of *new* expenses for the interest of money is falling to nothing. Now dearest Dora take pains to enjoy yourself; move about according to your strength—Mr Adam's pretty garden will be a temptation and not beyond your strength, and if you can, let us hear that your appetite is improved. Do not hang over any sort of Books—above all beware of novels—and do not take too much of German! farewell, let us hear from you often. Best love to John—Your ever affectionate and *dutiful* Father

Wm. Wordsworth.

I have returned thanks for the Descent into Hell<sup>1</sup>—a forbidding kind of journey, worse than a descent into one of your coal pits—and for the Pilgrim of the Hebrides.

<sup>1</sup> v. p. 536, note.

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MS.

917. W. W. to Dora W.

Tuesday Morn, [April or May 1830]

My dearest Dora,

It gives me great pleasure to learn that I can be accommodated with a bed under Mr A's roof, pray give him my thanks for meeting your wishes so readily. We are all delighted that you write in such good spirits—could you but add to what you say of your improved appetite that your looks (or rather complexion) were mended and that you had gathered some flesh we should be quite content and happy. What a pity that you had not reserved the Letter you sent to Mrs Hodgeson—Mr [ ? ] could have brought it so nicely; but perhaps you thought that like certain sorts of wine, it would mellow and improve by keeping.

My improvements, owing to interruption from weather, and loss of one of my workmen, proceed slowly, but all I trust will be complete some time before you return. My visit must depend upon your stay; I should like to be with you about ten days, three of them with Mr Jackson, and seven with John and you; and that you and I should return together; so in your next let us know what time will suit you best. Mr Barber calls not unfrequently—he told us yesterday that Chauncey Hare who has been prowling about this neighbourhood for some time had at last succeeded in forcing himself for three hours upon the Opium Eater—he had called on Owen Lloyd also, as he himself informed us. Upon the whole notwithstanding our loss I am pleased that the Southneys are to stay at Greata Hall. There was great hazard that the change might not suit all; and the trouble and expenses of removing would have been very great. My ride the other day to Mr Greives' upon Billy was very pleasant; the morning being soft though sunless, still waters and an indigo tint upon the Fells, that was brought into harmony by the grey atmosphere with the lively hues of the budding trees seen to great advantage along the tract of the Calgarth Woods.—I called both on Mr Fleming and Mrs Barlow—both at home.—But I assume that Billy is not safe for me, perhaps for anyone to ride; he took fright at a rush or spout of water near the road,

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and made a most ugly stumble; but I kept him from his knees. My fear is of being entangled in the stirrup, as I certainly should be were he to come down—then, you know, he is so timid that he would fly off in desperate fright, dragging anyone along with him and perhaps dashing their brains out—but for this apprehension I should care little about his coming down with me.

Your Aunt is I think doing very well, notwithstanding she has so little exercise out of doors, the pony chaise not being returned yet. Your Mother is well except sometimes for headaches and always for her lame arm, and a general senile queerness about her joints, as if they were determined to slip out of their place.

Thanks to Almighty God, though she is not many months short of the close of her 60<sup>th</sup> year and I have completed mine, we neither of us have yet felt, like the melancholy Cowper, that

‘Threescore winters make a wintry breast.’

Our affections are young and healthful. You rally me upon Hypochondriasis—but erringly—for I do gravely assure you that I have suffered much from headaches upon comparatively slight exertion. ‘Non sum qualis eram’ and who ought to expect it? Your Aunt reads incessantly, if she be not writing but too much as we all do in a desultory way. Your Mother is at this moment sermonizing—and I have been trying my skill upon one of Dr Donne’s, which I hope to make something of. I prefer this Writer because he is so little likely to be explored by others; and is full of excellent matter, though difficult to manage for a modern audience. I have given over writing verses till my head becomes stronger or my fancy livelier—you have there mightily the advantage of me, as a comparison between our Letters abundantly shows. Farewell, love and love and love for ever,

W. W.

Best regards to the Jacksons and love to John.

MS.

918. *W. W. to Edward Quillinan*

[pm Ap. 28 1830.]

My dear Mr Q.

Your Letter has given me concern, as I was in hope that this money which has plagued me so long was at last about to find a

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satisfactory resting place. I have this morning sent to Mr S. Cookson an extract of what you have written; and I added as follows. 'Col. B. may not be aware that 2500 was the sum *first* mentioned to Mr Q:, through whom the transaction commenced. An additional £1000 was afterwards named as forth-coming; but that was withdrawn (by Miss J. Hutchinson to whom it belonged) and disposed of elsewhere, upon the proposed Estate being declared by you not sufficient security for 5 per ct. This is repeated least the fact being unknown perhaps to Col. Barrett he might impute unsteadiness to me. I now wish it to be understood, that alarmed as I have been by the depreciation of landed property in Kent, that, if your Principals (to whom I refer as having more experience than yourself) be satisfied that the Estate first mentioned is an adequate security at the rate of 4 per cent. for 3000, that sum, which is all I can command, is ready. I beg this may be explained to Col Barrett.' Thus far to Strickland Cookson—to you I will say that I shall be a good deal disappointed if this matter falls to the ground. I am of a most anxious temper when the interest of others as in this case constitutes the very essence of the business, and I do heartily wish that this money were well disposed of—I therefore still hope that Col. B. and I may come to an arrangement through our Lawyers.

How shall I make this Letter worth postage? We are glad to hear of Rotha's recovery from the measles, and should rejoice also that Jemima had got well through the same complaint. My sister is well, but we think it necessary for her to keep to the Invalid regimen and restrictions as to exposure and exercise. Miss Hutchinson is staying with the Southeys, Dora still with her Brother at Moresby: she writes in high spirits, but we cannot learn that her looks and complexion are improved—I shall be going over to see her in a little while. We have had an irruption of all the Douglasses; another sister included. The two Sisters lodged with us one night, and the whole party proceeded to Liverpool next day. Hic, Haec, and Hoc, had been called from Rome by the death of their excellent Mother, who along with her Daughter, an Invalid also, had come to Europe for the benefit of her health, but she, the Mother, expired at Liverpool three

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weeks after her arrival there. I see more merit in the whole of the family than you seem inclined to do. For the sake of the Invalid Sister they are going to Bristol or its neighbourhood. Miss Douglas is executrix to her Mother's will, and means to return to America in about 12 months; but women's intentions are liable to change, especially by certain events that are never wholly out of hope.

Mr Dyce has just sent me his edition of Webster, fresh from the Press. He tells me that he has with great sincerity apologized to Sir E. B.<sup>1</sup> who is quite satisfied, and who has written to him a couple of interesting Letters. He seems justly to estimate Sir E's great merits.—Miss Jewsbury is in Town, Charlotte Street Fitzroy Square, but Dora has the Letter and I have forgotten the number. If you have any wish to call upon her Sara Coleridge knows her address.

I am far more idle than you or any one can be in London. My time is past chiefly among catchpenny Publications, of our Ambleside Book society, and in overlooking two Labourers whom I employ in draining part of the field behind Mr Tillbrook's Cottage where we have just made a beautiful green Terrace. Excuse this vile scrawl. Love from Mrs W. and my Sister ever yours

W. W.

*Address: Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup>, 12 Bryanstone Street, Portman Square, London.*

*MS. 919. W. W. to Alexander Dyce*

*M(—) G(—) K(—)*

Rydal Mount [p.m. April 30 1830]

I am truly obliged, my dear sir, by your valuable Present of Webster's D. Works<sup>2</sup> and the Specimens.<sup>3</sup> Your Publisher was right in insisting upon the whole of Webster, otherwise the book might have been superseded, either by an entire Edition separately given to the world, or in some Corpus of the Dramatic Writers. The Poetic Genius of England with the exception of

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Sir Egerton Brydges.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce's ed. of Webster appeared in this year, in 4 vols.

<sup>3</sup> *Specimens of British Poetesses.*

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Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and a very few more, is to be sought in her Drama. How it grieves one that there is so little probability of those valuable authors being read except by the curious. I questioned my Friend Charles Lamb whether it would answer for some person of real taste to undertake abridging the plays that are not likely to be read as wholes, and telling such parts of the story in brief abstract as were ill managed in the Drama. He thought it would not—I, however, am inclined to think it would.—

The account you gave of your Indisposition gives me much concern. It pleases me, however, to see that, though you may suffer, your industry does not relax, and I hope that your pursuits are rather friendly than injurious to your Health.

You are quite correct in your notice of my obligation to Dr Darwin. In the first edition of the Poem it was acknowledged in a note,<sup>1</sup> which slipped out of its place in the last, along with some others. In putting together that edition, I was obliged to cut up several copies, and as several of the Poems also changed their places, some confusion and omission also, and in one instance a repetition was the consequence. Nothing, however, so bad as in the Edition of 1820, where a long poem, The Lament of Mary Queen of Scots, was by mistake altogether omitted. Another unpleasantness arose from the same cause; for, in some instances, notwithstanding repeated charges to the Printer, you have only two Spenserian Stanzas in a page (I speak now of the last edition) instead of three; and there is the same irregularity in printing other forms of Stanza.

You must indeed have been fond of that pondrous Quarto, the Exc: to lug it about as you did.<sup>2</sup> In the edition of 27 it was

<sup>1</sup> To the poem *To Enterprise*, ll. 114–16:

and now a living hill

That a brief while heaves with convulsive throes—

Then all is still;

W. had appended in 1822 the note:

Awhile the living hill

Heaved with convulsive throes, and all was still.

—Dr Darwin describing the destruction of the army of Cambyses.

<sup>2</sup> I had mentioned to Mr W. that when I had a curacy in Cornwall I used frequently to carry *The Excursion* down to the sea-shore, and read it there.—A. Dyce.

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diligently revized; and the sense in several instances got into less room, yet still it is a long Poem for these feeble and fastidious times. You would honor me much by accepting a Copy of my poetical Works; but I think it better to defer offering it to you till a new Edition is called for, which will be ere long, as I understand the present is getting low.

A word or two about Collins—you know what importance I attach to following strictly the last Copy of the text of an Author; and I do not blame you for printing in the Ode to Evening ‘brawling’ spring; but surely the epithet is most unsuitable to the time, the very worst, I think, almost that could have been chosen. I have not been able to find my Copy of Martin’s St Kilda, but I am certain that the Bee not being known there is mentioned by him—and it is well that a negative which is so poetical, should rest upon the authority of fact.

I now come to Lady Winchelsea; first however let me say a few words upon one or two other Authoresses of your Specimens. British Poetesses make but a poor figure in the ‘Poems by Eminent Ladies’.<sup>1</sup> But observing how injudicious that Selection is in the case of Lady Winchelsea, and in Mrs Aphra Behn,<sup>2</sup> from whose attempts they are miserably copious, I have thought something better might have been chosen by more competent Persons, who had access to the Volumes of the several writers. In selecting from Mrs Pilkington,<sup>3</sup> I regret that you omitted (Look at page 255)<sup>4</sup> ‘Sorrow’, or at least that you did not abridge it. The first and third Paragraph are very affecting. See also ‘Expostulation’, page 258; it reminds me strongly of one of the Penitential Hymns of Burns. The few lines upon St. John the Baptist, by Mrs Killigrew<sup>5</sup> (Vol. 2. page 6), are pleasing. A beautiful elegy of Miss Warton (sister to the Poets of that

<sup>1</sup> 2 vols. 1755.

<sup>2</sup> Aphra Behn, poetess, dramatist, novelist, and translator (1640–89).

<sup>3</sup> Laetitia Pilkington. Lines from *Sorrow* were included in W.’s MS. vol. *Poems and Extracts chosen by W. W. (from the works of Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, and others) for an album presented to Lady Mary Lowther, Christmas 1819* (Henry Frowde, 1905).

<sup>4</sup> p. 255, i.e. of *Poems by Eminent Ladies*.

<sup>5</sup> Anne Killigrew (1660–85), maid of honour to Duchess of York, and celebrated in Dryden’s famous Ode. The poems were published in 1786. W. gives the St. John the Baptist in the *Album*.

name<sup>1</sup>), upon the death of her father has escaped your notice; nor can I refer you to it. Has the Duchess of Newcastle written much verse?<sup>2</sup> her Life of her Lord, and the extracts in your Book, and the 'Eminent Ladies', are all that I have seen of hers. The Mirth and Melancholy has so many fine strokes of Imagination that I cannot but think there must be merit in many parts of her writings. How beautiful those lines, from 'I dwell in groves', towards the conclusion, 'Yet better loved the more that I am known', excepting the 4 verses after 'Walk up the hills'. And surely the latter verse of the couplet,

The tolling bell which for the dead rings out,  
A mill where rushing waters run about.

is very noticeable; no person could have hit upon that union of images without being possessed of true poetic feeling.—Could you tell me anything of Lady Mary Wortley Mont: more than is to be learned from Pope's Letters and her own? She seems to have been destined for something much higher and better than she became. A parallel between her genius and character and that of Lady Winchelsea her Contemporary (though somewhat prior to her) would be well worth drawing.

And now at last for the poems of Lady W.<sup>3</sup> I will transcribe

<sup>1</sup> i.e. of Joseph (1722-1800) and of Thomas (1728-90). The Elegy is included by W. in his *Poems and Extracts*, &c. above referred to.

<sup>2</sup> Duchess of Newcastle (1624-74), *Poems and Fancies*, 1653, *Plays*, 1662, *Life of Duke of Newcastle*, 1667, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Anne, First Countess of Winchelsea (d. 1720). W. possessed the edition of 1713. In the following notes I have added particulars by which the poems he speaks of can be identified in other editions.

**Fragment.** i.e. poem beginning 'So here confin'd'

Page 42. So the sad Ardelia lay

## **Blasted by a Storm of Fate**

**Felt, thro' all the British State**

**(Petition for an Absolute Retreat.)**

263. i.e. *Moral Song* Would we attain, &c.

280. 'So here confin'd'.

Page 3. From *Mercury and the Elephant*.

Page 163. *The Critick and the Writer of Fables.*

#### **148. In the Tale of the Miser and the Poet.**

Page 36: from *Petition for an Absolute Retreat*, revives on p. 47: Let me then, indulgent Fate!

82. *The Poor Man's Lamb*—towards the end.

92. The Spleen.

### **113. The Shepherd and the Calm.**

[cont. on opposite p.]

a note from a blank leaf of my own Edition, written by me before I saw the scanty notice of her in Walpole. (By the bye, that book has always disappointed me, when I have consulted it upon any particular occasion.) The note runs thus: ‘The Fragment, page 280, seems to prove that she was attached to James 2<sup>nd</sup>, as does page 42, and that she suffered by the Revolution. The most celebrated of these poems, but far from the best, is the “Spleen”. The Petition for an Absolute Retreat and A Nocturnal Reverie are of much superior merit. See also for favorable Specimens, page 156, on the Death of Mr Thynne, 263; and 280, Fragment. The fable of Love, Death, and Reputation, page 29, is ingeniously told.’ Thus far my own note. I will now be more particular. Page 3, ‘Our vanity’, etc., and page 163 are noticeable as giving some account from herself of her Authorship. See also 148 where she alludes to the Spleen. She was unlucky in her models—Pindaric odes and French Fables. But see page 70, The Blindness of Elymas, for proof that she could write with powers of a high order when her own individual character and personal feelings were not concerned. For less striking proofs of this power, see page 4, ‘All is Vanity’, omitting verses 5 and 6, and reading ‘clouds that are lost and gone’, etc. There is merit in the 2 next Stanzas, and the last Stanza towards the close contains a fine reproof for the ostentation of Louis 14, and one magnificent verse, ‘Spent the astonished hours, forgetful to adore’. But my paper is nearly out. As far as ‘For my garments’, page 36, the poem is charming—it then falls off—revives at 39, ‘give me there’ page 41, etc., reminds me of Dyer’s Grongar Hill; it revives on page 47, towards the bottom, and concludes with sentiments worthy of the writer, though not

[cont. from opposite p.]

- 143. From *Poem for the birthday of Lady Catherine Tuston*.
- 151. *The Change*, init.
- 154. *Enquiry after Peace*.
- 159. *On Death of Hon. Mr James Thynne*.
- 217. *To a Friend, in praise of the Invention of Writing Letters*.
- 259. *that you have*: i.e. Dyce had included it in his *Specimens*. The poem is *Life's Progress*.
- 262, 263, 280. *Hope, Moral Song, Fragment* (So here confin'd).
- 290. *The Tree*.
- 291. *A Nocturnal Reverie*.

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quite so happily expressed as in other parts of the Poem. See pages 82, 92. 'Whilst in the Muses' paths I stray.' 113. The 'Cautious Lovers', page 118, has little poetic merit, but is worth reading as characteristic of the author. 143, 'Deep lines of honour', etc., to 'maturer age'. 151, if shortened, would be striking; 154 characteristic; 159, from 'Meanwhile ye living parents', to the close, omitting 'Nor could we hope', and the five following verses, 217, last paragraph, 259, *that you have.* 262, 263, 280. Was Lady Winchelsea a R Catholic? 290, 'And to the clouds proclaim thy fall': 291, omit 'When scattered glow-worms', and the next couplet—I have no more room. Pray excuse this vile scrawl.

Ever faithfully yours,

W. W.

I have inconsiderately sent your letter to my Daughter (now absent) without copying the address. I knew the letter would interest her. I shall direct to your publisher.

*Address: deleted, and readdressed to, the Rev<sup>d</sup> Alexander Dyce,  
Rosebank, Aberdeen, Scotland.*

Pearson.      920. *D. W. to William Pearson  
K.*

Rydal Mount, May 5<sup>th</sup>, 1830.

My dear Sir,

My Brother would have had great pleasure in lending you Mr Coleridge's new work,<sup>1</sup> had he possessed it. I am sorry to say he does not; nor has Mr Hartley Coleridge yet received it. I hope the book may find its way hither in course of time, and then you will have an opportunity of reading it; so pray do not put yourself to the expense of buying—much as I wish for the prosperity and sale of my friend's writings, I should be very sorry to hear that you were a purchaser.

My brother intends sending the 'Hedgehog'<sup>2</sup> to the Naturalists' Magazine, and probably, I should think, with a few words from himself. After it has appeared there, it might be extracted for the Kendal papers, but better not insert there first. This

<sup>1</sup> *On the Constitution of the Church and State, according to the idea of each; with aid toward a right judgment on the late Catholic Bill.*

<sup>2</sup> A poem by W. P.

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reminds me, that when I wrote to you, and also when I saw you, I forgot to ask (as I had intended doing) for a sight of the little poem, which you said you had written, on behalf of that poor, injured creature, many years ago. I hope you will not refuse to let us see it, however much you may be dissatisfied with your performance.

My Brother intends joining his Son and Daughter at Moresby before the end of this week ; and as he purposes to remain with them a fortnight, you had better defer your visit a little while. Indeed, I think you would hardly be certain of finding him at home, even within three weeks from this time, as he talks of making a little tour with his Daughter on their way to Rydal. Indeed, the time of my Brother's return is so uncertain, I will, on second thoughts, write you a line to say when he arrives, and when you are likely to find him disengaged ; for I should be sorry that you should again be disappointed.

The new Terrace will be finished to-morrow, much to our satisfaction. It is a beautiful walk, and we hope the draining will be found complete. We have much enjoyed the late fine weather, living almost the day through in the open air. You will be glad to hear that my Niece's health is, we hope, improved. She is in good spirits. I am quite well.

I am, dear sir,  
Yours truly,  
D. Wordsworth.

MS. 921. *W. W. to Alexander Dyce*

M. G. K.

Rydal Mount, Kendal, May 10<sup>th</sup>, [1830].

My dear Sir,

My last was, for want of room, concluded so abruptly that I avail myself of an opportunity of sending you a few additional words free of Postage, upon the same subject.

I observed that Lady W. was unfortunate in her models—*Pindarics* and *Fables*; nor does it appear from her Aristomenes that she would have been more successful than her contemporaries if she had cultivated Tragedy. She had sensibility sufficient for the tender parts of dramatic writing, but in the stormy and

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tumultuous she would probably have failed altogether. She seems to have made it a moral and religious duty to controul her feelings, lest they should mislead her. Of Love as a passion she is afraid, no doubt from a conscious inability to soften it down into friendship. I have often applied two lines of her Drama (page 318)<sup>1</sup> to her affections

Love's soft Bands,  
His gentle cords of Hyacinths and roses,  
Wove in the dewy spring when storms are silent.

By the bye, in the next page are two impassioned lines spoken to a person fainting—

Thus let me hug and press thee into life,  
And lend thee motion from my beating heart.

From the style and versification of this so much her longest work I conjecture that Lady W. had but a slender acquaintance with the drama of the earlier part of the preceding Century. Yet her style in rhyme is often admirable, chaste, tender, and vigorous; and entirely free from sparkle, antithesis, and that over-culture which reminds one by its broad glare, its stiffness, and heaviness of the double daisies of the garden, compared with their modest and sensitive kindred of the fields. Perhaps I am mistaken but I think there is a good deal of resemblance in her style and versification to that of Tickell, to whom Dr. Johnson justly assigns a high place among the minor Poets, and of whom Goldsmith rightly observes, that there is a strain of ballad-thinking through all his Poetry, and it is very attractive. Pope, in that production of his Boyhood, the ode to Solitude, and in his Essay on Criticism, has furnished proofs that at one period of his life he felt the charm of a sober and subdued style, which he afterwards abandoned for one that is to my taste at least too pointed and ambitious, and for a versification too timidly balanced.

If a 2<sup>nd</sup> edition of your Specimens should be called for, you might add from H. M. Williams the Sonnet to the Moon, and that to Twilight;<sup>2</sup> and a few more from Charlotte Smith,<sup>3</sup> par-

<sup>1</sup> Act II, Sc. i.      <sup>2</sup> Helen Maria Williams (1762–1827), v. M.Y., p. 903.

<sup>3</sup> Charlotte Smith (1749–1806) wrote *Elegiac Sonnets, &c.* (1784), v. E.L., p. 66.

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ticularly 'I love thee, mournful, sober-suited night'. At the close of a sonnet of Miss Seward's<sup>1</sup> are two fine verses—'Come, that I may not hear the winds of night, Nor count the heavy eave-drops as they fall.'

You have well characterised the Poetic powers of this Lady—but, after all, her verses please me with all their faults better than those of Mrs. Barbauld,<sup>2</sup> who with much higher powers of mind was spoiled as a Poetess by being a Dissenter, and concerned with a dissenting Academy. One of the most pleasing passages in her Poetry is the close of the lines upon life, written, I believe, when she was not less than 80 years of age: 'Life, we have been long together', etc.<sup>3</sup> You have given a specimen of that ever-to-be-pitied Victim of Swift, *Vanessa*. I have somewhere a short piece of hers upon her passion for Swift, which well deserves to be added. But I am becoming tedious, which you will ascribe to a well-meant endeavour to make you some return for your obliging attentions.

I remain, dear Sir, faithfully yours,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

MS.  
K(—)

922. W. W. to John Gardner

May 19<sup>th</sup> 1830

Whitehaven

(I return home in a few days.)

My dear Sir,

I feel that I ought to thank you for your judicious Letter, and for the pains you have taken towards settling the question of the eligibility of low-priced Publications. Messrs Longman talk strangely when they say that my annual Account will shew what is advisable. How can that shew anything but what number of Purchases I have had? it cannot tell me how many I have missed by the heavy price. Again, Messrs L. affirm that my Buyers are of that class who do not regard prices—but that

<sup>1</sup> Anna Seward (1747–1809), 'the Swan of Lichfield'. Her *Sonnets* were published in 1799, *Poetical Works* in 1810.

<sup>2</sup> Anna Laetitia Barbauld (1743–1825), *Miscellaneous Poems* (1773).

<sup>3</sup> v. *Oxford Book of English Verse*, No. 474.

class, never perhaps very large, is every day going smaller with the reduced incomes of the time—and besides, in this opinion I believe these Gentlemen to be altogether mis-taken. My Poetry, less than any other of the day, is adapted to the taste of the Luxurious, and of those who value themselves upon the privilege of wealth and station. And though it be true that several passages are too abstruse for the ordinary Reader, yet the main body of it is as well fitted (if my aim be not altogether missed) to the bulk of the people both in sentiment and language, as that of any of my contemporaries.—I agree with you, (and for the same reason) that nothing can be inferred from the failure of cheap publication in Kirke White's case. To the above considerations I would add the existence of the pirated editions, and above all an apprehension that there is a growing prejudice against high-priced books. Indeed I am inclined to think with my Friend Mr Southey that shortly few books will be published except low-priced ones, or those that are highly ornamented, for persons who delight in such luxuries. These considerations all seem in favor of the experiment which you recommend. Yet I am far from sure that it would answer. It is not to be questioned that the perpetually supplied stimulus of Novels stands much in the way of the purer interest which used to attach to Poetry. And although these poorer Narratives do but in very few instances retain more than the hold of part of a season upon public attention, yet a fresh crop springs up every hour. But to bring these tedious *pros* and *cons* to a close, I will say at once that if I could persuade myself that the Retail Bookseller you speak of is not mistaken in his notion that he could sell *ten* copies, (or less than half of that number,) when he now sells *one*, were the price something under a pound, I would venture upon such an edition. I ought to say to you, however, that I have changed my intention of making additions at present, and should confine myself to inter-mixing the few poems that were published in the *Keep-sake* of year before last. I have already stated to you my notions as to the extreme injustice of the law of copy-right; if it has not been mis-represented to me, for I never saw the Act of Parliament. But I am told that, when an Author dies, such of his Works as have been twice fourteen years

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before the Public are public property, and that his heirs have no pecuniary interest in anything that he may leave behind, beyond the same period. My days are in course of nature drawing towards a close, and I think it would be best, in order to secure some especial value to any collection of my Works that might be printed after my decease, to reserve a certain number of new pieces to be inter-mixed with that collection. I am acquainted with a distinguished Author who means to hold back during his life-time all the Corrections and additions in his several works for the express purpose of benefiting his heirs by the superiority which those improvements will give to the pieces which may have become the property of the public. I do sincerely hope and trust that the Law in this point will one day or other be brought nearer to justice and reason. Take only my own comparatively insignificant case. Many of my Poems have been upwards of 30 years subject to criticism, and are disputed about as keenly as ever, and appear to be read much more. In fact thirty years are no adequate test for works of Imagination, even from second or third-rate writers, much less from those of the first order, as we see in the instances of Shakespeare and Milton. I am sorry that want of room prevented me from being favored with your account of the effect my attempts in verse had produced upon your mind. It would, I doubt not, have pleased me much and might have been of service to my future labours if I should write any more. With sincere thanks for the trouble you have taken, I remain dear Sir

faithfully yours

W. Wordsworth

Address: John Gardner Esq<sup>re</sup>, Foley Place, Portland Place,  
London.

MS.  
K(—)

923. W. W. to Edward Moxon

Rydal Mount Kendal

June 2<sup>nd</sup> 1830

My dear Sir

It gives me pleasure to learn from yours, received this morning, that you have commenced business on your own account.

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You have my cordial wishes for your success both for your own sake, and as patronized by my excellent friend, Mr Rogers.—I shall perhaps know better if it be in my power to serve you, and how, when I receive the cards which you mean to send, and which I shall take care to distribute as judiciously; as I have several Friends in the University of Cambridge in particular who are fond of Books, and as I propose visiting that place in the Autumn, I trust I may be of some use to you there.—As to publishing anything new myself, I am not prepared for it; but I believe the Edition of my poems of 1827 is now low, and in consequence of an urgent application I have entertained some thoughts of republishing, when this Edition is all sold, in a cheap Form; something under a pound, instead of 45s., the present price.—I should like to know from experienced persons whether such a mode of publication would be likely to repay me—Perhaps you may be able to throw some light upon the subject.

It will give me much pleasure to receive the Vol. of Mr Lamb<sup>1</sup> from you. It may be sent to Whitakers. [ ? ] Mary Lamb's to be forwarded to Mr Troughton Bookseller of Ambleside—in this case I shall be sure to receive it punctually, and at a trifling expense. Believe me dear Sir

Very sincerely yours

Wm. Wordsworth

Address: Edward Moxon Esq<sup>re</sup>, 64 New Bond Street.

MS.

924. W. W. to Samuel Rogers

R.

Rydal Mount, Kendal: June 5<sup>th</sup> [1830]

My dear Rogers,

I have this morning heard from Moxon who in communicating his new project, speaks in grateful terms of your kindness. Having written to him, I cannot forbear inquiring of you, how you are and what is become of your Italy. My Daughter (who, alas, is very poorly, recovering from a bilious fever which seized her a fortnight ago) tells me that she is longing to see the work

<sup>1</sup> *Album Verses, With a Few Others*, by Charles Lamb. London: Edward Moxon, 64 New Bond Street, 1830.

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—and that it would do more for her recovery than half the medicines she is obliged to take.

It is long since we exchanged Letters. I am in your debt—for I had a short note from you enclosing Lamb's pleasing verses upon your lamented Brother<sup>1</sup> just before you set off for the Continent. If I am not mistaken I heard, and I think from Lady Frederick Bentinck, that some untoward circumstance interrupted that Tour—Was it so?

My dear Sister you will be glad to hear is at present quite well, but in prudence we do not permit her to take the long walks she used to do, nor to depart from the invalid regimen. The remainder of us are well. My daughter's illness was the consequence of over-fatigue while she was on a visit to her Brother at Moresby, near Whitehaven. I passed with her there a fortnight, which would have flown most agreeably but for that attack. An odd thought struck me there which I did not act upon, but will mention now—it was to bespeak your friendly offices among your great and powerful acquaintances in behalf of my son, who enjoys the dignity of a *Rector* with an income of 100£. per ann. This benefice he owes to the kind patronage of Lord Lonsdale, who must be his main-stay, and who, we venture to hope, will not forget him upon some future occasion. But you know how much the patronage of that family has been pressed upon, and it would on this account please me much could something be done for him in another quarter. I hope it is not visionary to mention my wishes to you, not altogether without a hope that an opportunity may occur for your serving him. Testimonials from a Father are naturally liable to suspicion, but I have no reason for doubting the sincerity of his late Rector, Mr Merewether of Coleorton, who wrote in the highest terms of the manner in which he had discharged his duty as a Curate. I will only add that he has from nature an excellent voice, and manages it with feeling and judgement.

How is Sharp in health? When he wrote to me last he was suffering from a winter cough. He told me, what did not at all surprize me to hear, that the *Sale* of your Pleasures of Memory,

<sup>1</sup> Daniel Rogers, the poet's eldest brother—for the Sonnet, v. Lamb, *Poems*, ed. Lucas, p. 56.

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which had commanded public attention for 36 years, had greatly fallen off within the last two years. The Edinburgh Review tells another story, that you and Campbell (I am sorry to couple the names) are the only Bards of our day whose laurels are unwithered. Fools! I believe that yours have suffered in the common blight (if the flourishing of a Poet's Bays can fairly be measured by the sale of his Books or the buzz that attends his name at any given time), and that the ornamented annuals, those greedy receptacles of trash, those Bladders upon which the Boys of Poetry try to swim, are the cause. Farewell! I know you hate writing Letters, but let me know from inquiries made at your leisure, whether you think an edition of my Poems, in 3 vols, to be sold for about 18 shillings, would repay. The last of '27 is, I believe, nearly sold. The French Piracy (for in a moral sense a Piracy it is) I have reason to think is against me a good deal; but unless I could sell 4 copies of a cheaper edition than my own where I now sell one it would scarcely [pay]; again adieu, faithfully yours,

W. Wordsworth

What is likely to become of the Michael Angelo marble of Sir George—is it to be sold? Alas! alas! That Picture of the picture gallery, is that to go also? I hope you will rescue some of these things from vulgar hands, both for their own sakes and the memory of our departed Friend.

*Address:* Samuel Rogers Esq<sup>re</sup>, St. James's Place, London.

*MS.*  
*K(—)*

925. *W. W. to Sir Walter Scott*

Rydal Mount Kendal, June 7. [1830]

My dear Sir Walter,

Being upon a visit lately to Workington Hall, I there met with the elder brother by the Father's side of Mr Curwen of that place,—Mr Christian of Unerigg in Cumberland, and Deemster of the Isle of Man. He asked if I was acquainted with you. I replied that I had for thirty years, nearly, had that honor, and spoke of you with that warmth I am accustomed to feel upon such an occasion. He then told me that Professor Wilson, at his

request, had some time ago undertaken to write to you upon a point in which, innocently, you had been the cause of a good deal of uneasiness to him. You will guess, perhaps, that he alluded to the Novel of Peveril of the Peak. So it was. The conduct and character of his ancestor, Christian, had there been represented, he said, in colours which were utterly at variance with the truth, and threw unmerited discredit upon his Family. He said that the great Historic Families of the Country were open to the Fictions of men of genius, the facts being known to all persons of education; but in the case of a private Family like his, it was very different; a false impression was easily made, and could not be obviated or corrected in the present instance, except by an acknowledgment from the Author himself. He added himself that had the Novel of P. not appeared before he, by the death of his Father, had become the head of the Family, he should have written to the Author himself; but so much time had elapsed since it was published that he preferred addressing you through some Friend of yours, or acquaintance. He thought that Professor W. might not have written, or that, in the multiplicity of your important engagements, the affair had slipped from your memory. He then asked if I could take the liberty of naming it to you; and added that he was anxious this should be done before the Edition of the Novels, now in course of Publication, came to the Peveril. He was prepared, he said, to furnish you, if you wished it, with documents unquestionably proving that Christian was entitled to, and possessed, the gratitude of the *Isle-of-Manners* of his own and subsequent times, and that he was idolised in the Country as a Martyr, I suppose in a good cause.<sup>1</sup> I replied that no one, I was sure, had a greater respect for Ancestry than yourself, and that I could not think you would regard me as an unwarrantable intruder if I repeated his wish that some notice should be found in the following edition, by which the reader might be set right as to the real character of the Person who came to so melancholy an end. Mr Curwen (the Brother as I said of the Deemster), Head by the

<sup>1</sup> In the subsequent edition Scott published a long Appendix provided for him by Mr John Christian, and made full acknowledgement of his historical inaccuracies.

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Mother's side of that antient House, a genealogy with which you are probably acquainted, was present at the conversation. He is a very intelligent and amiable Man, and seemed in no small degree to share the Complainant's feelings upon the occasion.

The Countess of Derby was not a Catholic, the Deemster said. There were also several small mistakes respecting the Island with corrections of which he would be happy to furnish you if you thought it worth while. Pray excuse the length of this—I have not left myself room for much of a private nature. But I wished to say I should have visited you in the course of last summer but I could not resist a tempting call to Ireland which to my shame I had never seen. In Autumn I must pass some time with my Brother at Cambridge, or I would strain a point to see you, and yours and your plantations. Farewell. Kindest regards from my wife, Sister, and daughter

(*unsigned*)

*Address:* Sir Walter Scott, Abbotsford, Melross, N.B.

*MS.*            926. *W. W. to Edward Quillinan*

Patterdale Hall Wednesday. [p.m. June 13, 1830]

My dear Mr Quillinan,

Miss Hutchinson promised to write to you some days ago, whether she has or not I am ignorant—but having an opportunity of sending this Note Postage free to London, I take up the pen to thank you for your obliging letter respecting the mortgage received some time ago.—I am sorry it could not be arranged, my money is still in the Kendal Bank.

I wrote to Dr Holland from whom I have received an answer promising his support on the general election,<sup>1</sup> but expressing a fear that your application is too late for success in first Selection by the Committee.

I wrote also to Chantrey, to Moore, to Sedgewick, and to Davies Gilbert, perhaps to some others, but I cannot affirm positively not having the list at present before me—in short to almost every member of the Com. whom I know except Lord

<sup>1</sup> i.e. to membership of the Athenaeum Club.

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Farnborough whom I knew too well to expect the least favour from him except where I could make a return.

Some of these letters may not have reached their destination. I addressed to Rogers the Letter for Moore, that for Sedgewick to one of my nephews at Cambridge, and Davies Gilbert's to London.

From no one except Dr Holland have I yet received an answer. Now I recollect I wrote to Croker also. Dr Holland surprises me by the request which he says admissions are in. Members of Par. have solicited his support referring to their speeches on such and such occasions in support of their claim. I fear that in my letters I did not treat the matter so formally as I ought to have done.

When I apply again I will set forth all your accomplishments and prove your fitness to be a member of this club and 5000 others worth 50 of it.

I will tell you a bit of news if you have not heard it from Miss H. John is going to be married, you shall hear to whom by and by. Do not think about my [? fortune]

Ever faithfully yours, W. W.

*Address: Edward Quillinan Esq, 12 Bryanston St, Portman Square.*

*927. W. W. to William Rowan Hamilton*

*Hamilton(—)  
K(—)*

June 15, 1830.

I will not waste time in apologies, for no adequate ones can be offered for my deferring so long to thank you for your interesting communications, which I have repeatedly perused with much pleasure. Summer is at hand, and I look forward with much pleasure to the time when you are to fulfil your promise of bringing your sister to this beautiful place. I am likely to be at liberty, which I was not sure of till lately, for the whole of July and August, and remainder of the present month; with the exception of one visit of a week or so. Therefore do not fail to come, and I will show you a thousand beauties, and we will talk

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over a hundred interesting things. During some part of September also I shall probably be disengaged; but, if possible, let me see you earlier.

Has Mr. Edgeworth gone to Italy? About the same time that brought your papers, there were lying in my desk a couple of pages of two several letters which I have begun to him, and in both of which I was unfortunately interrupted, and so they never came to a conclusion: if you are in correspondence with him, pray, in mercy to me, tell him so, and if you come soon I will write to him with a hope that you will add something to my letter, to make it acceptable. I know not whether you can sympathise with me when I say that it is a most painful effort of resolution to return to an unfinished letter, which may have been commenced with warmth and spirit; there seems a strange and disheartening gap between the two periods; and if the handwriting be bad, as mine always is, how ugly does the sheet look! I hope yourself and family have been in good health since I last heard of you. In my own I have had much anxiety and uneasiness. My daughter is slowly recovering from an attack of biliary fever, and my younger son, who has been in Germany during the winter, has suffered much from the severity of the climate; he was in Bremen, and is now moving towards the Rhine. Farewell; pray accept the kind regards of this family, and present them to your sisters, and believe me, My dear Mr Hamilton, with high admiration, sincerely yours

W. W.

MS.  
R.

928. *W. W. to Samuel Rogers*

Wednesday, 16<sup>th</sup> June [1830]  
Rydal Mount.

Being sure, my dear Rogers, that you take a cordial interest in anything important to me or my family, I cannot forbear letting you know that my eldest Son is soon to quit that state of single blessedness to which you have so faithfully adhered. This event has come upon us all by surprize; when I wrote a short time ago I had not the least suspicion of an engagement,

or even an attachment in any quarter. I expressed to you some years since my regret at my Son's being disappointed of a Fellowship, to which he had very good pretensions until we discovered that his place of Birth excluded him from being a candidate, and you then said, I remember, it is lucky for him, he will have less temptation to build upon the life of a Bachelor, and will be far happier. May your prophecy be fulfilled! I trust it will, for I have seen the young Lady, am highly pleased with her appearance and deportment, and in a pecuniary point of view the alliance is unexceptionable. Their income, through the liberality of the Father, who highly approves of the match, is, for the present, quite sufficient, for I trust their good sense will prevent them from giving an instance of the truth of the french phrase, C'est un vrai gouffre que le ménage.

In somewhat of a casual way I recommended in my last, my Son to your thoughts, if any opportunity should occur in the wide sphere of your acquaintance of speaking a good word in his behalf. Had I known this delicate affair was pending, I should at that time have probably been silent upon the subject of his professional interests. It cannot, however, be amiss for any one to have as many friends as possible, and I need not conceal from you that my satisfaction would, upon this occasion, have been more unmixed had my Son had more to offer on his part. I shall merely add that if through his future life you could serve him upon any occasion I should be thankful. I regret that I am not at liberty at present to mention the name of the Lady to more than one Individual out of my own family.

Do you know Mrs Hemans?<sup>1</sup> She is to be here to-day if winds

<sup>1</sup> Felicia Hemans (1794–1835) had published her first volume of *Poems* in 1808; among her later volumes were *Tales and Historic Scenes* (1818), *Welsh Melodies* (1822), *Lays of Many Lands* (1825), *Songs of the Affections* (1830), *Hymns on Works of Nature* (1833). She probably owed her visit to Rydal Mount to her friendship with Miss Jewsbury. On July 31 S. H. wrote to Quillinan 'For one long fortnight we had Mrs Hemans and one of her boys—he was a sweet interesting creature—but she tho' a good natured person is so spoilt by the adulation of "the world" that her affectation is perfectly unendurable. Dont say this to Miss Jewsbury who adores her. Mr W. pretends to like her very much—but I believe it is only because we do not; for she is the very opposite, her good-nature excepted, of anything he ever admired before either in *theory or practice*.' After leaving Rydal Mrs H. spent some weeks in the neighbourhood and then settled in Dublin.

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and waves, though Steamboats care little for them, did not yesterday retard her passage from Liverpool. I wish you were here (perhaps *you* may not) to assist us in entertaining her, for my Daughter's indisposition and other matters occupy our thoughts, and literary Ladies are apt to require a good deal of attention. Pray give our kind regards to your Brother and Sister. We hope that you all continue to have good health. Do let me hear from you however briefly and believe me,

my dear Rogers, faithfully yours,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

*Address:* S. Rogers Esq<sup>re</sup>, St. James's Place, London.

*MS.*                  929. *W. W. to Alexander Dyce*

[June<sup>1</sup> 1830]

My dear Sir,

I have at last lighted upon Martin's Pamphlet entitled a Voyage to St Kilda—4<sup>th</sup> Edition, London 1753—The passage I alluded to some time ago<sup>2</sup> stands thus page 19—‘no sort of trees, not even the least shrub grows here; nor has a Bee ever been seen here.

*Hard* is their *shallow* soil and bleak and bare,  
Nor ever rural Bee was heard to murmur there.

In the preceding Paragraph Martin gives an account of the soil which scarcely agrees with the words of the Poet. Hard is the shallow soil etc, saying—the soil is very grateful to the Labourer producing ordinarily 16 or 18 or 20 fold—they use no plough but a kind of inverted spade—their harrows are of wood, as are the teeth in front also, etc etc. I have transcribed these notices hoping for an op[*p*]portunity to send you this note Postage paid.

I remain dear Sir

faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth

*Address:* Rev<sup>d</sup> Alexander Dyce, 9 Gray's Inn Square, London.

<sup>1</sup> Date fixed by next letter.

<sup>2</sup> v. Letter 919.

JUNE 1830

MS.

930. W. W. to Alexander Dyce

Rydal Mount Kendal

22<sup>nd</sup> June [1830]

My dear Sir,

A few days ago I prepared the enclosed note to be sent by the first opportunity; and this morning has furnished me with one and brought your obliging Letter—

Many thanks for your information about Lady Mary Wortley M—. I shall look after that edition of her Works. The Duchess of Newcastle's Life of her Lord is very interesting, as I have been told by Charles Lamb.—

I am not surprised with what you tell me of E. B.<sup>1</sup>. There is some cause for fear, least he should prove rather a troublesome correspondent. Of some of these Poets whom he would include in a new Corpus I am utterly ignorant; but one of them has produced an exceedingly pleasing poem with a very original air. It begins 'There was a time my dear Cornwallis, when' I first met with it in Dr [? Enfullser's] Exercises of Elocution or Speaker, I forget which. It is by Davies, and well merits preservation.

Without flattery I may say that your editorial diligence and judgement entitle you to the highest praise—and I hope that you will be able to proceed with these Labours, which one day or other must be duly appreciated.

I wish you had thought of returning from Aberdeen through the Lake Country, I should have been truly glad to see you at this beautiful place.

Believe me my dear Sir in haste

very sincerely yours

Wm. Wordsworth

*Address:* Rev<sup>d</sup> Alexander Dyce, 9 Gray's Inn Square, London.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Sir Egerton Brydges. In his letter of June 17 A. D. had told W. that E. B.'s mind 'dwells on the "minora sidera" of literature, . . . little twinkles of the last century, who were scarcely visible even in their own dark times: he writes me whole pages about the excellencies of Sneyd Davies, Bagshaw Stevens, and Capel Loft etc etc, and thinks they should enjoy places in the next Edition of the British Poets'.

JUNE 1830

Pearson.  
K(—)

931. *D. W. to William Pearson*

Rydal Mount, June 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1830

My dear Sir,

I promised to write to you on my Brother's return from Moresby; but alas! he brought his Daughter home in such a weak state, that I could not possibly say when we could look forward with pleasure to seeing you at Rydal.

She was seized with a bilious fever a few days before the time fixed for her return, detained by it at Moresby, and at length, returned to us sadly shattered; and we were long very anxious; though all disorder, except from weakness, had left her, and she has had no return. The weather has been very unfavourable for an invalid—so extremely cold—yet she has gone on gaining strength, though very slowly; and I trust that she may, now, make more rapid progress, if the air becomes in the least summer-like. Her spirits are excellent and her looks are beginning to improve.

As far as Dora is concerned, we should be glad to see you at any time; but I cannot say when we shall have no company. At present our house is quite full—one of the Miss Southey's and her Brother, and a nephew of Mrs Wordsworth's are here, and others expected when they are gone. But this fact ought not to prevent your directing your pony's head this way; when you are disposed to take a day's holiday if you can make up your mind to the disappointment of finding my Brother not at home, or engaged.

We are much obliged for the copy of your verses on the Hedgehog. They are interesting, if but as a record of an incident connected with that harmless, oppressed creature.

I can only further say, that you are always welcome at Rydal Mount, but that it is impossible, during 'the height of the season', to fix a time when the family will be left to itself, or other engagements are not pressing upon us.

My Brother begs his best regards.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend,

D. Wordsworth.

JUNE 1830

Pray excuse this very hasty and incoherent scrawl.

Since writing the above my Brother has met you at Fell Foot, and I find he has promised to inform you when we are without company. I am sorry to hear from him that your looks were not of the best; and that you had been poorly. I have broken open my letter to add these few words, having neglected to forward it under the idea that you only get letters on Saturdays.

MS. 932. D. W. to John and Jane Marshall

Rydal Mount July 13<sup>th</sup> [1830]

My dear Mr Marshall,

As it is possible that parliament may be dissolved before this reaches its destination, I will not run the risque of your having to pay double postage, but my letter will be addressed to your Wife, therefore be so good as to give it to her without having the trouble of reading it yourself.

(To Mrs Marshall.)

My dear Friend

Your letter of the 27<sup>th</sup> of last month would not have remained so long unanswered (for we felt ourselves greatly obliged by your early communication of Mr Marshall's important resolve)<sup>1</sup> had not I wished at the same time to tell you of an event likely very soon to take place in our family, which until now I have not been at liberty to do *in full*—and half intelligence is often worse than none at all. Know then that my eldest Nephew, John Wordsworth of Rydal, is engaged to be married to Miss Curwen, the eldest Daughter of Mr Curwen of Workington and Belle Isle.<sup>2</sup> The acquaintance began some months ago in consequence of John's being, at Moresby, a neighbour of the Curwen Family, but the engagement has not been of very long standing; and the marriage will most likely be before the end of October. During Dora's stay with her Brother she saw a good deal of Miss Curwen, visited several times at Workington Hall, and spent a few days there at one time, and very much did Miss C. and she take to each other. John was then a hearty admirer; but it was

<sup>1</sup> i.e. to resign his seat in Parliament.

<sup>2</sup> On Windermere.

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not till after his Sister had left him that he ventured to offer himself to the young Lady. She immediately accepted his addresses on condition of parents' approval. This was immediately granted on the side of *her* parents i.e., as soon as it was made known to them; but before that time John's Father and Mother had discouraged him most decidedly; they disapproving very much of long protracted engagements; and John's present preferment being so small as to render marriage—without first waiting for a better Living—a very imprudent step, unless matters were made easy in another way. On this account, my Brother and Sister (and we all joined in giving such counsel) advised John not to follow up the proposal already made to Miss C. by laying it before her Father. In the meantime, however, she herself had opened out her mind; and both her Father and Mother willingly, nay *joyfully*, gave their consent—and not only so, Mr Curwen proposed to do every thing in his power to render the accomplishment of the young People's wishes easy to them. About that time Mr Curwen's Family was removing from Workington to Belle Isle; and as soon as possible they came to spend a day with us. Mr Curwen, during his Father's life-time resided at Belle Isle; but, strange as it may appear we had never been in his company; for, until the old man's death, he lived quite retired. My Brother had visited him when at Moresby in the Spring; but even *he* had never had any other intercourse with Mr Curwen; but our *Family-meeting* at Rydal Mount was really like a meeting of old Friends.

Nothing could be kinder or more affectionate than the manners of both Father and Mother—and, as to their Daughter, we were all charmed with the sweetness of *her* manners and deportment. A few days after this meeting, Miss Curwen went to London with her Mother; and returned home last Wednesday—and on Friday, her Father and Mother again accompanied her hither, and left her with us; and we expect she will remain at Rydal Mount till next week. John arrived yesterday, and has procured a substitute for his next Sunday's duty, so we shall probably have his company for about ten days.

Never was there so happy a Creature as he appears to be at this moment. Sincerely do I hope and pray that he may prove

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worthy of the treasure he has obtained in the affections of as pure minded and amiable a woman as I ever had an opportunity of knowing. Miss Curwen is *interesting* in appearance rather than *pretty* or handsome; her manners and address are Lady-like, though perhaps at first even *painfully* shy; but that shyness soon wears off, though her modesty is always remarkable. She gains daily and hourly on our affections; for she has great good sense, an excellent judgment, and, in every thing she does or says, you can trace the best of dispositions. My Brother and Sister both desired me to write to you today, as being the first day on which I was at liberty to name the Lady destined to be their daughter. They beg that you and Mr Marshall will accept their affectionate regards; and they add that they are assured of your sympathy on this occasion. I ought to add that Mr Curwen's conduct through the whole affair has been the most disinterested (I may say the most *generous*) that could be imagined. He is quite delighted with the connexion.

Poor Dora is very happy in the prospect of having a Sister, who is disposed to share in all her feelings; and they now are in a state of perfect enjoyment in each other's society. We trust that she will have quite regained her strength before October; for she has lately made rapid advances; but till *very lately* we have been kept exceedingly anxious and uneasy. She is now able to take short rides on horseback or in the pony-chaise; her looks are improving, and her appetite is not bad, and she has, in fact, now no actual malady to struggle with—unless her still-lingering weakness may be called so.

To turn to the subject of your letter—My dear Friend, I do from the bottom of my heart congratulate you upon Mr Marshall's withdrawing from the very arduous office which he has so honorably and usefully held, though I foresee some present loss to himself in the want of occupation sufficiently interesting during the period of your residence in London. But dear Jane, another parliament would have been too much to look forward to!—health and strength for the fatigues anxieties and late hours of another six or seven years! Besides, while in the country his quietly active mind always finds sufficient employment, and of that kind best suited both to his early and later

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habits—and, even in London, when I consider the variety of his tastes, and the multiplicity of his affairs and of his connections, it seems to me that he will have more than enough of salutary employment to satisfy the craving of any mind however active, that has borne the Brunt sixty years. We hear of parliament being dissolved on the 19<sup>th</sup>. This will set you all at liberty; and I can fancy Mr Marshall the gladdest of the glad on returning to his beautiful home among the mountains, without being subject to a Call of Committees but free to stay in the quiet retirement that you all love so much, till winter storms drive you away; or you are drawn to other quarters by other domestic ties or by private concerns of business or friendship. Heartily shall I rejoice to hear of your safe arrival, with good tidings of the Daughters you will leave behind; and of the Travellers abroad, who I hope are now in complete enjoyment in the romantic country of Switzerland. You have not mentioned that Party in your two last letters; but I conclude all was well when you heard of them. Your account of dear Ellen and her Sister Dora was most satisfactory. God grant that they may spend a happy summer together, and free from extreme pain!

We had a note from Patterdale Hall this morning—written in pretty good spirits; but as you may suppose, with longings for the arrival of Husband and Friends. The weather has lately been so bad as to make home the only desireable place; otherwise we should have grieved much at not seeing Mrs W. M. during her time of solitude. The two last days have been fine, and will I hope set her to thinking of crossing Kirkstone, and if the Rain keeps off and the cold abates, we venture yet to hope that we may see her. It is long since I heard from Halifax except indirectly, through the Friend of a Lady passing through Ambleside, that Mrs W. Rawson was quite well. On Sunday evening a Mr and Mrs McVicar and their two daughters (introduced to my Brother by Bishop Hobart of New York) informed us that Mr and Mrs Day and Georgina Ferguson had been their Fellow-passengers to Liverpool and that Sarah and Elizabeth Ferguson had remained at New York to visit the Falls of Niagara, and would return to England in the Autumn. This American Family interested us exceedingly—Father, Mother,

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and Daughters—all as agreeable and as well-informed and well-mannered people as ever I saw. You cannot think how much I was pleased on discovering their intimacy with the Days and the Fergusons. They spoke of Mr Day with the highest respect as a man of ten thousand. This Family party had crossed the Atlantic on account of Mr McVicar's health. He is a professor in the College at New York. They are going to Scotland and mean to travel on the Continent as far as Switzerland. They have left six Children at home.

I must not cross any more of my paper or you will not be able to read. Adieu. Believe me ever your affectionate Friend

D. Wordsworth

What a loss shall I have of Mr Marshall's franks! My love to your Sisters.

*Address:* John Marshall Esq<sup>re</sup> M.P., Hill Street, London.

*MS.*      933. *D. W. to Elizabeth Hutchinson*<sup>1</sup>

Rydal Mount 16<sup>th</sup> July 1830

My dear God-daughter

As the time approaches when we are to lose the pleasant company of your Brother I will prepare a letter, being perfectly at leisure; and, were I to delay till the last day, some engagement or employment might arise to prevent my writing at all;

I must first thank you for your pretty letter, and very acceptable present. I assure you I was in want of just such a pin-cushion as you have sent me, therefore I prize it on that account; but still more as a mark of your attention to an old Friend and as a proof of your skill in the use of the needle. I am, indeed very glad to find that you are so neat a workwoman. Now, having expressed my satisfaction in the progress you have made in one needful accomplishment, I must tell you that the penmanship and expression of your letter gave me much pleasure. You will write an excellent plain hand; for your letters are well-shaped. I advise you, for a long time, to continue to write a large hand,

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of Thomas Hutchinson and Mary Monkhouse, known in the family as 'Ebba'.

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which will fix the character of your penmanship and prevent careless habits of scrawling, which young people are apt to fall into. I give you the warning from personal experience of a contrary course. When I was a little girl, like you, I wrote very neatly and also what was called *a very good hand*; but with making French exercises and scribbling long letters to one of my Companions I fell into a careless way of making crooked lines and irregular words, and have never been able to get the better of it. There is one fault in *grammar* in your letter which I take a Godmother's privilege to tell you of. You say your 'Father took Mary and *I* on our ponies'. Now you ought to have written it 'took Mary and *me*'. This is a very common mistake, but when you are once told of it, I think you will not again fall into it. *I* is the *nominative case* (to speak in school language) and you have used it instead of the *accusative*. You will see my meaning—(or your Mother or Miss Urwick will explain it to you) when I reverse your words—Father took *I* and Mary &c'—You could not possibly have written thus had you put yourself *first*. You would have said '*me* and Mary'.

Your Brother went to Keswick yesterday, where I doubt not he will be very happy with Cuthbert Southey and his sisters. He has yet another visit to pay of which I doubt not, he will give you a pleasant report; for it will be to a delightful place, namely the great Island on Windermere, and he will have one nice companion of his own age, the youngest son of Mr Curwen. Tom will tell you what a pleasing young Lady Miss Curwen is, and I have now much pleasure in imparting a secret to you, that Miss Curwen is likely soon to be numbered among your Cousins. She is engaged to be married to your Cousin John; and I think the marriage will take place before Christmas.

Your Cousin Dora has been very ill; and she long remained extremely weak; but she is now fast recovering, and will, I hope be quite well long before she is called upon to act as Bridesmaid.

Dora joins with me in love to Mrs Lough and in best thanks for her kind wish to see us again and for her anxious inquiries after our health. She will, I know, rejoice to hear that Dora is so much better, and that I am quite well.

It happened that when your Aunt Sarah wrote I was very

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poorly; but I assure my kind Friends at Brinsop that it was only an accidental illness which passed off in a day or two; and since the month of January I have been as well as most people—indeed, I may say, in perfect health, though I have never tired myself with taking long walks or encountering any sort of fatigue.

Your Uncle and Aunt Wordsworth, and John are quite well; and we have today had a cheerful letter from William, who also says that *he* is quite well. This good account of William has made his Mother very happy for she had been made anxious by the former reports of his state of health. The winter was even much colder at Bremen (in Germany) than with us, and the cold did not agree with William; and when the ice broke up the great River Weser made such large and extensive floods as to render the air very damp and unwholesome, so I doubt not your cousin often wished himself at home again among our dry mountains and clear lakes and cheerful fast-flowing rivulets. He is now residing at Neu[w]ied, a pretty town on the right Bank of the Rhine where the country is very pleasant with hill and dale-vineyards, gardens, castles and villages.

I have been trying to recollect some news for you; but as you know nobody who lives here-abouts I cannot hit upon anything worthy of being related. This morning a letter reached us from your Mother to your Aunt Sarah. I am sorry to find that the weather in Herefordshire has been no better than with us; and in some respects you have suffered more than we; for very little of the hay has yet been mown, and we still hope for a favourable change, in which case we should have the advantage over your richer country. At present, however, there is no sign of amendment—it is only between heavy showers that our young Ladies can venture out; and we are very sorry for this, as nothing is so beneficial to your cousin Dora's health as fresh air with gentle exercise. I hope it will not be very long before your Sister Mary, after the example of Tom, becomes acquainted with this lake and mountain country; and after Mary *your* turn will come and I doubt not you will both be as much pleased as he has been. We hear rumours of a Contest at the next Election; but no candidate except the Lowthers, has yet offered, so we are in *hopes*

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that the Election may pass over quietly. Though in one respect we shall be great losers, for in case of a contest, we should certainly have the happiness of seeing your Father and your Uncle Monkhouse at Rydal.

You must give my best love to Mary and George; and tell Sarah something about your Godmother in Westmorland that when I come to Brinsop she may not look on me as a perfect stranger. I should like very much to see her and to renew my acquaintance with Brinsop Court and its pleasant neighbourhood.

Give my love to your Father and Mother and Uncle Monkhouse. Tell them we are very sorry that Tom's holiday-time is so short. I think he has spent his days very happily, and am sure of this, that he has been an exceedingly good Boy, and has won the regard of all who know him, and we shall part from him with regret. I wish I could have sent you a more entertaining letter; but hope that Tom will make amends for it by a narrative of all his adventures; and he will tell you about the Miss Southeys, the Master Hemans's and all the young people with whom he has become acquainted. I hope you will write to me again when you have an opportunity, and believe me to be, my dear Elizabeth

your affectionate Friend and Godmother  
Dorothy Wordsworth.

The Miss Cooksons are comfortably settled in a very pretty Cottage at Ambleside, and your Godmother, Miss Cookson, is in perfect health. She often walks between Ambleside and Rydal.

*Address:* Miss Elizabeth Hutchinson, Brinsop Court, Herefordshire.

*MS.*  
*K(—)*

*934. W. W. to Sir Walter Scott*

Rydal Mount—sometimes called Idle-Mount, and in the address of your last misnamed Mount-Rydal—  
20<sup>th</sup> July [1830]<sup>1</sup>

I feel truly obliged, dear Sir Walter, by your attention to Mr Christian's wishes. He is perfectly satisfied. When I mentioned

<sup>1</sup> Misdated by K. 1831.

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the matter to you I had not the least suspicion of an event being in progress, which has already connected me with the family of Christian by a tie much stronger than that of common acquaintance. My eldest Son has been accepted by Miss Curwen, with the entire approbation of her Parents, as her future husband, and they are soon to be married. She is now upon a visit to us, and we are quite charmed with her amiable disposition, her gentleness, her delicacy, her modesty, her sound sense, and right notions—so that my son has a prospect before him as bright as Man can wish for. It would gratify me much, very much to visit you, and soon—but I fear that it cannot be effected. In the last week of this month, I expect Mr Hamilton, Professor of Astronomy in Trin. Coll. Dublin to stay with me a fortnight—then comes my Brother the Master of Trin. Coll. from Cambridge—and a greater obstacle than any of these is the delicate state of my Daughter's health.—She was attacked with bilious fever two months ago, left very weak, and makes little progress towards recovery of her strength. Gladly would I have brought her to see you and yours—but she has been and is too weak to bear the excitement of company even in our own home; and though the medical Attendant recommends travel, it is rather to avoid company than to seek it. If the weather would take up, we would venture upon a Tour along the sea coast under the protection of one of her Aunts, and a trusty Servant, and this is the utmost she is equal to. So that all that remains for me is a hope of getting on the top of a Coach, and visiting you alone during the winter, or under favorable auspices next summer with some part of my family, wife, daughter or sister. This last had also a severe and dangerous illness about 18 months ago which has made havoc with her Constitution that will, I fear long be felt, if not to the end of her days. Excuse this melancholy account which would have been spared did I not know that you are seriously interested in what touches me so nearly.

I hear frequently of Southey who is well and very industrious. Coleridge has also rallied from an illness with which he was seized in Spring. From Rogers I heard the other day—I believe he is quite in force—and seems though a Bachelor like to make a happy old Man. Mrs Hemans lately stayed a fortnight with

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us and is now lodged upon the banks of Windermere along with 8 of her sons—all fine Boys.

Among the points many and various which I should like to discuss with you, is one in which surely your family is interested far above that of any other; I mean the short duration of Author's copy-right according to the now existing Law. Am I right in supposing that 28 years would put an end to the pecuniary interest of a family in a posthumous work—and that all Works become publick property immediately after an Author's death provided they have been published that period of years? If so the law is exceedingly unjust, and ought to be altered—but perhaps I am mistaken as to the fact.

Pray remember us kindly to Mr and Mrs Lockhart and to Miss Scott—and accept for them and yourself our best wishes, and believe me my dear Sir Walter very faithfully yours

Wm Wordsworth.

MS.  
K.

935. *W. W. to Samuel Rogers*

Rydal Mount: Friday [July 30, 1830]

I cannot sufficiently thank you, my dear Rogers, for your kind and long Letter, knowing as I do how much you dislike writing. Yet I should not have written now but to say I was not aware that you had any such near connections in the Church; I had presumed that your Relatives by both sides were Dissenters, or I should have been silent on the subject; being well assured that I and mine would always have your good word as long as we continued to deserve it.

Lord Lonsdale, to whom I mentioned my son's intended Marriage, naming (as I was at liberty to do in *that* case) the Lady, has written to me in answer with that feeling and delicacy which mark the movements of his mind and the actions of his life. He is one of the best and most amiable of men; and I should detest myself if I could fail in gratitude for his goodness to me upon all occasions.

I wish Lady Frederick's mind were at ease on the subject of

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the Epitaph. Upon her own ideas, and using mainly her own language, I worked at it—but the production I sent was too long and somewhat too historical—yet assuredly it wanted neither discrimination nor feeling. Would Lady F. be content to lay it aside till she comes into the North this summer, as I hope she will do. We might then lay our judgements together in conversation, and with the benefit of your suggestions and those of other friends with which she is no doubt furnished, we might be satisfied at last. Pray name this to her, if you have an opportunity.

Your Italy can no where, out of your own family, be more eagerly expected than in this House. The Poetry is excellent we know, and the Embellishments, as they are under the guidance of your own taste, must do honor to the Arts. My Daughter, alas, does not recover her strength; she has been thrown back several times by the exercise, whether of walking in the Garden or of riding, which she has with our approbation been tempted to take, from a hope of assisting nature.

We like Mrs Hemans much—her conversation is what might be expected from her Poetry, full of sensibility—and she enjoys the Country greatly.

The Somnambulist<sup>1</sup> is one of several Pieces, written at a heat, which I should have much pleasure in submitting to your judgment were the fates so favourable as that we might meet ere long. How shall I dare to tell you that the Muses and I have parted company—at least I fear so, for I have not written a verse these twelve months past, except a few stanzas upon my return from Ireland, last autumn.

Dear Sir Walter! I love that Man, though I can scarcely be said to have lived with him at all; but I have known him for nearly 80 years. Your account of his seizure grieved us all much. Coleridge had a dangerous attack a few weeks ago; Davy<sup>2</sup> is gone. Surely these are men of power, not to be replaced should they disappear, as one has done.

Pray repeat our cordial remembrances to your Brother and Sister, and be assured, my dear Rogers, that you are thought of

<sup>1</sup> Oxf. W., p. 478.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Humphry Davy (1778–1829), *v. E.L.*, p. 244.

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in this house, both by the well and the sick, with affectionate interest—ever faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*Address:* S. Rogers Esq<sup>re</sup>, St. James's Place.

*M.G.K. 936. W. W. to George Huntly Gordon*

[mid-August or later 1830]

My dear Mr Gordon,

I cannot but deeply regret that the late King of France<sup>1</sup> and his ministers should have been so infatuated. Their stupidity, not to say their crimes, has given an impulse to the revolutionary and democratic spirit throughout Europe which is premature, and from which much immediate evil may be apprehended whatever things may settle into at last. Whereas, had the government conformed to the increasing knowledge of the people, and not surrendered itself to the counsels of the priests and the bigoted Royalists, things might have been kept in an even course to the mutual improvement and benefit of both governed and governors.

In France incompatible things are aimed at—a monarchy and democracy to be united without an intervening aristocracy to constitute a graduated scale of power and influence. I cannot conceive how an hereditary monarchy can exist without an hereditary peerage in a country as large as France, nor how either can maintain their ground if the law of the Napoleon code, compelling equal division of property by will cannot be repealed. And I understand that a vast majority of the French are decidedly adverse to the repeal of that law, which, I cannot but think, will ere long be found injurious both to France and, in its collateral effects, to the rest of Europe. Ever, dear Mr Gordon,

Cordially and faithfully yours,

Wm Wordsworth.

<sup>1</sup> Charles X (1824–30) and his reactionary Polignac ministry issued ordinances suspending the liberty of the press, dissolving the newly elected Chamber of Deputies, and summoning a new Chamber under conditions which violated the constitution (July 25, 1830). The result was a rising in Paris and a revolution (July 27–31) which ended all attempts to re-establish the tyranny of the old régime. Charles abdicated, and on August 11 Louis-Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, accepted the crown. K. places this undated letter among the letters of May, 1830, which is absurd.

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*M. G. K. 937. W. W. to George Huntly Gordon*

[August or later]

My dear Mr Gordon,

Thanks for your hint about Rhenish. Strength from wine is good, from water still better. . . .

One is glad to see tyranny baffled and foolishness put to shame; but the French King, and his ministers, will be unfairly judged by all those who take not into consideration the difficulties of their position. It is not to be doubted that there has long existed a determination, and that plans have been laid, to destroy the government which the French received, as they felt, at the hands of the Allies, and their pride could not bear. Moreover, the Constitution, had it been their own choice, would by this time have lost favour in the eyes of the French, as not sufficiently democratic for the high notion *that* people entertain of their fitness to govern themselves; but, for my own part, I'd rather fill the office of a parish beadle than sit on the throne where the Duke of Orleans has suffered himself to be placed.

The heat is gone; and, but that we have too much rain again, the country would be enchanting.

With a thousand thanks, I remain,

Ever yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*MS. 938. W. W. to Henry Nelson Coleridge*

[? late Summer, 1830]

My dear Mr H. Coleridge,

I have long been in your debt, and having the advantage of a Frank, I sit down to acknowledge at least my obligation. I have another motive for writing at present—to let you know that we have had the great pleasure of seeing here the other day your Father, and Sister and Mr Pattison etc. The weather was beautiful and they saw this place to the utmost advantage and seemed not a little delighted with it. Your Father I had never met before and I assure you I was highly gratified with making his acquaintance. We had all heard much of him from

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your Uncle S.<sup>1</sup> We found him however a very different man (at least I did) from what we had expected—frank cordial and familiar in his manners—with nothing of the stiffness of his Profession—it would have done you and Sara good to see how happy he was, and what pleasure he found in talking about you all.—I directed them where to find Hartley, who is in his better way—dining about in respectable Houses—but he does not come here. He has not been *formally*, though generally, invited but he must know that he would be welcome as long as his conduct is at all regular.

You will naturally expect some account of the Impression your Book<sup>2</sup> made upon me. Where then shall I look for an apology when I tell you what I must in truth do, that I have read it so slightly as to feel myself scarcely at liberty to pass more than a general judgement upon it, which is that it is creditable to the author, and will I think do good to those for whom it is principally intended. If I am not mistaken you and I had some talk about Homer, when you were here, so that possibly you will not be at a loss as to how far I am likely to agree with you. My own judgement I feel to be of no *especial* value, for I cannot pretend to have read those Poems *critically*; and *scholastically* know little about them,—but speaking from general impression and results I should say that the Books of the Iliad were never intended to make one Poem, and that the Odyssey is not the work of the same man or exactly of the same age. These are startling things to affirm, but as in respect to Ossian, to Rowley etc, etc. there is or may be on my mind a feeling and conviction, but slightly affected either for or against by such particulars of scholarship as I am at all competent to judge of. As to the merits of the Poetry, it is in my judgement only second to Shakespeare; at the same time I cannot but think that you in some points overrate the Homeric Poems, especially the manners. The manners are often to me an encumbrance in reading Homer as a *Poet*, using here (not very justifiably) manners, for designating customs, rules, ceremonies, minor incidents and details, costume etc. and for almost every thing, except natural appearances, that is not passion or charac-

<sup>1</sup> Southey. <sup>2</sup> *Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets*, 1830.

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ter, or leading incident. As *history* those particulars are always more or less interesting, but as *Poetry*, they are to me often barely tolerable and not for their own sakes, but for the evidence they give of a mind in a state of sincerity and simplicity.

For the last five months I have lived in a constant bustle to which at present I see no termination. Give our kindest love to dear Sara—our thoughts are often and much with her and our best wishes to Mrs Coleridge also—and believe me my dear Sir

faithfully your obliged W. Wordsworth.

MS.

939. W. W. to Vincent Novello

[Aug.–Sept. 1830]<sup>1</sup>

My dear Sir,

There was not the least occasion to make an apology for your letter to which I reply by return of post, the Master of Trinity being under my roof. I have put your letter into his hands, and he will take it with him to Cambridge whither he goes in a few days. He bids me say that your application and letter will be treated with due consideration and respect; that the election [?—debate] will take place early in February and that application and testimonials ought to be addressed to the Master's Lodge, Trin: Coll. Cambridge, on or before the 20<sup>th</sup> of Jan'y. He adds that the choice will be made without favor or partiality, nothing being attended to but professional skill and character. I may add however on my own part that a testimonial from a gentleman so distinguished for professional abilities and genius as Mr Novello will hardly fail of being duly appreciated.

Excuse extreme haste to send through post and believe me very  
Sincerely yours

Wm. Wordsworth.

Address: Vincent Novello, Esq<sup>re</sup>, Frith St., Soho Square, London

<sup>1</sup> This date is quite conjectural, but C. W. seldom paid visits to Rydal Mount, and he spent a fortnight there in Aug.–Sept. 1830. He was also there in 1822 (but Novello did not live at Frith Street till 1829), and in Oct. 1841, which might be the date of this letter. Vincent Novello (1781–1861), organist, author of the *Life of Purcell*, and founder, with his son, of the famous music firm—he was a great friend of the Lambs and the Leigh Hunts.

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940. *W. W. to William Rowan Hamilton*

*Hamilton(—)*  
*K(—)*

Sept. 9<sup>th</sup>, 1830

. . . We live in a strange sort of way in this country at the present season. Professor Wilson invited thirty persons to dine with him the other day, though he had neither provisions nor cook. I have no doubt, however, that all passed off well; for contributions of eatables came from one neighbouring house, to my knowledge, and good spirits, good humour, and good conversation would make up for many deficiencies. In another house, a cottage about a couple of miles from the professor's, were fifty guests,—how lodged I leave you to guess,—only we were told the overflow, after all possible cramming, was received in the offices, farmhouses, etc, adjoining. All this looks more like what one has been told of Irish hospitality than aught that the formal English are up to. . . .

MS. 941. *W. W. to Edward Quillinan*

Sept. 10 1830

My dear Mr Quillinan,

Dora has already by a short note thanked you for bearing us in mind while you were in Paris, and for your interesting Letter. My own notions of the late changes in France, you will be at no loss to form an opinion about. From what you have heard me say upon Politics and government, reform and revolution, etc, you will not doubt but that I must lament deeply that the Ex-King of France should have fallen into such a desperate course of conduct, and given his enemies so much the advantage over him. He has done much harm to the cause of rational monarchy all over the world by placing himself in the wrong; to a degree that one would have thought impossible. As to the future, fair and smooth appearances are not to be trusted, though the French, having passed lately through so many commotions and disappointments, may be in some degree checked in this democratical career by their remembrance of those calamities.

For the last two or three months we have been in a continual crowd and bustle, and are likely to be so for five or six weeks

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more, when a portion of us will move off to Cambridge for rather a lengthy visit to Dr Wordsworth, who has been making us happy with his Company for the last fortnight. We had Professor Hamilton and his Sister for three weeks, and many other visitors. Miss Curwen and John are now both with us, and Dr W. does not depart till a week hence. Today we were to have gone to Patterdale to Mr Marshall's, but it rains most forbiddingly, and the visit must be put off. Orson the hairy, alias, Professor Aircy, dined with us yesterday, and his Derbyshire Bride, a pretty woman to whom he was married last spring. Her profile reminded Miss Stanley and her cousin Miss Hughes also (who is staying at the Hall) of poor Margaret Stanley, but she is far from being so handsome. We have had Mr and Mrs Sharpe,<sup>1</sup> and the delightful Miss Kinnaird with us; if ever you happen to meet with her beg that for my sake, if not for yours or any one else that might be present, she would say for you Auld Robin Grey; if you dont like, if you are not in raptures with her performance, set me down as a Creature not without ears (that is nothing for I have not a good pair) but without a soul.

The wedding takes place on the 11<sup>th</sup> of next month at Workington Hall—the more we see of Miss Curwen the more are we pleased with her, and the higher are our hopes. Another year, I hope, we may see you here—this I cannot wish it—for I am up to the neck in engagements, and have not seen the Lonsdales except for a couple of days at the close of the election, when I found them at the Castle without expecting it. My visit was to Lord Lowther—I took Professor Hamilton along with me, who was much pleased with both the Person and the place.

I leave the rest of the sheet to the Ladies; remaining, my dear Friend, very sincerely yours,

Wm Wordsworth.

I dined at Mrs Watson's and at Mr Bolton's<sup>2</sup> with the great Blackwoodite of Elleray,<sup>3</sup>—he came down for the Regatta, with

<sup>1</sup> Richard Sharp (*v. E.L.*, p. 384) and his sister-in-law. Miss K. was his adopted daughter; she married Thomas Drummond, *v. infra*, p. 759.

<sup>2</sup> John Bolton of Liverpool and Storrs, Windermere; a friend of Canning's, whom he had entertained at Storrs in 1825, together with Scott.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. John Wilson.

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his two sons and eldest daughter. B<sup>P</sup> Mant<sup>1</sup> was also present at Mr B.'s; he was said to be the Author of a forgotten Poem called the Simpliciad—the principal butt of which was to ridicule me, so that I was somewhat drolly placed in such company.

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq<sup>re</sup>, 12 Bryanston Sq<sup>re</sup>, London.

942. *W. W. to William Rowan Hamilton*

*Hamilton.*

*M(—) G. K(—)*

Lowther Castle, Sunday Mor[ning] [Sept. 26, 1830.]

My dear Mr Hamilton,

I profit by the frank in which the letter for your sister will be enclosed, to thank you for yours of the 11<sup>th</sup>, and the accompanying spirited and elegant verses. You ask many questions, kindly testifying thereby the interest you take in us and our neighbourhood. Most probably some of them are answered in my daughter's letter to Miss E. H. I will, however, myself reply to one or two at the risk of repeating what she may have said: 1<sup>st</sup> Mrs Hemans has not sent us any tidings of her movements and intentions since she left us, so I am unable to tell you whether she means to settle in Edinburgh or London. She said she would write as soon as she could procure a frank; that accommodation is, I suppose, more rare in Scotland than at this season in our neighbourhood. I assure you the weather has been so unfavourable to out-door amusements since you left us (not but that we have had a sprinkling of fine and bright days), that little or no progress has been made in the game of the Graces, and I fear that amusement must be deferred till next summer, if we or anybody else are to see another. Mr Barber has dined

<sup>1</sup> Richard Mant (1776–1848), Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, an indefatigable writer of verse and prose—and the author of a good history of the Church of Ireland. *The Simpliciad; a Satirico-didactic Poem, containing Hints for the Scholars of the New School*, and addressed to Messrs W-l-l-m W-rds-worth, R-b-rt S-th-y, and S. T. C-l-r-dg- (1808) had made fun of W.'s *Poems in Two Volumes*, 1807, speaking, e.g., of lines in the poem to the Daisy 'as a farrago of silliness'. The *Simpliciad* appeared anonymously, and this is the only attribution of it to Mant that I have seen, but no doubt W. was right.

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with us once, and my sister and Mrs Marshall, of Halsteads, have seen his palace and grounds, but I cannot report upon the general state of his temper. I believe he continues to be enchanted, as far as decayed health will allow, with a Mr Cooper, a clergyman who has just come to the living of Hawkshead (about five miles from Ambleside). Did I tell you that Professor Wilson, with his two sons and daughter, have been, and probably still are, at Elleray? He heads the gaieties of the neighbourhood, and has presided as steward at two regattas. Do these employments come under your notions of action opposed to contemplation? Why should they not? Whatever the high moralists may say, the political economists will, I conclude, approve them as setting capital afloat, and giving an impulse to manufacture and handicrafts—not to speak of the improvement which may come thence to navigation and nautical science. I have dined twice along with my brother (who left us some time ago) in the Professor's company—at Mrs Watson's, widow of the Bp., at Calgarth, and at Mr Bolton's. Poor Mr B.! he must have been greatly shocked at the fatal accident that put an end to his friend Huskisson's<sup>1</sup> earthly career. There is another acquaintance of mine also recently gone—a person for whom I never had any love, but with whom I had for a short time a good deal of intimacy—I mean Hazlitt, whose death you may have seen announced in the papers. He was a man of extraordinary acuteness, but perverse as Lord Byron himself, whose life by Galt I have been skimming since I came here. Galt<sup>2</sup> affects to be very profound, though [he] is in fact a very shallow fellow,—and perhaps the most illogical writer that these illogical days have produced. His 'buts' and his 'therefores' are singularly misapplied, singularly even for this unthinking age. He accuses Mr Southey of pursuing Lord B—

<sup>1</sup> William Huskisson (1770–1830), a great practical statesman, a 'Canningite', Colonial and War Secretary in the Wellington Ministry, 1828. As M.P. for Liverpool he attended the opening of the Liverpool-Manchester Railway on Sept. 15, 1830; catching sight of Wellington he started to meet him, and fell on the rails in front of an engine; the train ran over his leg, and he died a few days later.

<sup>2</sup> John Galt (1779–1839), novelist: his *Annals of the Parish* appeared in 1821, *The Entail* in 1823, the *Life of Byron* was published in 1830.

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with *rancour*. I should like a reference to what Mr S— has written of Lord B—, to ascertain whether this charge be well founded. I trust it is not, both from what I know of my friend, and from the aversion which Mr G— has expressed towards the *Lakers*, whom in the plenitude of his ignorance he is pleased to speak of as a *class or school* of Poets.

Now for a word on the serious part of your letter. Your views of action and contemplation are, I think, just. If you can lay your hands upon Mr Coleridge's 'Friend', you will find some remarks of mine upon a letter signed, if I recollect right, 'Mathetes', which was written by Professor Wilson, in which, if I am not mistaken, sentiments like yours are expressed; at all events, I am sure that I have long retained those opinions, and have frequently expressed them either by letter or otherwise. One thing, however, is not to be forgotten concerning active life—that a personal independence must be provided for—and in some cases more is required, ability to assist our friends, relations, and natural dependents. The party are at breakfast, and I must close this wretched scrawl, which pray excuse.

Ever faithfully yours,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

Pray continue to write at your leisure. How could I have forgot so long to thank you for your obliging present, which I shall value on every account?

MS.

943. W. W. to John Calvert<sup>1</sup>

1830.<sup>2</sup>

My dear Dr Calvert, or as I would still rather say for the sake of old times, dear John Calvert, my wife and sister and I cannot sufficiently thank you for your kind and considerate letter to John, which does equal honour to your head and heart. We have suffered so much in the case of the deranged health of our own daughter that Mrs W. and I could not but be anxious lest

<sup>1</sup> The son of W.'s old friend William Calvert, *v. E.L.*, pp. 94, 112, &c.

<sup>2</sup> This letter is undated, but it must have been written on some day between John W.'s engagement in June and his marriage in October.

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Miss Curwen's constitution had been seriously injured by her long and dangerous illness. Nothing, therefore, could be more welcome than an assurance to the contrary from such a quarter.

*Address:* Dr Calvert, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

*MS.*      944. *W. W. to Edwin Hill Handley*<sup>1</sup>  
*K.*

Oct. 4<sup>th</sup>, 1830

Dear Sir,

I lose no time in replying to your communication, and will proceed to the point without ceremony or apology.

I protest on your behalf against the competence of the Tribunal whose judgment you are content to abide by. A question of this moment can be decided only by and within the mind that proposes it. Allow me to say that you have reversed the order of judicial proceedings by appealing from the higher (higher assuredly quo ad hoc) to the lower power. What more then shall I say?—that your interesting Letter evinces an extraordinary power would be obvious to the dullest and most insensible. Indeed I may declare with sincerity that great things may be expected from one capable of feeling in such a strain, and expressing himself with so much vigor and originality. With your verses upon Furness Abbey I am in sympathy when I look on the dark side of the subject—and they are well expressed except for the phrase that 'Superstitions damn' (if I read aright) which is not to *my* taste.

And now for the short piece that 'contains the thoughts of your whole life'. Having prepared you for the conclusion that neither my own opinion nor that of any one else is worth much in deciding the point for which this document is given as evidence I have no scruple in telling you honestly that I do not understand those lines. Imagine not, however, that I think the worse of them on that account. Were any one to shew an acorn to a native of the Orcades who had never seen a shrub higher than his knee, and by way of giving him a notion or image of the oak should tell him that its 'latitude of boughs' lies close

<sup>1</sup> I have been able to discover nothing either of Handley or of his poetry.

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folded in that 'auburn nut' the Orcadian would stare and would feel that his imagination was somewhat unreasonably taxed. So it is with me in respect to this germ. I do not deny that the 'forest's Monarch with his army shade' may be lurking there in embryo; but neither can I undertake to affirm it. Therefore let your mind, which is surely of a higher order, be its own oracle. It would be unpardonable were I to conclude without thanking you for not having abstained from expressing your sense of the value of my imperfect, and, comparatively, unworthy writings. The true standard of poetry is high as the soul of man has gone, or can go. How far my own falls below that, no one can have such pathetic conviction of as my poor self.

With high respect I remain, dear Sir,

Sincerely yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

*Address:* Edwin Hill Handley Esq, 6 Grey's Inn, London.

*MS.  
K.*

945. *W. W. to Samuel Rogers*

Castle Whitehaven: October 19<sup>th</sup> [1830]

My dear Rogers,

Not according to a cunning plan of acknowledging the Receipt of Books before they have been read, but to let you know that your highly valued Present of three Copies<sup>1</sup> has arrived at Rydal, I write from this place, under favor of a Frank. My Sister tells me that the Books are charmingly *got up*, as the Phrase is, and she speaks with her usual feeling of your kind attention; so does my Daughter, now at Workington Hall, where she has been officiating as Bridesmaid to the Wife of her happy Brother. The Embellishments, my Sister says, are delicious, and reflect light upon the Poetry with which she was well acquainted before.

Lady Frederick is here with her Father and Mother. She is among your true Friends. Lord and Lady L. are quite well. In a couple of days I hope to return with Mrs Wordsworth and

<sup>1</sup> Of *Italy*, which was published in 1830, with illustrations by Turner and Stothard. The poem had appeared, Pt. I in 1822, and Pt. II in 1828.

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Dora to Rydal, we then go to Coleorton, and so on to Trinity Lodge, Cambridge, where Dora will pass the winter. I shall take a peep at London; mind you be there, or I will never forgive you. Mrs Wordsworth sends her kind wishes to yourself and Sister, in which I cordially unite, not forgetting your good Brother. When you see the Sharps, and that most amiable person Miss Kinnaird, thank them for giving us so much of their company; and believe [me], my dear Friend, eager to have your Book in my hand, much of the contents being in my heart and head,

ever faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth

Lady Frederick begs me to say she is sorry they have not seen you in the North this year—We also had looked for you anxiously, at Rydal.

C.K.      946. W. W. to Sir George Beaumont

Whitehaven Castle, Oct. 19<sup>th</sup> [1830]

My dear Sir George,

I have this moment received your obliging letter, forwarded to me from Rydal Mount, whither I hoped to have returned before this time. Unexpected delays have arisen, and I now fear that we shall scarcely be able to start in time for reaching Coleorton till the first week in November. But, not to shackle Lady Beaumont and you in the least, we will let you know the day of our departure when it is fixed; and pray do not scruple to let us know if this unavoidable delay has rendered it inconvenient for you to receive us.

In fact we have been obliged to take another house for the newly-married pair,<sup>1</sup> the one which my son had hired, and which we had half furnished, being pronounced by the medical attendant of the Curwen family much too cold for her health; which is too probable, as it is no less than five hundred feet above the level of the sea, to which it is completely exposed, and

<sup>1</sup> The marriage was on Oct. 11, 1830. But K. dates the letter 1829.

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indeed to all winds. I long to see your little boy, and believe me,  
dear Sir George, with kindest remembrances to Lady Beaumont,  
Faithfully yours,  
Wm Wordsworth.

MS. 947. W. W. to Edward Quillinan

Whitehaven, Oct. 19<sup>th</sup>. [1830]

My dear Mr Quillinan,

I cannot suffer a Frank to go from this place for London without a scrawl for you, by the Twopenny Post.—The marriage was celebrated as the papers perhaps have told you last Monday. The pair set off immediately for Edinburgh—the Bride I trust as happy as sorrow at parting from her excellent Parents would allow her to be. She is a sweet Creature, and were the body as strong as the mind is amiable, John would have a prospect before him truly and above measure enviable. I know you admire this young person as does everyone who has the happiness of knowing her—

Dora is at Workington Hall—where she officiated as one of three Bridesmaids. As to health she is in her better way, though having caught a slight cold.

I am now with Lord and Lady Lonsdale at their Residence here; and Mrs Wordsworth busy in fitting up John's House—we hope all three to return to Rydal in a couple of days—and soon shall start for Coleorton, and Trin: Lodge, Cambridge—I hope to have a peep at you in town before our return.

This is merely scrawled to shew that you were not out of mind—during a business so interesting to our family as John's Marriage. Pray give a kiss for me to my God child—and to Jemima if not too much of a young Lady for such a token of affection.

Miss Hutchinson has been suffering from an inflammation in her eyes caught I believe by over use of her needle in working for the Bride.

From ever yours,

W. W.

*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq, Bryanston Street, London.

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MS. 948. D. W. to Mary Anne Marshall<sup>1</sup>

Sunday Evening. [October 22<sup>2</sup> 1830]

We are sorry, my dear Mary Anne, that you will not have time tomorrow to turn aside to Rydal Mount, as I learn by a letter from your Mother, for which, should we not have the pleasure of seeing you on your return from Ulverston, I now commission you to give her my best thanks with an assurance that she shall hear from me when I have any thing new or interesting to communicate. At present, being very much occupied, she must consider *this* as a sort of answer to hers.

My Brother, Sister and Dora arrived at home yesterday—all well—but I think the Females look a little worn by excitement of various kinds not unattended with fatigue. Dora has, however, much happiness and enjoyment, and her Mother as much as could be expected amid the confusion and bustle of furniture unplaced and all its attendant arrangements with no constant companion but a servant of our own, (the cook) whom we shall be obliged to spare to the Moresby Establishment till Mrs John W.'s servants can come to her.

We have had very pleasant letters from the young couple. They have exceedingly enjoyed their travels, the fine weather, and the sights to be seen in and near Edinburgh. They were in comfortable lodgings where they intended to remain till tomorrow, when they will turn their faces homewards; and probably will reach Moresby about Thursday or Friday.

My Sister is very glad, as we all are, that Mrs W. Marshall got well through her long journey, and was in better plight for her approaching trial than when I saw her at Paterdale Hall. We rely on being informed by my dear Friend your Mother or you or some one of your Sisters as soon as the great event is over. Poor little John William! I do not wonder that he was a little unhinged by the loss of fresh air and liberty and all the pretty playthings afforded by a garden at his own door; but I have seen as ruddy healthy-looking *gentlemen's Children* in London as anywhere else which I suppose is chiefly owing to the

<sup>1</sup> Daughter of John and Jane Marshall.

<sup>2</sup> Dated by statement in Letter to Rogers on 19th.

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peculiar care there taken to give them all possible air and exercise, so I hope that he may return to the mountains as blooming as when he left them.

I saw Miss Askews at Chapel this morning; but had not time to make particular inquiries, which I expected to have an opportunity of doing this afternoon; but am prevented, by rain, from going to Mrs Luff's—and therefore I know not which of you or how many are going to Ulverston. No doubt you will attend the Ball, and if Julia be there she will recognise our Friend Mrs Benson Harrison ('Cousin Dorothy') but if Julia be not of your party I hope you and Cordelia,<sup>1</sup> or you and Susan<sup>1</sup> will get introduced to her. She is rather of a shy character and therefore might not of herself (though Mrs Marshall called on her at Ambleside with me) make advances to you. I assure you Mrs B. Harrison is a thoroughly amiable Woman, and when you visit us I should like you to see something more of each other than can be seen in a Ball-room.

I have already through Mrs Marshall thanked Julia for the pleasure she has given me by confiding some of her poems to me; but I must beg you to do it again for me, telling her that when we meet again on the Banks of Ullswater I will repay her to the best of my power by pointing out what seems to me amiss in any of her poems. I must, however say that the simplicity with which in general she expresses herself in metre appears to me very extraordinary in so young a Writer.

You cannot think what pleasure it gave me to hear that your recollections of Switzerland and of the little bit of Italy which you and I have seen were revived in reading my Journal. Adieu my dear young Friend.

Believe me ever

Your affec<sup>te</sup>,

D. Wordsworth

When I began the sentence about Miss Askews I intended to go on with saying We should be very glad if you can come to see us on your return. Should my Brother and Sister and Dora not be actually gone to Cambridge you may find us in a little

<sup>1</sup> Sisters of the addressee.

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bustle; but we can make up three Beds for you without trouble. Now when I reckon days I find they will certainly *not* be gone, as they cannot leave us before the beginning of next week; and you will hardly stay more than three or four days at Ulverston.

If you can do no more, perhaps you will contrive to spend an hour with us—but the days are sadly shortened and there is the Mountain to cross.

Adieu.

Dora's very kind love to you all. It would give her great pleasure to see you again before her Flight to Cambridge.

*Address:* Miss Marshall, by favour of Miss Askews.

MS.        949. D. W. to Catherine Clarkson

[Early Nov. 1830]

My dear Friend,

The Newspapers have no doubt informed you that John Wordsworth and Isabella Christian Curwen were married at Workington on the 11<sup>th</sup> of last month; but this you ought to have heard from one of ourselves, and I am that one who have failed in duty—but I will not tire you with excuses or confessions.—It is enough that I have not forgotten you—that I have been much occupied—and more than I liked in letter-writing) and that from day to day—not without severe self reproaches have put off. I will give you a brief summary of what has happened among us—Ten days previous to the great day (the 11<sup>th</sup>) Mary went to Moresby to prepare and arrange her Son's house—On the 5<sup>th</sup> Isabella called here in a little carriage given her by her Father to take up Dora, and she (the Bride elect) and Bridesmaid proceeded to Workington Hall. They both looked very pretty and very interesting—seated side-by-side and driven by a servant on one of the horses. The Rest of Isabella's family followed and on Saturday, the 9<sup>th</sup> my Brother joined them—Sara H and I being left at home—unwilling to crowd Workington Hall with any *unnecessary* addition of numbers, and not sorry to have so good an excuse for avoiding a bustle and ceremony which to say the best of it—is but a *melancholy* pleasure.—This wedding, however, was to be a gay one if a large assemblage of affectionately attached Relatives could make any wedding

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gay.—Uncles—Brothers—three Bridesmaids—with their attendant grooms—Children and grandchildren of attendant Friends—two Fathers and one Mother—with all the Servants of Workington Hall—and one of ours (who was at Moresby assisting her Mistress with the House) drew up round the altar in as regular order as the Bell's School or the Military—Five carriages conveyed the Parties to Church—Servants perched outside—Mr Curwen, Dora and Isabella in the first carriage—postilions and Servants wore favours. All Workington was abroad making a lane for the carriages to drive through—some on house-tops—all the windows crowded—The people shouted Hurra! Curwen for ever! and the two Young Brothers of the Bride outside her Carriage kept off their hats smiling and bowing all the way.—Not a tear shed at Church—or till they reached home—When as Dora says (who wrote us an account of the day) 'We all had a good cry'—Fifty people sate down to Breakfast. Then departed the Bride and Bridegroom for Scotland. By the Bye I should have told you that on their way from church they scattered silver among the people according to the Family Custom at W. Hall. Guns were fired and ships in the harbour hoisted their flags. Poor Mrs Curwen could not bear to go to church, and there was a sad parting when Isabella bade Farewell. Never did a Bride leave her Father's house more beloved and more regretted. I had a letter from her yesterday—a sweet one—I wish you could see it—you would be so delighted with the purity, innocence, good-sense, love and happiness which it displays—without a word of display. They spent 10 days at Edinburgh and have since made a charming Highland Tour, and expected to reach Workington Hall this evening. I am sorry to add that they have not yet a house ready for them. The one taken by John with Mr Curwen's decided approbation has been found out to be placed in a situation not favourable for Isabella's health—They are about taking another if the Bishop consents to her living a *mile out* of their Parish—a house very suitable but John and Isabella greatly object to not being *in* their parish. It is thought the Bishop cannot refuse as there is none vacant in the parish except the condemned one already taken. This affair has grieved all parties not a little and especially the

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young ones, who had set their hearts on returning to a fire-side of their own. They must now remain at Workington Hall till the house is ready—I hope not long—as everything else is *quite* ready—William and Mary and their Daughter returned to us last Saturday but one—and again they have left us—Mary and Dora are now at Manchester and William on his travels on horse-back. They are to meet at Derby to-morrow, and proceed thence to Coleorton, where they will stay till the end of the week, and then go to Cambridge where they will all remain at least a month. Whether M and D will get to London or not I cannot say, but William certainly *will*—and when they will all reach home again I can as little guess, though Mary did say ‘Before Christmas’. This I confess I do not look to. William rides Dora’s pony, she and her cousins wishing much to ride together, and horse exercise being more beneficial to her health than anything else. Thank God she is in great measure recovered from the very serious illness she had in the Spring—and, woeful as the parting is for two or three months at the least, *at our age*, —I am glad they are gone from this moist climate. *They* have had nothing but good weather since last Monday—*we* nothing but bad—and a damp or rainy atmosphere always affects Dora’s throat. They will soon be but fifty miles from you. Fain would I persuade myself that the meeting will be effected—perhaps in London—perhaps in Cambridge—nothing known is planned—nothing was talked of beyond the month at Cambridge and William’s trip to London. I much wish that Dora would resolve, or be prevailed on, to spend the remainder of the winter in a trial of the Cornish air. Miss Trevenan of Hilliston, Derwent’s faithful and opulent Friend—the Godmother of his child—She who after a stay in the Lakes conveyed Mrs Coleridge to her Son’s house—she who delighted us all with her pleasing manners, her kindness, her goodness and good sense (I *must* have mentioned this Lady to you before)—She has invited and urged Dora to go to her—and if *that* air were to agree with her she could not have a more pleasant and comfortable place to stay at than under Miss Trevenan’s Roof.—You will have rejoiced with us on John’s and Chris’s election to fellowships—and you may guess that the Uncle, Aunt and Cousin will have great joy

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in congratulating them and in being with all the 8 young men under their Father's Roof, previous to their going out—no-one knows whither—to take care of themselves. I too should have liked well to have been of the party and my Brother Christopher much wished it, but I could not well have left dear Sara at home alone at this season of the year—or for me it is, perhaps, the safer plan to stay quietly here another winter. *Last* winter I was in no condition for travelling—Now I am quite another creature—going on thus well I trust that next year my friends may dismiss all anxiety on my account. We are truly comfortable together—and since they left us I have often felt thankful at being out of the way of temptation to over exertion or excitement. Sarah's health is on the whole excellent. She has a pony and is as fond of riding as ever, and it agrees with her as formerly, sometimes she rides alone sometimes Owen Lloyd is her companion. You will be glad to hear that he is well—has recovered from the dismal shock of his mother's death, and makes an excellent parish priest.—Mrs Coleridge is the proudest and busiest of Grandmothers—Sarah an excellent nurse and her husband the most contented of men—if we may judge from his letters. Poor S. T. C. declining in Body, but they tell us is as vigorous as ever in mind. I am happy to think that William and he will meet together yet once again. Southey and Bertha are going to London. Edith engaged to be married to a Mr Warter now Chaplain to the Embassy at Copenhagen. Hartley goes on as usual—leaves his comfortable home about once in three months wandering about no-one knows where—sleeping in Barns &c &c.—When you meet him smiles and talks away as if all were right—how busy he is—what he is writing for—this Annual or that Magazine—but alas! no money comes in—and his Friends through me, pay for his Board &c. This however is a secret—so do not mention it. Did I tell you that Miss Barker wrote to me to inform us that she was going to be married to a young man of not more than thirty-five—desperately in love with her? This was early in the summer—and we have heard no more—so I hope it will come to nothing—We suspect the youth to have been a Boulogne Swindler—I wrote my mind counselled inquiries and settlements &c &c—perhaps not very

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palatable—as no notice has been taken of my letter. What an illegible scrawl! Do tell me if you still can read my writing. How are the Hardcastles? It is five weeks since we heard from Willy—Then at Heidleberg—uncertain where to settle for the winter. We trust he has the providence to keep out of danger; but are anxious—No place seems secure and I almost wish his resolve may be to come home. His health is improved—Pray write as soon as you can. I have no room for inquiries—Sorry Tom did not get to see us—Love to Mr Clarkson. God Bless you my dearest Friend

ever yours

D. W.

Sara's Love——. Speak particularly of your health—  
Address: Mrs Clarkson, Playford Hall, Ipswich, Suffolk.

MS.

950. W. W. to D. W.

[November 8<sup>th</sup> 1830]

Coleorton<sup>1</sup>—Monday Mor:

My dear Sister

Yesterday at eleven a.m. I reached this place, after a pleasant journey, in spite of a tremendous heavy rain the whole of Sat: afternoon, which wet everything upon me, and in my portmanteau, so that I had nothing to do at Derby, but to go instantly to bed. Here I found Sir G. and Lady B.,<sup>2</sup> and their noble little Boy, quite well; and a Letter from dear Willy, forwarded from Cambridge. W. is quite well; has got his money and our Letters, and means to stay at Heidelberg; but the letter will be forwarded to you. He treats the disturbances lightly, so that I hope his poor Mother's fears will abate.—This is a bright day, and they<sup>3</sup> will have a pleasant ride through Darleydale by the Lord Nelson; a chaise from Derby, 16 miles, will bring them hither by five. They shall speak for themselves,—I will now say a word on my own journey—Did they tell you that I reached Preston before them, and slept at S. Horrocks's?

<sup>1</sup> On Nov. 1st W., M., and Dora W. left Rydal Mount for Cambridge—James Dixon had ridden Dora's pony 'Billy' to Lancaster, whence W. W. rode it to Cambridge, via Coleorton, as described in this letter and in No. 953. W. stayed a week at Coleorton.

<sup>2</sup> The former Sir G. and Lady Beaumont had died in 1827 and 1829 respectively.      <sup>3</sup> M. W. and Dora, who were following by Coach.

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Mrs Sinclair was luckily from Home, as was also the old Gentleman—S's wife is a very pleasing Woman, and plays upon the harp powerfully—her Father, Miller, is a native of Whitehaven, and but of vulgar manners. At Chorley I called on Mrs Master, formerly Alice Horrocks—her husband a creditable Clergyman—and she has a nice little girl. Lancashire is but a dull county, and in my long ride I saw nothing that pleased me so much as a sweet little Gainsborough cottage girl with a tiny wheelbarrow which she was guiding along the Causeway, filled with dung collected on the road, with a little basket enclosed in a red handkerchief and slung upon one of the handles of the Barrow, in which she had carried dinner to her Father in the fields.—I gave her a penny for her industry, and she said, 'Thank you Sir', in the prettiest manner imaginable—I regret I did not ask her whether she had learned to read.—Perhaps Mary has told you that on Friday morning John Cookson rode my pony forward to [? Bullock Smithy] (10 miles). I had set off from Manchester at 8 by coach, mounted at B. Smithy, and proceeded (look, dearest D. at the Map—Sarah I know does not matter<sup>1</sup> such details—the map I mean prefixed to that Book about Derbyshire, which Chris: left) by Chapel le Frith, Peak Forest, Tideswell, Cressbrook, and Ash-ford in the Waters to Bakewell where I slept. This road led me through the central Hills of Derbyshire. At Chapel, while my Pony was baiting I strolled into the Church-yard as usual. There was one, and only one monument of the Dumfries character, a white and showy Obelisk; I walked up towards it, commenting with too much self-complacency upon the vanity of Man, and received a sudden shock from these words engraven on the side that faced me—'The Lord will deliver thee into the hands of Death, and ere long O Reader thou shalt be with me'. At the Village of Peak Forest I saw fields of corn in the Sheaf, and ascending with the road to the highest and bleakest point that it crossed, I found a new-built Inn, called, as its Inscription of invitation tells the Traveller, *Mount Pleasant*, 'our first best country ever is at home'.—A starveling field or two of corn, intersecting stone walls without number, and a few neighbouring eminences as

<sup>1</sup> So MS.: Sarah, i.e. Sara Hutchinson who was at Rydal with D. W.

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unattractive, made all the prospect of Mount Pleasant. At Tideswell is a noble Church for its sequestered site; I regretted that my time did not allow me to enter it. Mounted a hill, and descended upon the Village of Cressbrook, where is a large Factory—but the Wey,<sup>1</sup> which I here first came in sight of, is singularly beautiful both above and below the Village. It winds between green lawny hills and limestone steeps, through a narrow trough, and twists its way in some places through slips of meadow-ground as rich in verdure as Nature's bounty can make them. I was charmed with the mile and a half of this Stream along which my road took me, wished for you both a hundred times. I would gladly have continued to follow the river, which I was told was possible, but along a rugged track that might have lamed my Pony, and the day was too far advanced, so I yielded to necessity, and turned up the main road after halting often to look back upon this happy and holy seclusion, for such I could not but think it. I climb the hill, descended, and joined the Wey again at Ashford; a pretty spot, but twilight was coming on.—The firing of guns startled me every now and then, for it was the fifth Nov: and I thought it prudent to dismount, and walked most of the 2 miles into Bakewell.— Rose early—rode down the valley with Haddon Hall in view, and at the point where Wey and Derwent unite, turned up towards Chatsworth—rode a mile, and leaving my pony to bait, walked up the valley and through Chatsworth Park to the House—splendid and large, but growing larger every year. The trees in this valley are still in many places clothed with rich variegated foliage—and so I found many all the way almost to Derby. My feelings at Chatsworth as contrasted with those which had moved me in the higher part of the Peak Country will be best given in the following, for which, as fresh from the brain, make such allowance as you can:

Chatsworth! thy Park, and Mansion spreading wide  
And towering high, strange contrast do present  
To the plain treasures of that craggy Rent  
Which late I saw, where Wey's blue waters glide;

<sup>1</sup> Generally written Wye.

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A Dell whose native occupants abide  
As in a dear and chosen banishment  
With every semblance of entire content,  
So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!  
Yet he, whose heart in childhood gave her troth  
To pastoral dales thin-set with modest Farms,  
May learn, if judgement strengthen with his growth,  
That not for Fancy only Pomp hath charms;  
And, diligent to guard from lawless harms  
The extremes of favour'd life, may honor both.—<sup>1</sup>

Descending Darley dale I went into Darley Churchyard and found by measure that its tall yew tree is in girth eleven times the length of my arm; but the tree in the expression and character of its trunk and arms is not to be compared to the best of those in Borrowdale. A mile below, upon an eminence to the right I recognized the two Trees that gave occasion to my Sonnet<sup>2</sup> on the parting of the two Brothers—I could not hear of any such tradition from the people whom I questioned, but a little Boy told me that the trees, two sycamores, were called Wm Shore's trees from the name of the man who had planted them above 200 years ago; and that a woman had been buried near them. The same Informant told me that two very large Willows had stood close by where we were, called Scotch Trees; and that the spot which he pointed to was called Scotchman's Turn, from a Scotchman who had been murthered there.— Matlock looked charming with its hoary, dove-coloured rocks, its ivy, its eugh-trees, its elms retaining much of their faded foliage, and several of its other trees as green as in Summer. I never saw such a beautiful decoration of China roses and pyracanthus as upon one cottage at the entrance of this place. The berries were in the utmost profusion, and brilliant as gems; I thought with regret of the poor appearance of our tree when I left it. Dear Sara, what is the cause? Billy's quondam owners were delighted with news of him. I found he is of Welch breed,

<sup>1</sup> For the published form of this Sonnet, in which the first five lines are much altered, *v.* Oxf. W., p. 275.

<sup>2</sup> 'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill.' Oxf. W., p. 276.

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and cost them 7 pound. Incessant rain to Derby, but the rich woods and green lawns made some amends—a high wind also.—Started a little after six—baited at Swarkstone Bridge upon Trent, and halted again at Breedon for the sake of mounting the Rock which I had never done before. The view very confined on account of mist and vapour, though the morning was bright. In the Church many monuments of the Shirley family, Earls of Ferrers; and directly over the baptismal font, a skeleton, large as life or rather Death, painted on the wall, with a dart in one fleshless hand, and a spade in the other; below, this inscription—*Vive memor lethi*—Here also is a monument to a William Shakespeare killed by a fall from his Horse near Paris—I observed to the Clerk and a farmer who were with me that a very eminent person bore that name—the Clerk answered he only knew John Shakespear—‘O but’, said I, ‘I mean a great dramatic Poet’—The farmer knew nothing of him, but the Parish Clerk recollectcd himself with a lively ‘yes’.—15 houses of the town below have each a right to send three sheep up to graze upon the unenclosed part of the hill. The Farmer told me that 14 persons had been killed in his memory in blasting the limestone Rock—I have now done.

The changes at Coleorton will in time prove decisive improvements—at present parts are cold and bare. Sir George took me round—when I sate down in Lady B’s grotto near the fountain I was suddenly overcome and could not speak for tears.

Now for business; tell John Carter to write most urgently to Slee, and demand an immediate answer; I rather think I undertook to do this. His negligence is shameful. I had some other point of business to mention, though of little consequence, but I have forgotten. Yesterday afternoon I attended with Sir G. and Lady B. the Chapel on the Moor, and heard from the Clergyman of Ashby a sermon in support of the Charity School. The Chapel was full almost as it could hold—I gave my two shillings—18 pounds were collected. Tell John<sup>1</sup> this, and also what you will be sorry to hear that Mr Brickell has lately shown symptoms

<sup>1</sup> i.e. his son John W., who had been curate at Whitwick near Coleorton the year before.

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of mental and bodily irritability amounting to flightiness—The Merryweathers are not here—

[*cetera desunt*]

MS. 951. D. W. to Mrs. S. T. Coleridge

[Nov. 10. 1830]

My dear Friend,

We have heard this morning that Bertha<sup>1</sup> is to set off tomorrow, and will call here on her way, so though you will hear all *news* more pleasantly from herself I cannot let her go without a written word of Love and good wishes to you and dear Sara and Henry and the youngest born of the Coleridge Race. How I should like to see the busy Grandmother and the young Mother and the dear little One, not forgetting papa and Grand-papa also! At least I *hope* my Brother will ere long have that happiness, and much wish that my Sister and Dora may also—but for their journeying further than Cambridge no plans were arranged when they left home: however, when but fifty miles from London I cannot but expect and wish that they may travel thither. They left us this day week, halted with Miss Jewsbury at Manchester, and if nothing prevented were to reach Coleorton on Saturday; and we expect that *next* Saturday they will reach Trinity Lodge; William rode his Daughter's pony—and as far as Manchester, Steed and Rider performed to admiration; and if weather continue to favour them I trust the journey on to Cambridge will be accomplished with equal satisfaction. Ever since they left us, until to-day, the weather, as Bertha will tell you, has been in our worst mountain fashion; but as they fared so well in their road to Manchester we persuade ourselves that the torrents which have continued to pour down here have been confined to our quarters. John and Isabella are safely returned to Workington Hall after a charming Tour in the Highlands. The house that John (with Mrs Curwen's especial approbation) had taken was found to be in too high and exposed a situation for Isabella's health—Fathers Mothers etc etc decided that they *must not* live in it through the winter—None other was vacant

<sup>1</sup> Bertha Southey.

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in the parish but an excellent house (far too grand in the exterior at least for their desires) distant from the Parish a mile was vacant. These tidings cast a sad damp over the young People's pleasure—but they submitted and the Bishop was written to for permission—which, of course, he granted; but when they arrived at Workington on Friday evening to their great joy they found that another house in Moresby, and very near the Church, had become vacant, that it was exactly suitable as to size and every thing else, and that in a fortnight their furniture may be removed thither. Their present house (Croft Hill) will be on their hands four years; but Mr Curwen undertakes that loss, and we hope it may be let. Mrs Wordsworth went thither before the marriage with our Cook (Anne) and shortly after the marriage her proceedings were stopped, but Anne is still there, taking care of the furniture, and when the other place is ready Sara H. will go to assist in the removal, and the arrangement of it in its second new place. All's well that ends well; but truly this has been a troublesome and vexatious business, yet no one was to blame, and *that* being the case our mortification that poor Mary Wordsworth's labours were thrown away is the more bearable, and we are all so well satisfied with the present plan that we do not lament over the past. Isabella writes in excellent spirits and seems perfectly happy.

You have heard that poor Miss Cookson has been unwell. She continues so, though much better, and I hope she will be able to come and stay with me during S. H.'s absence. Anne is to stay till they get into the house.

Have you seen Charles and Mary Lamb lately? Pray give our kind love to them and tell us all you know concerning them. We have heard that they have removed back again to London and I am glad of it; for it is their natural place. We have not heard again of, or from, poor Miss Barker. I think, and may say hope, that her marriage will never take place. Owen Lloyd heard in passing through Boulogne that the young man was gone upon business to England, and it was even there thought that he was a mere adventurer. Were not you shocked to read of the death of Bishop Hobart?<sup>1</sup> and what dismal tidings from

<sup>1</sup> John Henry Hobart (1775–1830), Bishop of the Protestant Episopcal

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every part of the Continent! We are anxiously expecting letters from William. It is more than five weeks since his last—written at Heidelberg—then uncertain where to settle for the winter. Joanna writes that your sister is well and happy at Douglas. She and Henry are settled for the winter at Ramsey.

It is time I should turn to poor Hartley. He never comes near us, though I have sent word I have a parcel for him, which I shall only give to himself. It is from Liverpool—a Winter's [? break] I suppose, and am afraid [he is] without money—or surely he would have come. When I last called (a few weeks ago) he held out fair promises, and spoke gaily of his doings—said he was very busy etc etc and promised to come and see us—and promised money. Since that time he has had another ramble; but is now at home and as well and as happy as usual. It is a sad sad thing but really I fear he will never pay any part of his debts either to you or others. Ben Hunter came to me last week with a Bill for making up his last black cloaths (At that time H. was on the wander). I refused to pay, telling him he must apply to Mr C. at his return. Now as I have heard nothing I am not quite hopeless as to this little affair. Hartley *may* have got money somewhere and may have paid Ben Hunter. I enclose a statement of accounts as they now stand—You will perceive that another quarter's pay is due, or nearly so, and ere long I shall be called upon for at least a part—What is to be done? Grievous it is to go on in this way but how to get out of it I cannot tell. He might be *cheaper* lodged; but no where else so respectably. He *might* be cast upon his own resources. But what would follow? I fear wandering and starvation—unless his Friends could suffer him to be arrested. My dear Friend, these are hard words to say to a Mother and I cannot express the pain it gives me to write them. Mrs Carter was with us lately. She read part of a letter from Mrs Fox speaking in the highest terms of Derwent and Mary and Miss Trevenan. She had spent a day with them and stayed all night.

(*cetera desunt*)

Church, New York, a famous preacher and evangelist, who did much to restore and strengthen the Church, which had lost ground during the Revolution. His *Christian's Manual of Faith and Devotion* appeared in 1814. He founded the New York Sunday School Society.

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Pearson. 952. D. W. to William Pearson

Rydal Mount, 11<sup>th</sup> Nov. [1830]

My dear Sir,

A pannier of beautiful apples is arrived with your signature, and I lose no time in returning you Miss Hutchinson's best thanks, and my own. I have not seen *such* apples this year, and as our orchard has produced none, they are particularly valuable.

I am ashamed of not having written to you for so long a time. The truth is, that at any time, if you had taken your chance, you would have been welcome, and would have found some one of us at home; but I was to write when we had no company, and no engagements. This I never could do, as we have had a constant succession of visitors ever since we had last the pleasure of seeing you, and this served me as an excuse for not writing: and I am now very sorry it did so, as my Brother, Sister, and Niece are gone away for a great part of the winter, and they would have been happy to see you before their departure. They are now at Coleorton, and next week will go to Cambridge. Whenever the weather changes for the better, and you are disposed to take a ride, Miss Hutchinson and I will be very glad to see you.

My Brother rode into Leicestershire on his Daughter's pony, and much enjoyed the journey through Derbyshire. They are all well; as we are at home, and our Bride and Bridegroom are returned to Moresby in good health and spirits, after a delightful tour in Scotland.

William intends to winter at Heidelberg. His health is much improved, and he writes in excellent spirits, making light of the disturbances in that part of Germany.

Our man, James, desires me to request you, if you can, to procure us our straw, which he will be much obliged if you will send as before; and when the straw comes, we will return your hamper. James did not state his quantity, but no doubt he wishes for as much as heretofore.

I hope you have been in your usual comfortable state of health, since I last saw you and heard from you.

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Lamenting that you have not, in spite of my silence, dropped in during the Autumn and Summer to take your chance,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours truly,

Dorothy Wordsworth.

MS.

953. *D. W. to Jane Marshall*

[Nov: 12. 1830]

My dear Friend,

Having pen in hand, as is often my way, I will go on, and write a few lines to you—assured that, though accustomed so long to franks,<sup>1</sup> you will not grudge the postage, but, on the contrary will be pleased that I do not wait for something particular to communicate.

My Brother, Sister, and Dora left us in a post-chaise last Monday but one. It was one of our true mountain days of pouring rain. They stayed all night at Kendal, and next morning went on, per Coach, to Lancaster. There my Brother mounted his Daughter's pony, and he joined the Ladies at Manchester the following evening, delighted with his own prowess and that of the steed. On Friday morning (i.e., this day week) he left them at M., and pursued his journey through some of the wildest and most romantic parts of Derbyshire, to Coleorton, where he arrived on Sunday morning—in perfect health, and not at all fatigued. On Sunday he wrote to us, knowing how anxiously we were expecting tidings of this his grand equestrian exploit. The next day he expected to see his Wife and Daughter. They had remained behind at Manchester with Miss Jewsbury.

We hope for equally good news of *them* in the course of two or three days, as my Brother promises to forward to us a letter which he found at Coleorton from William—a letter anxiously expected by us all—and especially by his poor Mother who had been vexing her mind with all sorts of apprehensions. His previous letter (received 6 weeks ago) was from Heidelberg; and there he now remains, and *intends* to remain through the winter. His health is restored, and he is perfectly satisfied and happy,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Marshall had resigned his seat in Parliament, v. p. 493.

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resolved to make the best use of his time for general improvement, and, in short, seems to be undisturbed except by *one care*. What is to become of him at his return? How is he to maintain himself? What employment shall he find? To this I reply 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof'. *His* business is to get knowledge, and if possible bodily strength. The healthy, the well-instructed, and even the well-befriended at this day know not whither to turn for profitable employment, and as for poor William, of this I am sure that six months' confinement in a Merchant's Counting-house or a Lawyer's Chambers would be the death of him.

I cannot but rejoice that Dora is removed, for a season, from this wet corner of England. Day after day since they left us have we had ceaseless rains, and *but one* fine day. On the contrary they write that they have been favored by weather, and my Brother had only one wetting. It was among the Derbyshire Hills, and he was completely soaked, but went to Bed and rose uninjured. I would fain hope that Dora may gather permanent strength. Before she left us, she ailed nothing except in the throat; but every damp or showery day (and what had we else?) brought on the uneasiness there, and thickness in the voice.

I *had* some longings when they left us to be one of the happy party at Trinity Lodge; but am quite satisfied that it is, for this one winter more, the safest plan to stay in quiet at home; and Miss Hutchinson and I are truly comfortable together.

We enjoy a quiet fireside, both in itself, and as a preparation for still higher enjoyment of the more busy and cheerful one which we trust again to have when we shall once more be all assembled together.

I look upon the *time* of their return as very uncertain, no less so than their route; but I hope they will have a meeting with you and yours either in London or at Leeds. My Brother found all well at Coleorton—Sir G. and Lady B. are most friendly towards us all. I have not seen much of Lady B.; but like exceedingly what I *have* seen.

Your Daughters would tell you in what discomfort they found Rydal Mount. It has since come into my mind that perhaps they intended to stay all night—though they did not

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confess to it. Now if that were the case I should be very sorry they did not do so; for, whatever might seem our bustle and confusion, we could soon have contrived for their comfort and for the pleasant enjoyment of their company.

John and Isabella were sadly grieved when informed that the house taken by John (with Mrs Curwen's especial approval) was pronounced unfit for their residence—and another in the next parish, in a situation which they disliked for various substantial reasons was to be taken—for not one house was vacant in the parish of Moresby except Croft Hill, which it was said would be the Death of Isabella if she should go to it. Well! Sorrow comes to one Family to bring joy to another. A Captain Dawson dies suddenly—His Widow wishes to part with her house—It exactly suits John and Isabella—They take it—and in a fortnight it will be ready to receive them and their furniture.

How fortunate that the Bishop did not answer John's letter immediately! The House, *out of the parish*, which so little for various other reasons suited their inclinations, could not be taken without the Bishop's consent, and had *that consent* arrived three days earlier, they must either have had three houses on their hands, or fixed themselves where they would never have been satisfied to be.

Isabella writes as if she were perfectly contented with her lot, and so I trust she will continue to be. She is a dear sweet creature. They had a charming Tour in the Highlands.

You must not forget our scheme of meeting at Keswick next spring or summer to go to Scale Hill, or of your coming hither to visit *us* and taking *me* up to go with you by this Road. It is very long since Mr Marshall was at Rydal, and my Brother much wishes him to pay us a visit—and this we now hope he will easily find time to do being released from parliament—and, dear Jane, if you can both contrive to come at the same time so much the better, and the more pleas[ant] for all parties.

I hope you have satisfactory [news] from dea[r] Julia, with as favorable reports from her Sister's Bed-chamber as we have any right to look for. I often think of Ellen and the thoughtful and affectionate Julia by her side. To both pray when you write give my kind Love. I hope Julia will let me see more of

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her verses. Miss H. and I delight in them. One, upon 'poesy'—had been left by me unread and unseen in my drawer—I found it two days ago—and you cannot think with what pleasure Miss H. and I have read it. There is such rectitude of sentiment and feeling in whatever Julia writes that it is very satisfactory to read; and with respect to style and composition, her defects are marvellously few; and having the good sense not to be vain she will go on improving.

I must tell you that our industrious and simple-hearted Serving-man, James, who can do all sorts of little jobs, mend chair-bottoms, weave garden nets, make mats, list shoes, etc., etc., has made cap stands for the Ladies of this house and for Mrs John Wordsworth after the model of the one which you gave me to put into my Trunk when I left you. By the Bye, his *wedding-present* to Mrs J. W. was a paste-pin, turned by himself, and a potato bruiser, both made of wood grown in Rydal Mount grounds.

Give my kindest love to your Sisters. I am glad that Ellen had so pleasant a visit. What a nice opportunity that *might* have been for my going to see our good Aunt. Ellen, I know, would have been glad to take me as far as our Roads lay together, and to have received me again to bring me back on her return! But at that time there was no thinking of it. I have had a letter from Mrs Rawson. Alas! it showed more symptoms of failure than any I ever before received from her.

What sad doings in London, in Kent, in Sussex!<sup>1</sup> How is all this to end? And poor Antwerp!<sup>2</sup> How distressing the outrages.

God bless you my dear Friend. Ever your affec<sup>te</sup>

D. W.

Miss Hutchinson's kind Love. Pray write soon.

Address: Mrs Marshall, Hallsteads, Penrith.

<sup>1</sup> Owing to the unpopularity of the Duke of Wellington and resentment of the New Police, London was anticipating a serious riot, the king declined to come to the Guildhall, and the Funds fell. In Kent and Sussex there had been much firing of ricks and smashing of machinery as a result of the distressed state of agriculture.

<sup>2</sup> The independence of Belgium, since 1815 a part of the United Netherlands, had been declared on Oct. 5. But Antwerp remained for a time in the hands of Dutch troops, and was the scene of much slaughter.

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MS.

954. W. W. to Edward Quillinan

Coleorton Hall Monday 16<sup>th</sup> Nov. [1830]

My dear Mr Q.

I scribble a word to say with many thanks, that you must on no account forbear to let your House; as the time of my going to London or even my going at all is uncertain. And certainly I shall come unencumbered with females.

Mrs W. and Dora present their kindest regards and wish to know what you mean to do with your little lasses.—We depart in a few minutes for Leicester, I go to Market Harborough this evening on Dora's pony which I have ridden from Lancaster, saving one short stage on this side Manchester, and to-morrow evening the Ladies count upon reaching Cambridge by Coach. I shall be very proud if I arrive there on Tuesday evening without harm to the Creature that will convey me.

Thanks for your spritely verses, and your account of the London Mob. The Bride cake being sent from the Bride's house and not ours we could not remind you of our proceedings in that way, which would on no account have been omitted had the parties been married from my House.—

Ever faithfully, my dear Mr Quillinan, Yours

Wm. Wordsworth.

Address: Edward Quillinan Esq., Bryanston Street, London.

MS. 955. W. W. to John Abraham Heraud<sup>1</sup>

K(—)

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge,

Nov<sup>r</sup> 28<sup>d</sup>, [1830.]

Dear Sir,

It gives me much concern that you should have occasion to write to me again, and the more so because the wish which you have done me the honour of expressing, it is out of my power to

<sup>1</sup> J. A. Heraud, 1799–1887, a prolific poet and dramatist, and friend of the Carlyles. In verse he aimed at epic grandeur. The poem here referred to is probably *The Descent into Hell*, 1830, which he followed up by another epic, *The Judgment of the Flood*. He edited the *Sunbeam* (1838–9) and the *Monthly Magazine* (1839–42).

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gratify. Since your former letter reached Rydal I have been at home only for a short time, and there was much engaged. But to say the truth I read so little and am so very much less addicted to writing especially upon any formal subjects, that though I should not be without a strong wish to serve you were I able to do so, I am conscious that I could not undertake the task you would put me to, with the least prospect of benefit to either of us. I am not a Critic—and set little value upon the art. The preface which I wrote long ago to my own Poems I was put upon to write by the urgent entreaties of a friend, and heartily regret I ever had anything to do with it; though I do not reckon the principles then advanced erroneous.

Your Poem is vigorous, and that is enough for me—I think it in some places diffuse, in others somewhat rugged, from the originality of your mind. You feel strongly; trust to those feelings, and your poem will take its shape and proportions as a tree does from the vital principle that actuates it. I do not think that great poems can be cast in a mould.—Homer's, the greatest of all, certainly was not. Trust, again I say, to yourself. By the bye you have fallen into an error in the 2<sup>nd</sup> page where you make Cerberus of the feminine gender and speak of the pangs of whelp-birth.

Believe me, with sincere respect,  
Your admirer,  
Wm. Wordsworth.

*Address:* John Ab. Heraud Esq<sup>re</sup>, Hope Cottage, White Hart Lane, Tottenham.

*Hamilton* 956. *W. W. to William Rowan Hamilton*  
*G. K(—)*

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge, November 26. 1830.

My dear Mr Hamilton,

I reached this place nine days ago, where I should have found your letter of the 28<sup>th</sup> ult., but that it had been forwarded to Coleorton Hall, Leicestershire, where we stopped a week on our road. I am truly glad to find that your good spirits put you upon writing what you call nonsense, and so much of it, but I assure

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you it all passed with me for very agreeable sense, or something better, and continues to do so even in this learned spot; which you will not be surprised to hear, when I tell you that at a dinner-party the other day, I heard a Head of a House, a clergyman also, gravely declare, that the rotten boroughs, as they are called, should instantly be abolished without compensation to their owners; that slavery should be destroyed with like disregard of the *claims* (for rights he would allow none) of the proprietors; and a multitude of extravagances of the same sort. Therefore say I, *Vive la Bagatelle*; motley is your only wear.

You tell me kindly that you have often asked yourself, Where is Mr Wordsworth? and the question has readily been solved for you. ‘He is at Cambridge’—a great mistake! So late as the 5<sup>th</sup> of November, I will tell you where I was; a solitary equestrian entering the romantic little town of Ashford-in-the-Waters, on the edge of the wilds of Derbyshire, at the close of day, when guns were beginning to be let off and squibs to be fired on every side, so that I thought it prudent to dismount and lead my horse through the place, and so on to Bakewell, two miles farther. You must know how I happened to be riding through these wild regions. It was my wish that Dora should have the benefit of her pony while at Cambridge, and very valiantly and economically I determined, unused as I am to horsemanship, to ride the creature myself. I sent James with it to Lancaster; there mounted; stopped a day at Manchester, a week at Coleorton, and so reached the end of my journey safe and sound—not, however, without encountering two days of tempestuous rain. Thirty-seven miles did I ride in one day through the worst of these storms. And what was my resource? guess again: writing verses to the memory of my departed friend Sir George Beaumont,<sup>1</sup> whose house I had left the day before. While buffetting the other storm I composed a Sonnet upon the splendid domain at Chatsworth,<sup>2</sup> which I had seen in the morning, as contrasted with the secluded habitations of the narrow dells in the Peak; and as I passed through the tame and manufacture-disfigured country of Lancashire I was reminded by the faded leaves, of Spring, and threw off a few stanzas of an ode to May.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Oxf. W., p. 583.

<sup>2</sup> Oxf. W., p. 275.

<sup>3</sup> Oxf. W., p. 507.

But too much of self and my own performances upon my steed—a descendant no doubt of Pegasus, though his owner and present rider knew nothing of it. Now for a word about Professor Airey; I have seen him twice, but I did not communicate your message; it was at dinner and at an evening party, and I thought it best not to speak of it till I saw him, which I mean to do, upon a morning call. There is a great deal of intellectual activity within the walls of this College, and in the University at large; but conversation turns mainly upon the state of the country and the late change in the administration.<sup>1</sup> The fires have extended to within 8 miles of this place; from which I saw one of the worst, if not absolutely the worst, indicated by a redness in the sky, a few nights ago.

I am glad when I fall in with a member of Parliament, as it puts me upon writing to my friends, which I am always disposed to defer, without such a determining advantage. At present we have two members, Mr Cavendish, one of the representatives of the University, and Lord Morpeth, under the Master's roof. We have also here Lady Blanche, wife of Mr Cavendish, and sister of Lord Morpeth. She is a great admirer of Mrs Hemans' poetry. There is an interesting person in this University for a day or two, whom I have not yet seen—Kenelm Digby,<sup>2</sup> author of the 'Broadstone of Honor', a book of chivalry, which I think was put into your hands at Rydal Mount. We have also a respectable show of blossom in poetry. Two brothers of the name of Tennyson, in particular, are not a little promising. Of science I can give you no account; though perhaps I may pick up something for a future letter, which may be long in coming for reasons before mentioned. Mrs W. and my daughter, of whom you inquire, are both well; the latter rides as often as weather and regard for the age of her pony will allow. She has resumed her German labours, and is not easily drawn from what she takes to; therefore I hope Miss Hamilton will not find fault if she does not write for some time, as she will readily conceive

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Wellington had resigned this month, and Lord Grey become Prime Minister, stipulating that reform should be a Cabinet measure.

<sup>2</sup> Kenelm Digby (1800–80). His *Broadstone of Honour* was published 1822, and enlarged 1827–8.

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that with this passion upon her, and many engagements, she will be rather averse to writing. In fact she owes a long letter to her brother in Germany, who, by the bye, tells us that he will not cease to look out for the Book of Kant you wished for. Farewell, with a thousand kind remembrances to yourself and sister, and the rest of your amiable family, in which Mrs W. and Dora join.

Believe me most faithfully yours,

Wm. Wordsworth.

MS.

957. W. W. to Edward Quillinan

(With Postscript by M. W.)

Trin: Coll. 18<sup>th</sup> Dec. [1830]

My dear Mr Q,

Mr Southey who has been here a few days with Bertha is bearer of this to the Twopenny.—

This day week we all start for London on our way to Dr Wordsworth's Living in Sussex. Mrs Wordsworth and Dora will be at Hampstead, Mrs Hoare's, while my Br. and I are at Mr Joshua Watson's, Westminster. We shall not stay more than two or three days in London. I should have gladly profited by your kind invitation and taken up my abode in Bryanston Street, but I left Wes<sup>nd</sup> at this season expressly to hold a consultation with Mr Watson on some private affairs of my Br. Mr Watson was unable to meet me here as was intended, so I go to his house in Town for the purpose. On my return from Sussex, I hope to pass a few days with you if you are in Town; but I beg you would not forbear letting your House with any view of that kind—it would hurt me much were you to do so; and do not check or alter your own movements on my account. I will write to Bryanston Street on our arrival, in the meanwhile it may be as well to mention that Mr Watson's House is No. 6 Park Street, Westminster. Kindest remembrance from Mrs W and Dora who I am sorry to say has got a bad cold.

Ever yours,

W. W.

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I hope an opportunity will be afforded to Dora and myself to have a peep at you and yours. I enclose this in a frank to-night—Southey does not go till to-morrow. Ever my dear Friend,

Yours,  
M. Wordsworth.

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*Address:* Edward Quillinan Esq., 12 Bryanston Street, Portman Sq<sup>re</sup>.

MS.                  958. *M. W. to Lady Beaumont*

Trinity Lodge Dec. 21<sup>st</sup> [1830]

My dear Lady Beaumont

Mr W. sends a revised copy of the verses,<sup>1</sup> with which it gave him pleasure to find Sir Geo. and you had been pleased. Dora and myself were very much affected when he poured them out to us on his arrival—we were affected by the verses for their own sake, thinking them characteristic of our lamented friend—and not a little from the consideration of their having been composed thro' such a storm—on a day when our great comfort for his sake had been ‘that the weather was so bad no one could think of venturing out on horseback’. We are all apprehensive that the composition will be found too long for an inscription—but do not see how it could be shortened. I do not like to mention the subject to Mr W. at present—but I should rather wish him to recast something shorter, than attempt to reduce the verses which, as they stand, appear to me to be so happy.

On Wednesday we all leave Cambridge—Dr Wordsworth has induced us to prolong our absence from home, and accompany him to his Living in Sussex, where we shall pass a few weeks. On going or returning, thro’ London, Mr W. hopes he may have an opportunity of paying his respects to the Archbishop and Mrs Howley.<sup>2</sup>

We have since we left you, been more or less in a state of excitement from the disturbances of the neighbourhood;—and our Politicians are in very bad spirits at the prospect of Public affairs. For my part I am willing to hope all will go well, and

<sup>1</sup> i.e. those mentioned in the last letter (Oxf. W., p. 583).

<sup>2</sup> Lady B.’s parents.

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that we shall be, as we have hitherto been, preserved from those evils that have more often been anticipated than felt.

Mr W. and Dora beg to join me in affectionate regards to Sir G. and yourself—and with the best of wishes of the season to you and yours, believe me my dear Lady Beaumont to remain very sincerely

Yours

M. Wordsworth

Mr W. desires me to say that he has spoken to Mr Southey (who was at Trinity Lodge last week) about your intended Spanish Library, and he will have great pleasure in making out a list as soon as he returns to Keswick where he can best do it, from his own Library.

*Pearson.*      959. *D. W. to William Pearson*

My dear Sir,

Saturday Morning [Dec. 1830]

I am much obliged for the potatoes, and shall pay the man. Miss Hutchinson is not yet arrived, but we expect her to-day. All distant friends well. Mrs Luff is still with me, but walking out, otherwise I should have a message from her.

We shall be very glad to see you whenever you come. I am going to-morrow to spend a few days with Mrs B—— H——,<sup>1</sup> Green Bank, Ambleside, and should I not happen to be at Rydal Mount when you come, pray call on me at Mr B—— H——'s.

In greatest haste, with wretched pen,

Yours truly,

D. Wordsworth.

I am quite well, and take care of exposure to cold.

*Pearson.*      960. *D. W. to William Pearson*

Rydal Mount,

Wednesday. [late Dec. 1830]

My dear Sir,

I am glad to hear that you had not a troublesome journey home, and were no worse for it in health.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Benson Harrison (cousin Dorothy Wordsworth).

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My Brother and Sister write from London and Hampstead, in good spirits. All three are well. No fresh news from Heidelberg or Moresby. This weather is charming for the young and strong—Moonlight and at Christmas used to be delightful, thirty years ago. I now enjoy a short, sharp walk in the garden, and a peep out of doors, on the Evergreens and sunshine, from a warm fire-side. Many thanks for the straw, I shall pay the bearer.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Truly yours,

D. Wordsworth.

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